MRS. BROOKFIELD
AND HER CIRCLE

CHARLES & FRANCES BROOKFIELD

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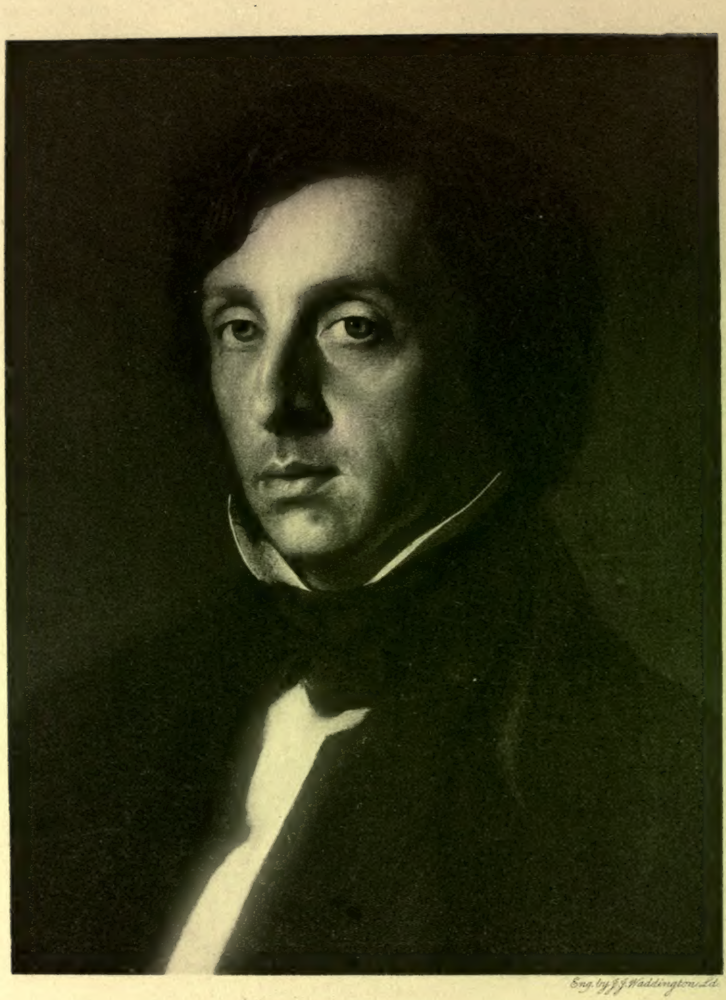
Eng. by G.J. Waddington Ld.

The Rev.d William Henry Brookfield
At the age of 40.
From the painting by Samuel Laurence.

Mrs. BROOKFIELD

AND

HER CIRCLE

BY

CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD

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MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

CHAPTER VIII

Belvoir Castle. Louis XVIII. Inspectorship. Henry Hallam. Thackeray's thoughtfulness. Thackeray at Clevedon Court. Charles Buller. Friendship. Fredk. Maurice. Mrs. Thackeray. The Brookfields at Cambridge. Charlotte Wynn. " Cook's Folly." The Ashburtons. Harrison Ainsworth. Thackeray's illness. Charlotte Brontë.

Tennyson and Harry Hallam seem to have kept up Christmas courtesies well on into the New year, for we find the latter on the 8th Jan., 1848, buying a gold pen for the former, for which he gave the sum of 19/6, but altering his mind almost at once as to the value of a poet's pen, he changed it a day or so afterwards for one at 30/-. While he wrote on the 12th to the Brookfields, who had arrived at Belvoir Castle in the course of a round of visits :

My dearest Jane,
I wish to pen a few remarks by way of improving the present occasion, as it is more than probable that I may have no time to-morrow between the consumption of my moral rasher, and the post time. I fear it is painfully obvious, that my only motive in writing at all is to gratify an ill-concealed vanity at the expense of Maria, and telling her to put the letter with *no less a direction*[*] than that I hope to put on this. She having

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[*] The phrase " No less a Castle," etc., was in allusion to an anecdote which Mr. Brookfield used to tell of Cartwright, the dentist, who once remarked to him during a trifling operation, " This instrument has been in *no less a mouth* than that of the Prince Consort."

clamoured for parties' address this morning, owing to gents having called, and wanted to know it, I completely perished in my attempt to communicate it when I handed her the card being merely encountered by a wink of wayward scepticism, and a suppressed murmur of " Oh, Gammon ! "

Mortgages and pale ale have got so much into my head that I feel nothing but the glorious desire of satisfying the snobsome element in my nature ought to allow me to inflict this upon you. I am about to retire to short pipe and the contemplation of Powers appendant, mixed with meditative visions of you treading on coronets, or swathed in strawberry leaves.

It is needless to say that " Violet " was carefully deposited at A. Hayward's door : I feel that I looked exactly as if I had never heard of Hayward or the Temple before, when you suggested my taking it, and must apologise 'umbly for the brutality in my manner, which was not in the remotest degree connected with any real desire to go elsewhere, but from moon-gathering and wool-strickenhood of wits, which likewise allowed me to give Turpin the trouble of taking " Rest in Christ " to Wynn, when in point of fact it would have been on my way to Wilton Crescent. Perhaps my apology is as tedious as my behaviour was loathsome, but I crave forgiveness.

H. F. H.

Mr. Brookfield wrote back in answer :

No less a Castle,
14 *Jan.*, 1848.

My dear young Friend,

Some are born great, as the party on whose paper I write, some achieve greatness, as I hope by years of patient toil coupled with good fortune you may do, some have greatness thrust upon them, of which last proposition modesty alone prevents my furnishing an illustration.

If you had seen the affable demeanour with which a peer of the realm asked me to take wine yesterday and the elegant condescension with which he drank it you would allow that Peacocks and Daws are not so incompatible as vulgar fables have maintained.

Jane was asked to sing last night, and with exquisite tact and promptitude adapted the following to the tune of New Tabernacle.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
  When heated in the chase,
So long'd so long my soul to sit
  At table with your grace.

Your affectionately,
W. H. B.

From Belvoir they went on to the Hoares' at Wavenden from whence came

NO LARGER A RESIDENCE THAN
WAVENDEN,
18 *Jan.*, 1848.

Best Harry,

I am yet stiph and disorganized from the spasmodic efforts which, in purely passive compliance with the incontestable determination of a practised hunter (a horse, I mean, on which Grace mounted me), I was constrained to make to track a stinking Leicestershire phocks on Saturday, Grace alone preserved me in the saddle where Grace had placed me, and that my skin and the pig's remained undivorced thro' that awful experience so truly called "a burst" is a thing for gratitude to adore, but for goodness mussy alone to explain.

Ever yours affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

The Brookfields stayed with the Hallams a good deal during this Spring, and Mrs. Brookfield occasionally gives a graphic picture of the Historian. She says, " His nervous energy was sometimes betrayed by sudden rubbings of the hands and hasty walks about the room, during which he would remain absorbed in his own thoughts. When the deposition of Louis XVIII. occurred and the news of his flight was announced I was at breakfast with him in Wilton Crescent. On reading the details my uncle in his agitation caught up an empty plate, got up from his seat and walked up and down the room with the plate pressed close to his heart!

Mr. Brookfield was appointed Inspector of Schools in February—he was allowed by favour to keep on his preacherships until the end of the year, though it was not considered that the two duties could very well be worked together.

When he went off to his first inspection Mr. Hallam said " What! Has Brookfield gone second class this weather? " showing, as his niece observes, " his aristocratic ignorance that the second class had windows." From the scene of one of his first examinations he writes to his wife:

" How beautiful is the law of compensation observable throughout the arrangements of Nature. For the obvious purpose of disciplining Inspectors and keeping them from indolent wantonness and fat she has ordained that there should be country clergymen proud of their schools, who will show off everything, who will not suffer them to go the shortest way to their real object, and who keep them therefore nine hours over what might have been done in one. But on the other hand it has been mercifully ordered that their scholars should fail, be sheepish, silent, dumbfounded,—their teachers confused and blundering."

In April the Brookfields went to live in Portman Street, and here, later on in the year, Harry Hallam came to share their house with them. Of this event Mrs. Brookfield says, "After the death of my dear Aunt Hallam (which occurred in the year '40), her daughter and son, Julia and Harry, were watched over by their father with the utmost solicitude. With regard to Harry this took the form of a restless anxiety lest ill should befall him. When he left Cambridge he lived with his father in Wilton Crescent reading with a barrister in the Temple for some hours daily, and studying hard at his future profession. He had many friends but though he cared little for general society he greatly enjoyed that of his intimates, and would join them in the evening after dining with his father and sister at home. One night his tender feelings received a shock;—letting himself into the house, probably soon after midnight, on coming into the darkened hall he found his father in his nightdress searching for his son's hat, in order to discover if he were safely under his roof—for Mr. Hallam would not risk betraying his anxiety by opening his son's door to look within his room. Harry was greatly touched by this constant wistfulness concerning him, and his dread lest his father should not get proper rest when he happened to be out was the origin of the proposition that he should share our house with us."

That this arrangement was satisfactory in every respect to all concerned there is abundant witness. Never was such a time of easy gaiety and light spiritedness as that passed during the two and a half years these three lived together. It was a period of unmixed pleasantness and ceased only with the sad and untimely death of young Hallam.

Mrs. Brookfield, still somewhat of an invalid, was obliged to rest for several hours a day upon a sofa; but around that sofa there gathered perhaps all that was best and brightest then in London.

The intimacy with Thackeray was close and joyous; the friendship between that gentleman, Harry Hallam and William Brookfield being one almost unexampled; it was as sincere as it was fervent, the older men delighting in the younger one's sweet nature and bright promise, while he gave to them cordial admiration and true affection.

In June we find Thackeray asking Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) to go and sing to a "sick lady of his acquaintance," and as at that same time Mr. Brookfield had sent some owls from some country place, we get;

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

15 Portman St.,
22 *June*, 1848.

My dear Owl,

Payne said to-day when I asked her if the owls were only fed night and morning, "No, ma'am, I don't think Turpin serves them more than twice a day," which phrase when applied to the voracity of the

Pike and not only to human beings struck me as amusing. Mrs. Sartoris did come yesterday and after a few preliminaries proposed to sing to me; took off her bonnet and poured forth in German, Italian, and English. I felt it was so very good-natured of her, as she came alone and there was only my stupid lout of a self to hear her, language seemed inadequate to express due gratitude and in my really genuine admiration for all artists, it seemed to me the right thing to kiss her hand. She took it with a smile as if she had *expected* it, squeezed my hand, hoped I would let her come again, left Mr. Sartoris's card for you and disappeared, leaving me in a cold sweat (to be coarse) as to whether the kiss of the hand might not have been *un peu trop fort.*

I have not seen Mr. Thackeray since the Sartoris misfortune. Miss Macready called on me yesterday and offered to read to me! which with many thanks I declined. Miss Wynn comes to tea with me to-night, but I said I went to bed at nine thirty. Harry, I believe dines with me, Uncle H. and Julia dining out. Mr. Spring Rice called yesterday and also Mr. Fanshawe. Julia H. has just been here, and Lucy has just heard she must depart!

Mrs. Brookfield usually had a sister or a friend staying with her at this time. Mr. Brookfield replied:

I am sorry you are left alone this week, but as Lucy Gaskell says you have plenty of consolations in Mr. this and Mr. that and Mr. T'other. How often has Aubrey de Vere? has Makepeace Thackeray? has Spring Rice? nay, the whole troop, been, I should like to know?

Mr. Thackeray was in the habit of sending to Mrs.

Brookfield for her perusal any work he was engaged upon which particularly pleased himself or was likely to please her,—as well as letters written to common friends when he thought they would amuse and interest, and, indeed, he contrived in every way to help to lighten the tedious hours she had to pass. Once when they were discussing a manuscript over which he was somewhat dispirited she wrote to him :

> . . . You must sometimes feel happy when you think of the good you are able to do,—I should wonder if you did not feel a very vivid confidence and hope for the future. You quite give it to me when you write as you did to-day,—and this power of influencing others which you have is so evidently an inspiration. You have only to recall your talents and to remember that you have not misused them, but increasingly used them for good, and you have at once an evidence of God's favour towards you, which the stupid untalented class must seek for in a few benevolent impulses carried out, or a little endurance more or less humble,—don't you see what a little handful of grain most can lay hold on for self comfort, while you may look on a whole barn full of Corn, always before you.

Writing in October to Harry Hallam, Mrs. Brookfield says : "His reverence will return to-morrow, so please have something in the house by way of frugal meal. Mr. Thackeray arrived here Thursday and is busy sketching out and inside the house."

This was Thackeray's first visit to Clevedon Court, and he was so charmed and delighted with the picturesque old place that he then and there planned writing

Esmond and using the house as Castlewood. He wrote a portion of " Pendennis " whilst he was staying there, he made many fantastic sketches with which to amuse its inmates, and he also drew pictures of the place. And Clevedon Court was worthy his pencil. An ancient manor mentioned in Domesday Book, it stands to-day as perfect a specimen of our mediæval homes as any we possess. The main building is of the early 14th century, altered and added to, but still retaining the original plan,—while kitchens and outbuildings are of even earlier work. A feature which greatly struck Thackeray was the remarkably fine hall with its gallery for musicians. A mansion which housed several interesting families between the time of John the Dane (who held it under Edward the Confessor) and John Digby, Earl of Bristol, from whom Abraham Elton, the first baronet, bought it in 1709; one of which was descended straight from Hereward the Wake —it has since received under its hospitable roof personages certainly no less interesting, viz., Lamb, Coleridge, the Hallams, Tennyson, and Thackeray.

Back again in London in November late one night, Thackeray sent by a special messenger the following:

My dear Lady. I am very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to-day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone. Good God! think about the poor mother surviving, and what an anguish that must be! If I were to die I cannot bear to think of my mother living beyond me, as I daresay she will. But isn't it an awful, awful, sudden summons? There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute! Ah!

aimons nous bien. It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go let us have some who love us wherever we are. I send you this little line as I tell you and William most things. Good-night.

And the next day he says:

I have sent off my letter to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old Charles Buller, whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too.

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies:

I wonder if Lady Ashburton will write to you; I think she must have felt your letter very much, as so few would really understand her grief, and it is one of the most painful and absurd ways of the world to assume that one is in affliction for anyone who happens to have been related to us, while intimacies which must have a much deeper root from having been sought out for ourselves and made where real sympathy exists,—these are so soon to be forgotten, "only a friend, no relation," you hear said many times when the words should be reversed into "only a relation!" Not but that I am very fond of my relations, but there must be exceptions.

Charles Buller accompanied Lord Durham as Secretary on the famous Mission to Canada in 1838. He was a close friend of Lady Ashburton, a woman who possessed, in an especial degree, an aptitude for making and keeping friends, a possession of more serviceable value in days of friendships "*pur et simple*" than in these complicated times. For friendship was then an emotion to be reckoned with, it was still a helpful, encouraging, reliable commodity, and one which could be accepted and indulged in without *arrière pensée* on either side.

The whole of this particular set of people had unaffected admiration and affection for that which pleased them intellectually,—they were proud of friendships so formed, and expected and received from them nothing but their own interior satisfaction : they, moreover, experienced no fear that any such affection on their part might be misjudged.

When towards Christmas Mr. Thackeray sent her the ballad beginning "O stupid little printer's boy," Mrs. Brookfield acknowledged it with :

SOUTHAMPTON,
21 *Dec.*

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

It is so very cold and dismal to-day I don't feel as if I could write though I wish to thank you for your letter and the notes of the Ballad—which I shall keep as a curiosity and perhaps leave it, with all your letters as a legacy to Annie for her to work into your memoir according to her discretion 50 years hence. Do you know that if you do not write in more commonplace style to me I shall be quite unable to answer you at all —I have just read your letter over again and thought how flat and dull all that I could say would be and how presumptuous I am to be writing anything by way of an answer, except to say I am grateful.

I saw that Dickens's was a presentation copy to you and will take care of it—there is a bit at the end about a little dead child which is very touching and perhaps was what your mother thought I should feel.

William is at the school to-day for the inspection—I meant to have gone, never having seen him *officially* employed, but I have a return of pain and must not go out. William Bullar dosed me with *Chloroform* as a medicine and it is very soothing. Dr. Joseph has just been in with some of his theories as to all suffering coming upon us as a distinct punishment for a distinct and definite sin, which it is our duty to be seeking out—I told him I felt I must be horribly wicked to require so much discipline, but that if I had encouraged such a thought it would have driven me to despair. He said it was the best thing I could come to, as a transition state, all of us ought to go through the stage of despair before we could be fit for any real peace or comfort !

If I had time I would write all this over again as an entirely new letter—for my awe of you with which I began writing has quite disappeared and I don't mind a bit whether I have written idiotcy or sense—which is a great proof of my confidence in you.

Ever your friend,
JANE BROOKFIELD.

Mr. Brookfield who never let an opportunity for visiting Cambridge pass him by, went up in March, '49, with Thackeray ; and Mr. Thackeray who was in the habit of saluting his friends whenever a chance occurred drew himself on the envelope while the following letter was being written. He would sometimes stand by Mrs. Brookfield as she wrote to her husband, and sign it or draw his pair of spectacles upon the letter as a hint that he was present. They all in those days

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For Sketch of Thackeray raising hat see p. 539.

illustrated their letters and if not always according to the canons of art, yet always after the canons of humour.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
12 *March,* 49.

My dearest Jane,

It is not everybody who steps into "the Bull" with Thackeray, finds there Jenny Lind's agent (who had been dining in hall, and seeing me prating to Sedgwich, besides which he twigged Thackeray), and receives from him a polite offer "for Mr. Brookfield and friend" to the Lind concert to-night. So I stay and go on by mail at eleven arriving Norwich before two.

Breakfast with the pretty Maines this morning. Nice creature the Male Maine and two very nice youngsters there, Fane and Harcourt, who with Thackeray and self made up a very ee and freasy party, since then stroll through many colleges with Pen. Most likely I shall not have a moment to-morrow, wherefore I write to-day. Sorry it should be so short but hall gapes.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. B.

This was Mr. Brookfield's first meeting with William Harcourt, afterwards they met frequently.

> When Brookfield had hit on his happiest vein
> And Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane."

Thackeray himself writes concerning this occasion :

I have had only one opportunity of saying how do you do on the envelope of a letter which you will have *received from another and even more intimate friend, W. H. B. This is to inform you that I am so utterly and dreadfully miserable now he has just gone off to Norwich by the horrid mail, that I think I can't bear this place beyond to-morrow and must come back again.*

We had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Henry Maine's and two well-bred young gents of the University, and broiled fowls and mushrooms, just as we remember them 200 *years ago. . . . Just now William (I was going to write Villiam, but I knew you wouldn't like it) says, " She's dining at Lady Monteagle's," so I said " Let us drink her health," and we did, in a mixture of ale and soda water, very good. There was a bagman asleep in the room, and we drank your health, and both of us said " God bless her." I think this is the chief part of my transactions during the day. . . . Then we went to Jenny Lind's concert, for which a gentleman here gave us tickets, and at the end of the first act we came away. . . .*

I think William is a little disappointed that I have not been made enough a lion of, whereas my timid nature trembles before such honours, and my vanity would be to go through life like a gentleman—as a Major Pendennis—you have hit it. I believe I never do think about my public character, and certainly didn't see the gyps, waiters, and undergraduates whispering in hall, as your William did, or thought he did. . . . Present my best compliment to Mrs. Fanshawe, if you see Mrs. Elliot remember me to her most kindly.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 Portman St.,
13*th March.*

My dearest William,

I am glad you staid for the Lind Concert and hope you liked it, and that your journey was prosperous.

William Makepeace Thackeray

From the drawing in crayon by Samuel Laurence

Eng.d by J. J. Widdington

William Makepeace Thackeray

From the drawing in crayon by Samuel Laurence.

Think of your being o'er moor and mountains while I was figuring at the Monteagle dinner which was pleasant, as their parties always are, but I felt a blank and strangeness in being there alone. I cabbed down with Henry, and Harry Hallam, who was at the evening party, brought me home. At dinner, besides all the Spring Rices, there were a Mr. and Lady Arabella Somebody (whose name I caught not, but it was not Baring), and Mr. Trench, Aubrey de Vere, and four or five other men. I sat between Stephen and a man named Chesholm, or something like it, starch and gentlemanly, an evident M.P. and Irish, condemned the practice of fasting and had heard that Mr. Bennett was ruining his own health and that of his curates by the rigidity of his fasting rules. In the evening there were Venables, Elliots, Hallams, Romillys, and others. Mr. Laurence was there and begged I would resume my sittings, so I am to go to him Thursday evening at eight for an hour, he has taken to paint by gaslight and prefers it to day. Venables and others enquired much after you, and Stephen Spring Rice hopes to see you soon. Mr. Maurice is just now calling here on Mrs. Fanshawe, and has sat a little while with me. I liked him greatly and felt a reverence for him and yet not the same stammering awe I have of Trench, not that I thoroughly like Maurice's writings, but he seems broad-minded and earnest.

Mr. Maurice asked after you yesterday; he said he remembers Mrs. Thackeray so well as a little girl of twelve years old, very lively and graceful. Mr. Thackeray has returned from Cambridge sooner than I expected; he wrote me a letter describing your breakfast at the Maines', and also, what I cared for more, that you as well as he, had drank my health at dinner and said "God bless her," for which I should like to kiss your hand at this moment.

Miss Williams Wynn to Mrs. Brookfield :

GRAFTON ST.

My dear Jane,

We heard an uncommonly good sermon from Maurice the best I ever listened to of his, and he only got once into an unintelligible difficulty about notional Truth as opposed to truth untainted by our notions.

How we are to get at it at present without such taint I did not make out.

Mr. Fanshawe came in to bring Mrs. F. away and with him I was charmed. There is a kindliness and a wish that his wife should talk her own way while he listened that was quite touching to me, but I could not go on talking while he was there. It was too much against the right order of things to have two women twaddling about Baptism while the Clergyman sat there listening.

Lady Bath, Lady Castlereagh, and Lady Lothian are all reported to be going over to Rome—I suppose the first may be, as Dr. Wiseman announced that he was giving her instruction previous to it.

She is a very good woman, and has lived quietly through a long widowhood. Strange that she should now feel that which has carried her through the heat and noontide of the day—not sufficient to help her along in its decline !

But this is, I think, the characteristic of the age, particularly among women. We are all fancying we shall be better somewhere else.

All like Pontius Pilate asking " What is truth ? " and then like him too, don't wait for an answer, but " go out," go anywhere but stay in the place where it is most likely to come to us !

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS WYNN.

Miss Wynn was one of the many who were moved by the religious influences of the time. She sometimes wrote long and able letters to Mr. Brookfield, in which she entered boldly into theological discussion, and in which she gave him her own views and challenged criticism. Mr. Brookfield replied always to these letters seriously, giving her all the help she desired, though once he told her jokingly to be careful, for "Arthur Elton had turned Puseyite and now smoked to the East." She was a fine spirited, fine-minded woman, and much esteemed by her friends who included all worth knowing at the moment.

As they were people who moved about constantly there was always opportunity for sending a letter, and in April Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam:

My dear Harry,

I resume my pen at a late hour in the day and after having emerged from the gay throng assembled under the auspices of your Father and Miss H., both of whom looked in their respective manner well and handsome. Mr. Spedding has come on from Wilton Crescent to imbibe a weed with W. H. B. Yesterday we dined in rare dull company at a Dr. and Mrs. Alderson's (related to the Baron of that ilk) where an enthusiastic voice proclaimed in clear authoritative terms that the description of the railroad in one of the last Dombeys was the very finest writing and description he remembered to have read for I don't know how long, that it quite thrills thro' you!

I sat next Mr. Hume (the celebrated financier) at dinner yesterday, he was "true to himself," and our talk was of money and figures, how many people per diem visited the B. Museum, how many pennies collected in catalogues, and so forth, interspersed with grave speculations on the probable ingredients of ice pudding and in commendations with genuine gusto on the very fine forequarter of Lamb.

Mr. Thackeray steps in more rarely now that the "Season with unusual severity hath set in," *selon* the wit of the periodicals of the day, but he is cordial and kindly as ever. We are going to stay a day at Hither Green with the Spring Rices on Monday, May third, to return Wednesday May fifth, for I love to be particular. I did my hair in Carolinic fashion—plain instead of ringleted to-night, which Wm. approved, but Miss H. condemned (interesting facts!)

I am deep in Quintus Fixlein at present. Lent me by Miss Procter, not Mrs. (Mark me) but Miss Procter, with whom I find congeniality and an under current which ought to be encouraged.

Adieu.

JAYNE OCTAVYA.

Mrs. Brookfield was a methodical reader of all the current literature of the day. Though a tolerant—if somewhat sprightly—critic, her sense of humour was quick to detect the ridiculous or pompous.

From Clevedon she wrote to Mr. Thackeray:

CLEVEDON COURT,
23 *April*, 49.

Dear William Thackeray,

You gave such a hardworked picture of yourself when you wrote last, I wonder you could ask or wish to be written to when you are so busy. I have just been seeing William off to London. He had hoped to be here another week at least. I told him I should be writing to you to-day, and he will try to see you one evening if your numerous engagements don't interfere. Major T. and his wife come here to-day, with another brother officer, a very plain Capt. B., who plays the flute and brings it with him. Rhoda is preparing for duets with him. He has never been here before, and we are told to expect scars from small-pox and other personal blemishes to weigh against his intrinsic worthiness. I am to leave the state Green room and remove into the one which was yours, which I shall very much prefer, as Agnes will be a protection to me next door. I had a fright even with William in the house the first night I came. Just as I had put out the candle and was getting into bed, I felt the hand which one has dreaded all one's life, clutching hold of my foot, of course it must have been mere fancy, but I was so sure at the moment that it really was the hand that I ran off with bare feet down to Arthur and Rhoda's room, and brought them both back armed with pokers, but nothing could be found and I had to look rather foolish the next morning at breakfast when daylight had sobered me into owning that I must have been mistaken, which I could not admit overnight. . . . I have just been interrupted by a long visit from Lady Elton, and now it is post time.

Imagine Miss W— being so touched by my saying I hoped she would come and see me in London, that she left the room and burst into tears, and begged Rhoda would explain her apparent coldness by the depth of gratitude she was inwardly feeling.

William talks of Saturday for our going to Cambridge so I suppose about Thursday week I shall come back. We shall get Pendennis down here, I shall expect to see a great deal of the Major in this No., as you would bring him out so completely *con amore*.

Yours,
J. O. B.

The whole of the company met by Mrs. Brookfield at this time, and of whom she gives a clearer account in the next letter to her husband, interested Mr. Thackeray deeply. He often in after years went back to that period and mentioning those worthies by name, would recall gleefully incidents concerning them.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,
BRISTOL,
26 *April*, 1849.

I have been so busy abusing Mrs. T. all the morning as to have but little time left for writing. She has a Becky-ish sort of good-nature, picking one flowers and being obliging, but Becky's light green eyes, prying into one, all over one's face and dress with a steady inflinching curiosity of scrutiny, and about her music, she entirely *monopolises* the pianoforte every evening.

Arthur and I have been caballing to overthrow this system to-night, when the Weatherlys and Thompson of Wraxall and others dine here, and we are to have a musical evening. Mrs. T. entirely appropriates poor B. (altho' they have only once met before). I may seem spiteful but we are all of one mind here about it, and all wonder why Major T. should have married her, she is not unlike Kate Beckwith with a dash of Phœbe Blundell (in her best moments), very thin with projecting white teeth. I would not care what her face was if she were not so self-satisfied, she is certainly very sharp and clever, really very accomplished.

Julia Elton sounded her as to what she thought of all of us. Arthur she likes, and Mrs. Brookfield she is very much pleased with, ungrateful fiend that I am not to be crushed by this! Rhoda said at dinner when Mrs. T. first arrived she watched her scanning me thro' and thro' with the air of thinking "Ah! you flirted with my husband, I know that." Since then I suppose she sets me down as a good-natured harmless idiot, tho' Arthur says I am a snake in the grass with regard to her, but cannot you fancy how provoking she must be? and the Major is always very pleasant and kind, but why have married Becky?

Good-bye, my dear love,
Ever more thine,
J. O. B.

While Mrs. Brookfield was away Mr. Brookfield seems to have lived in the constant society of Mr. Thackeray. One wonders how so much solid work was accomplished by two men of such sociable habits, who walked together in the morning, talked together in the afternoon, and sat together late into the night, or rather, into the small hours of the morning.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

P. C. O.,
28 *April*, 1849.

My dear Child,

Forthwith after dispatching my brief remark of yesterday I hastened to the Garrick where Thackeray, Stansfield and Fladgate awaited me. It was a very pleasant scanty dinner, positively scarcely enough to eat, and only that by reason of the great painter being a Catholic rigid about meats. Oysters, a sole with mushrooms, a bit of salmon not larger than you help one person to, followed by a *fricandeau* not nearly so big as this paper, and eight lamb cutlets with cucumber. Then came omelet (sweet) and toasted cheese, the last only an after thought because of dearth.

But somehow there was enough, and two bottles of Champagne made it very pleasant and we chirped away and never went to Sartorissa's.

I think Cambridge will be much better a fortnight hence than a week hence. I therefore propose to go there the 12th. Stay then at Clevedon so long as you list and is good for you, and return at the like time. I am going to dine with LADY NEWBOLT, and to-morrow Thackeray and I go to some Church together and walk out to dine in the country *à la* Lyttelton and me.

God bless thee. Ever thine,
W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield did not show her "note-taking" side to the friends she criticised. To them she was always the most amiable as well as the most fascinating of women. But she had an admiring circle who awaited her letters and delighted in their frankness; and as, according to the fashion of the time, no sheet must be left unfilled, and possessing as she said, "a sense of the ludicrous," she filled her sheets.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray:

CLEVEDON COURT,
28th April, 1849.

What a shame that you should read my letter to your mother. I thought it remarkably freely written and neatly expressed, and I congratulated myself on your being away at the time and that I could therefore be so easy—not that I care at all for being stupid to you but I expect you to feel ashamed of me if I show my dulness to people who already wonder (as you do yourself), "what there is in me."

I am very glad that you are free again now and able to thread the mazes of refined society without any distraction. You have plenty to fill your letter with but how can I thrust a description of Capt. B— upon you in return ? Yet there has been no better novelty here than his arrival. I have been walking a good deal lately with the T.'s, Arthur and B—, and the cousin to whom the Captain gallantly dedicates himself when unappropriated by Mrs. T., who is writing at the same table with me in all innocence while I am dipping my pen in venom to run her down; she is so singularly well satisfied with herself that I don't feel much remorse. Rhoda observed her the first day she arrived, scanning me all over with a satirical expression, conveying her perfect acquaintance with a bygone flirtation. However, I looked so harmless and so perfectly indifferent that she relented and came up to me in an olive branch spirit, with a little speech about having heard so much of me from her husband that she had *quite longed* to make my acquaintance, and ever since she has been in her most condescending mood towards me, but I can't respond, and feel sorry because the husband evidently wishes me to praise the wife to him, and is always leading the conversation towards her, but all I can bring out is praise for her music, which is rather good. It is amusing to see him wrapped up in his children and this lady, and to recollect his extreme of politeness to me when I met him here before. I think he is inclined to laugh sometimes himself when the former visit is alluded to.

We walked to the sea yesterday, and I boldly went into the library and ordered No. seven to be sent to me immediately on its appearance down here, "We get it either the 1st or 2nd of the month," they said, which seems very behindhand when we get it in London on the 30th. I am glad you are to dine at the Royal Academy, and is the Bust to be made ? Rhoda has heard that Virginia has quite eclipsed Miss A. in the Duke of D—'s admiration. As to Turpin's looking so handsome she is not at all in favour with me and getting quite spoilt as a good servant. I daresay in a new place she would come out quite briskly again, but I think we shall have to dismiss her. Now don't take her yourself, you would not like it. What an odd girl Adelaide Procter is, I should give her a little quiet set down some day if I were you, I think it would be friendly and do her good. Do you think me very spiteful to-day ? I am afraid I have abused everybody I have mentioned, which seems ill-natured. I would not do it to anyone I did not know so well as I do you, and where it is not likely to do harm to anyone. Such dreadful pens with all my attempts at mending them, they won't write any cleaner, which I daresay revolts your sense of propriety, as you pique yourself so much on your own handwriting. I am glad William was to dine with you last night. I have heard from him every day though he was so busy as hardly to have time for it, and Harry penned me a note which came with yours this morning, and another letter from Mrs. F. very kind as usual, but giving but a bad account of herself, and a prim, well-worded A. Bullar. Five letters, all so different I read them while I was dressing, William's and yours first,—and they made me so late I was obliged to breakfast upstairs.

I sang for two hours yesterday by myself in the schoolroom, fully believing that no one could hear me, when I came down and found they were all listening in the Hall which was unpleasant. Give my love to Anny and Minny, and thank you for being so kind as to write to me, but please do not feel *géné́d* any more. Good-bye.

Mr. Brookfield was able at this time to fulfil the wish of his heart and take his wife to visit his much-loved

Cambridge—and from there she writes to Harry Hallam.

CAMBRIDGE,
20 *May*, 1849.

My dearest Harry,

According to agreement I pen a few lines descriptive of the festivities at Professor Maine's, but I am rather fearful they will be more briefly expressed than may meet your views. There were, I daresay, thirty or forty people, Mrs. Maine singing Italian as we came in and subsequently the celebrated Scotch songs. Not knowing a human being rendered the first half hour slightly depressing, but I was introduced to one or two ladies and to dear Harcourt and Holland, who were both of them affable and conversed agreeably with me for the rest of the evening. I thought it was a brisk little party, "take it for all in all," with a most sumptuous collation by way of supper. Trifles and pyramidal tipsey cakes and jellies of the most ornamental description were flanked by the solid fowl and the energising sandwich and people "pitched in" tremendously. Mrs. Maine has a very pretty voice and looked very pretty doing the honours, and with her husband I am much smitten, as I always was, you know. We are now just going off to the luncheon party at Catherine Hall. People are invited to meet us, as if it were a dinner, so we agreed it should be our dinner, and that we would go down to the boats in the evening if it is fine. You were much regretted and lamented over last night, not only by both Maines, but by Harcourt and Holland, the first is a remarkably sprightly young man, and of the handsome order. Why don't you come back? Frank Holland thought you needed change of air, go and make the Doctor feel your pulse and order you Cambridge air.

This was an eminently successful visit, and one which pleased them both, as well as the many friends who helped to make entertainment for them. There is an episode connected with it of a grave don who in an endeavour to be gay before Mrs. Brookfield swung himself on the chains which hung between two posts in one of the Courts, which chains, to the discomfiture of that gentleman and the exceeding joy of the party with him, gave way suddenly and left him on the ground.

That walks with Lord Lyttelton continued we find by the following from him:

HAGLEY,
26th June, 1849.

Intimate Inspector,

Learn that we condescend to Babylon, though but for a few and childless weeks on the 23rd inst.

So let Butchers rejoice and the Excise shout with triumph.

Let the practical development of this dark saying occupy much of your thoughts from this time till The Day. My own contribution towards it is confined in two words. A Saturday.

Known to Universal History is the despotic sway of the Inspector. Nor without significance is the Lord Lieutenant's humbler craft. But the Walk of Walks—the Tea garden—the Pot—the Rum—and the Steak, or the Rumsteak—the Shrub in the Shrubbery—here is the real final cause of things, and the pitchpipe to the music of the Spheres.

I am told you are living with Mrs. William Dobbin, nèe Sedley, once Osborne.

I hope that lady is well.

For aye,
LYTTELTON.

Mr. Brookfield went soon after this a voyage in the revenue cutter *Vigilante* with Stephen Spring Rice, an expedition he went almost yearly, Carlyle sometimes being one of the party. These cruises seem to have been quite originally pleasant and much appreciated by all concerned.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
5th July.

Harry begged his love, he is so gallant as to insist on escorting me to Southampton to-morrow by express train, and returning here the same evening. I demurred and opposed so extravagant a measure, but he seems to be resolved.

Charlotte Wynn told me yesterday the name of one of her Ducal suitors,* B—, to wit, not the present one but his father, it was an old man's fancy, she said, but three years after he died, and she might have been Dowager Duchess at only three years purchase money, but she couldn't bear him, unfortunately. This, however, makes her take a great interest in all the S. proceedings now, and she laments over the present Duke's ill conduct in a kind of half step-Motherly way, I suppose. The old duke was a pattern of chivalresque honour and probity she said, and would rise from his grave to contemn his son, if he could. Charlotte was at the Procters' on Monday and said it was rather pleasant. Adelaide called yesterday and sat an hour, I suppose ; she is going to Scotland with some friends and won't be at home again for some time, so it was our parting interview. I dined in Wilton Crescent yesterday. Louisa Elton had said she wanted to taste white bait, so Uncle Hallam had ordered it and was in a great fuss that it should be served up hot and in right style. We went down to dinner, and found nothing on the table, not even soup. Harry began to redden, in embarrassment, Julia and I to giggle, Uncle Hallam looked sharply up, " What's the joke ? I see none." "Only that it's a Barmicide feast," I meekly said. He laughed and saw the joke of that, but in a few more minutes the white bait and lemons and bread and butter came smoking in all right, and brows began to smoothe and mouths to " tuck in."

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* Miss Wynn is supposed to have refused three dukes.

Harry Hallam accomplished his amiable desire, and to Mrs. Brookfield in Southampton Mr. Thackeray wrote :

At Procter's was not furiously amusing—the eternal G. bores one. Her parents were of course there, the papa with a suspicious-looking little order in his button-hole, and a chevalier d'industrie air, which I can't get over. E. didn't sing, but on the other hand Mrs. S. did. She was passionate, she was enthusiastic, she was sublime, she was tender. There was one note that she kept so long, that I protest I had time to think about my affairs, to have a little nap, and to awake much refreshed while it was going on still. At another time, overcome by almost unutterable tenderness, she piped so low, that it's a wonder one could hear her at all. In a word she was mirobolante, the most artless, affected, good-natured, absurd, clever creature possible. When she had crushed G., who stood by the piano hating her, and paying her the most profound compliments,—she tripped off on my arm to the cab in waiting. I like that absurd, kind creature.

To which letter she replied : I read out your letter to Mrs. F. I should rather like, maliciously, to have witnessed the Sartorissian crushment of the Gaggiotti.

If you do send the children down to Clevedon, I am sure Maria and Julia would like to see them often and your Mother too, but it sounds melancholy their going there and you by yourself. I wonder where you will go?

Mrs. F. is very kind to me. We often speak of you, she has a sincere affection for you. They talk of her lingering on for two or three more years only! and when she asked the doctor, "Do you think it might be for ten years?" he said, "No, not the least possible," so her life is ending very soon for us. But she only looks forward with earnest desire to a happier state, about which she never seems to have a fear, she speaks as trustingly as a child might do about her Father. Dr. Locock told me a gentleman who sat opposite him lately introduced himself as knowing him through his friends at 15 Portman St. Viz "*The Thackeray!* I was very proud to be asked to take wine by the man who had created Becky." I did not think the worthy man would have had the time to read V. F.

I have not heard from William since Penzance, when he was on his way to Brest. I wish he was safely back again; he told me they had had some very rough weather, and that he could not say he had thoroughly enjoyed it.

This was an exciting day to the doctors here, painfully bringing Cholera very near to us, a lady patient of theirs, who was playing on the Pianoforte till one this morning giving a party,—was taken ill to-day and died just now.

While to Mr. Brookfield she wrote:

PROSPECT PLACE,
17*th July*, 49.

My dear William,

Harry has written to-day to urge my leaving Southampton at once on account of the Cholera, as it happens

I am engaged to-morrow to go to Ryde under escort of the polite Fanshawes, otherwise the black blood of the Eltons would likely enough have kept me on here a little longer, as it is so complete a Cook's Folly business to fly from the hands of God, as if one could not equally have the Cholera at Ryde, if it is to come upon one. You know "Cook's Folly" at Bristol was a tower built by a man of that name who went into it to be out of the way of some pestilence or other and he would only have his food lowered to him by ropes so as to avoid all contact with infected people, in a faggot one day arrived a venomous snake which bit him till he died, and you may see the Tower to this day near the sea-wall on Durdham Down.

I have just had a letter from Mr. Thackeray who is hoping to see you at Brighton; he intends the next Pendennis to be a right down good number, he says, so I hope it may be. Good-bye.

Evermore your loving wife,
J. O. B.

Mr. Brookfield had been landed by the revenue cutter and had taken up his duties again, which fortunately brought him to Brighton.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

BRIGHTON,
19 *July*, 1849.

Dearest Jane,

I have not heard from you to-day at this present writing (four p.m.) tho' perhaps there may be a letter this evening.

Dined last night with W—. Respectable, courteous, gentleman-and-lady-like, and specially dull. Was main glad to go at ten thirty to Thackeray at his club where he was entertaining two dragoons with the wicked weed and wickeder distillation. At twelve thirty I turned in and slept without interruption till nine this morning, when I took my usual Tavern breakfast of Fry dam and toast, from which I adjourned to a school; huge, difficult, cursed with that infernal modesty without humility which distinguishes fools, puseyites, and "a parcel of silly galls," and thence without delay to another where I am now writing and whence I long to remove to the C side. Thackeray dines with me this evening. Love to all.

Ever yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

After leaving Brighton this year Mr. Thackeray spent a few days in Wales, where he wrote in an album in order to amuse a friend,

"A better glass or a better pipe
I never had in all my life."
S. ROGERS.

For some time Thackeray had been striving to get the Brookfields and the Ashburtons better acquainted, so about this time he wrote Mr. Brookfield the following:

My dear Vieux,

I wish you would go and call on Lady Ashburton. Twice Ashburton has told me she wants to make your acquaintance, and twice remarked that it would be but an act of politeness in you to call on a lady in distress, who wants your services. Both times I have said that you are uncommonly proud and shy, and last night told him he had best call on you, which he said he would hasten to do. But surely you might stretch a leg over the barrier when there's a lady actually beckon-

ing you to come over, and such an uncommonly good dinner laid on the other side. There was a vacant place yesterday, as you might have had, and such a company of jolly dogs, St. David's, Hallam senr., and ever so many more of our set. Do come if you can and believe me to be yours,

A. Pendennis, Major H.P.

This was just before he went to Paris to see an aunt who was dying there, and as the Ashburtons called at once upon the Brookfields a new and lasting friendship commenced between them to his great satisfaction.

Now ensued an interesting series of letters between Mrs. Brookfield and the great author, who had begged her to write often to him, as he was low spirited and depressed.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray in Paris :

1 *Sept.*, 49.

My dear Sir,

It was kind of you to send the little note with G. B. Y. Just as I received it Totty Fanshawe came in, having come to spend ten days in London. I was pleased to have her, she comes out most companionably, and is like her mother in many ways. She spent the day with me on Wednesday, and we went together to the Vernon Gallery, which I had never seen, and I took up a *connoisseur* air to point out the best pictures to my young friend who is fond of drawing.

Yesterday was William's birthday and also Harry Hallam's and by a curious coincidence Stephen Spring Rice's, who wrote to propose dining here, but called and breakfasted instead, his father having made up a family dinner in his honour at home—he enquired affectionately after you and declares he never sees you which he laments, and he praises Pendennis more than anybody. We had the new number yesterday. I should think people would like it, as it is of the amusing order. But you are rather hard upon the people who have not good Cooks or Butlers of their own, at least I think that they would be justified in thinking you were scoffing at them.

I have just had Mrs. Fry's memoirs to read. On her death-bed she says, " I can say one thing that since I was 17, when first my heart was touched, I have never wakened or gone to sleep, without my first and last thought being how best I might serve my Lord," and this as a deliberate death-bed assertion is very striking, as she had Mr. Fry and I don't know how many children who might have been expected to distract her thoughts occasionally.

We had three of the Council Office men to dine yesterday, one of them brought a friend, Mr. Clough, who seemed to know you, and I tried to talk with him, but he has the most peculiar manner I almost ever saw. His eyes cut one through and through, twenty times sharper than Sir Alexander Duff, who has that way of scrutinising one. Mr. Clough sat at the foot of my sofa with this keen expression of investigation, but I determined not to mind and only thought him un-understandable.

Mr. Thackeray sent Mrs. Brookfield in reply a long letter, in the course of which he said :

The man who was to carry my letter yesterday fled without giving me notice, so Madame loses the sermon to Annie, the pretty picture, &c. I haven't the courage to pay the postage for so much rubbish. Isn't it curious that a gentleman of such expensive habits should have *this meanness about paper and postage? The best is that I have spent three francs in cab-hire, hunting for the man who was to carry my two-franc letter. The follies of men are ceaseless, even of comic authors who make it their business to laugh at the follies of all the rest of the world. . . .*

W. H. Ainsworth is here; we dined next each other at the 3 Freres yesterday, and rather fraternized. He showed a friendly disposition, I thought, and a desire to forgive me my success, but beyond a good-humoured acquiescence in his good will, I don't care.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray:

When you suggested you may end in a fatuous old age without memory, &c., I merely thought how much better suited I should be for a friend to you when you are brought a little more to my level; and perhaps when you are in that state you will see what a nice provision you have made in securing an idiotic sister in your comparative early life instead of a Miss B—, who might be bored by the second childhood, while I should have such a comfortable sympathy with it that we should get on very well together.

But I wish you could be made independent of having to work so constantly. I sometimes imagine legacies from unknown individuals coming in to me, and I make the handsomest settlements in an anonymous manner upon Annie and Minny. I wish they would come true some day and that I could "hand you over your freedom," which is a phrase I have heard applied to some kind of privilege awarded to citizens.

I heard from Arthur to-day, a long letter, containing a long critique on V.F., which he never regularly read through until just now—they have been such absurd Dickensites under Julian Young's guidance, that with every personal *prestige* for you, they thought one periodical-luxury sufficient, and have always plodded on in the old track, and that one being Mr. Dickens'. However, Arthur allows that he never fully appreciated your powers as an author, till now, although he complains of an occasional " morbid cynicism " and too constant imputation of background and unworthy motives to all the actions of men—he is much impressed with the Author's admirable talents, " wit, graphic powers, touches of feeling," " fragmentary traces of reverence," "strong and honest indignation against cant, worldliness," &c., &c., &c. I have copied you out quite a wedge of praise which will fall mildly before you as coming from the mild country gentleman. I am amused at your having Mr. Ainsworth at Paris—he was at Venice when we were there, and was always called " Tiger or Tig " by uncle Hallam, who did not know who he was till he came up one day and proffered the hand of fellowship to uncle H. on the ground of their mutual authorship. " I am Mr. Ainsworth," as if he had been Herschel at the least, and we sat together in the Place St. Mark, eating ices and discussing you, and I recollect saying you had " such an affectionate nature," which Mr. Ainsworth made me repeat about 3 times, pretending not to hear, and I felt I had thrown pearls before swine and been unnecessarily frank in my praise of you, and began to think he might very possibly have a feeling of jealousy about you as an author, tho' it would be ludicrously presumptuous in him—as of all detestable writing his is the worst, I think. Mr. P. is in Paris . . . there is a great deal of worthiness in him *au fond*—am I not quite Mrs. Gore-like in my little French words to-day ? tho' he does hem and hesitate before he can bring out a title, so awful is it in its attractiveness in his eyes. Forgive this nonsense, I wish I could make you laugh even if it were only at me. Why did you not send me the sermon to Annie, you need not have paid it, if you were determined to be stingy that is no reason why I should dislike paying postage; on the contrary, as my writing is too large to be over suited to underweight letters, I am quite hardened to all postal expenses.

The loss of memory and the depression of which Mr. Thackeray was complaining were evident indications that his health was failing him, and shortly after his return from Paris he was attacked by serious illness. There was, amongst his intimates, alarm concerning him from the first, and Mr. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam.

W. H. Brookfield to Harry Hallam:

15 PORTMAN ST.,
24 *Sep.*, 49.

My dear Harry,

You will be happy to know that our Thackeray seems to have quite turned the corner. Yesterday he seemed low and very uneasy, and thinks himself that his crisis did not come till yesterday evening. This morning, however, he seems quite fresh and like himself and as I think the words of so eminent a party ought not to be garbled by a minister of truth I must inform you that he sent word to you by me that "he is apparently recovering." He is very grateful for your kindness in looking after him. It does not seem that anybody is calling upon him, as his illness has not been bruited, which is all the better, as his servant is very efficient. If it has been Cholera, he has no idea of it himself, but calls it a liver attack.

An advertisement will have to postpone Pendennis for some days.

Love to your connexions.

Ever thine affectionately,
W. H. B.

And two days afterwards he wrote to his wife:

I reached Winchester duly, and the day being glorious marched on my way on foot, when as luck would have it a regiment (23rd) was marching out with full band, both drums, and the other things, to exercise. In *cooorse* I marched with them along side the old white goat which headed them in front of the band. It was very pretty, I overheard three officers talking away against Bishops, saying how the Curate did everything for the poor, and had to buy a black coat and white choker besides, &c., which was sweeter music than the band.

To which she replied:

15 Portman St.,
27th Sep.

My dearest William,

I was much amused at the idea of your marching along side of the British Grenadiers. Did the officers know you were one of the order in whose favour they were arguing I wonder? "Once a Curate always a Curate" until you are a Bishop, that is Ecclesiastically correct, is it not?

Mr. Parr has just gone off to Clevedon; he took me this morning in a Hansom to enquire after Mr. Thackeray. John said he had been worse before the bleeding, but that he was now better, only exceedingly weak. I sent up word that I should be writing to his Mother if he had any message, and he begged I would come up and speak to him for a minute. John held the door of his room open so that I saw him, looking terribly pulled down and his voice very weak, he looked still feverish, and seemed low about himself, altho' he said he hoped he should not be in bed more than four or five days longer, but I am afraid he is still very seriously ill. He seemed very anxious to have you back again, and asked when you would be coming, and if you were well. I don't feel easy about him, especially after his so often speaking of presentiments lately, that he should be cut off early, like Charles Buller. Just now I had a note from Mr. Spring Rice to tell me he had been to see Mr. Thackeray this morning, and that he told him he did not expect to be really re-established in less than six weeks, but that he considered himself to be getting daily better, only so very weak as to feel very ill still. I enclose his Mother's letter. I am afraid I can be of no use at all but she seems to imply by her gratitude that I am.

To Harry Hallam, who, during " our Thackeray's " illness had bulletins sent him every day, and who sometimes came up from Clifton, where he was staying with his father, on purpose to assure himself the patient was going on well, Mrs. Brookfield wrote :

1 *Oct.*, 1849.

Dear Harry,

Thanks for your letter of to-day. I only answer to send you word of Mr. Thackeray—I am afraid he is not recovering as *quickly* as I had hoped when I wrote before—he is again forbidden all nourishment except tea and lemonade. I suppose there is still fear of a continuance of fever; he has had better nights, however, and says he feels better.

I saw him with William yesterday. I enclose his Mother's note to show you she is not backward about coming. I only wish Mr. Thackeray had anything to fall back upon when he recovers from this illness, instead of that constant writing which wears him so much, and which he can never have any rest from, unless he could get some settled employment, which would not be such a strain upon him as this fagging composition is. I will write again soon.

J. O. B.

When the illness was at its worst Mrs. Brookfield wrote to her husband :

15 Portman St.,
3rd Oct., 1849.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your little note, and I hope you will be comfortably at breakfast when you get this. I wish tho' that I had any good news to send you, but Henry* has just been here and made me still more uneasy about Mr. Thackeray. He has had a very bad night, his room is darkened, and he is ordered to be perfectly quiet, and not to talk at all. Henry overheard the doctors say that what they are now anxious about is some former complaint of his which is more to be feared than his present attack of illness. Of course I could not ask what this complaint is ; I can only fear that it is serious, because I remember Mr. Thackeray's once saying that he had something which prevented his being able to insure his life. Henry says the doctors are there three and four times a day and that they feared he was worse last night, but to-day he seemed a little better since the blister. I feel sorry that you are not able to be with him, as he can see no one to whom he can talk at all seriously, or who can really be of comfort. The day I was there he talked of the end, as possibly near at hand, and said he could look forward without dread to it, that he felt a great love and charity for all mankind, and tho' there were many things he would wish undone in his life, he yet felt a great trust and hope in God's love and mercy, and if it was His will, he would go to-morrow, and only feel about leaving the children unprotected. I did not think then that he was likely again to be in danger, and felt afraid of his exciting himself by talking in that strain, but I am now sorry I did not encourage him to say more, as it seemed a comfort to him to speak of it, and he said he felt quite happy and peaceful, that it had done him good to speak to me, and that you were the only other person he could do so to, and he spoke of you with much affection. Now I reproach myself for having rather turned off his thoughts from his own state, and tried to amuse him by talking of indifferent things, when perhaps it may have been the last opportunity he would have to talk to anyone of his feelings in dying, if that is really near at hand, which I cannot help fearing, and as you did not seem to be in any alarm about him when you left, dear William, I thought I ought to tell you all I had heard, tho' I know you will very much grieve to hear it. I will write again to-morrow to Southampton and hope it may be better news, but I cannot feel much confidence in reports of amendment which are always contradicted by fresh relapses.

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* Henry was an extra servant lent by the Hallams to Mr. Thackeray.

During part of this dreadful time Thackeray's children stayed with the Brookfields. The illness of the great writer created somewhat of a panic when it became known, and everyone of his friends were anxiously awaiting the result, when happily better symptoms set in. It was then seen how much the kind and genial man had endeared himself. His mother came to nurse him ; his doctors were positively devoted to him ; his friends lived upon his doorstep. Mrs. Brookfield and Mrs. Elliot were sometimes allowed to peep at him, and no one thought at all of his genius and talents, but only of his kind and sympathetic nature.

The relief caused by his recovery is marked in quite a vivid way in the letters of that period.

When Thackeray was well enough to get away from London Mrs. Brookfield writes to her husband :

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
23 *Oct.*, 49.

I have not heard from Arthur nor indeed from anybody, except a line just this minute from Mr. Thackeray, dated Brighton to my surprise, and announcing that he went off there yesterday and bore the journey very well and had a beautiful sleep after it. I don't know if he took any one but John with him.

Mrs. Wm. James came and staid a good while, giving accounts of her visit to Kissingen where she and fat James drank the waters, the Malthus's were to have gone with them, but two days before starting Mrs. Malthus tumbled down in getting into a boat on the Thames, and put her shoulder out of joint, by clinging to a post in preference to dropping into the water ; at last both the post and her shoulder gave way, but she was speedily picked up, and only obliged to give up Kissingen and have her shoulder set in England, while her rosy husband also staid to nurse her.

Adelaide Procter has since appeared on the scene, with Florence who sat kicking her heels, literally three-quarters of a yard apart, but who nevertheless has the elements of better looks than either of her sisters. Adelaide is in a highly excited state about Dunse Castle and her three months' visit, "making her feel so completely one of the family," sitting down twenty to dinner and breakfast every day as the mere family party, and guests frequently in addition.

I suppose she is in love with one of the sons, but she did not confide it to me. I thought the shooting sounded suspicious and "we used to practise music often five hours a day. I, on the pianoforte and the sons" (as she always called them, clubbing them together) "on the Violincello and Violin." I hope you made pretty speeches for me to my Father's oldest friend the Canon. Don't bring back a bat in your pocket and a hen in your hat from White's Selborne, please—remember the fate of the Owls:

While to Mr. Thackeray she wrote:

I must write so as to keep you in mind of telling me how you go on. I wish you would make John tell people not to talk while you are *airing yourself* as it will do away with the good of the sea-breezes if you are tired with talking, even to the fascinating Mrs. W—. You will see Mrs. Elliot, I suppose, to-morrow, as she set off for Brighton to-day, and by her your Mother has sent a pamphlet on Mesmerism, Dr. Elliotson wished you to read, showing you the cloven hoof of his besetting sin, now that you are recovering tho' he kept it so well under control before, and a small wedge of soup which she said had been forgotten when you went down. I called in Young St. to-day and brought Anny and Minny back with me, packed three in a Hansom. They are sitting here buried each in a book while I write, and they send their love to you. I am going to make them chaperon me to Russell Square to call on Virginia Garden who is ordered to Malaga for the winter, being threatened with consumption. If you make your expedition to Cadiz with Mr. Baring you may fall in with her; they have had Alfred Tennyson staying with them in Edinburgh, and are highly pleased by his writing to the lady by her Christian name. Your Faithful Admirer, Miss Dobson, has written to beg to know if you are really ill, and to make great outcry at their desolation for want of Pendennis, "tell me of *Thackeray;* it is too horrible to put '*Mr.*' before his name," and she wishes very kindly to come and stay with me. I daresay she would gladly come to *you* as Cook or shoeblack or Coachman all in one, she really is very warm in her feelings. Pray be very martyrising upon yourself about your health.

It was towards the end of November and when Mr. Thackeray was fairly well restored to health again that he gave a dinner to Miss Brontë then in London practically for the first time. Mrs. Brookfield says, speaking of that lady and that visit:

There was just then a fashion for wearing a plait of hair across the head, and Miss Brontë, a timid little woman with a firm mouth, did not possess a large enough quantity of hair to enable her to form a plait, so therefore wore a very obvious crown of brown silk. Mr. Thackeray on the way down to dinner addressed her as Currer Bell. She tossed her head and said "she believed there were books being published by a person named Currer Bell . . . but the person he was talking to was Miss Brontë—and she saw no connection between the two."

CHAPTER IX

Attacks on Thackeray. Ceremony at St. Barnabas'. Harry Hallam. Clerical Flirtations. Virginia Pattle's tears. Kate Perry. Tennyson's In Memoriam. Thackeray and the Penitentiary. The Ashburtons and Thackeray. At the Grange. Death of Harry Hallam. His funeral at Clevedon.

The Gorham case and the Slave question were keeping interest alive in men's minds in the early days of 1850. James Spedding wrote many a strong letter to Mr. Brookfield touching upon the former, and ended one of them with " Is it true that 850 clergymen will resign their livings if the P.C. decides for the Bishop of Exeter, and that 850 other clergymen will do the same if they decide against him ? I should think better of the Church if I could believe it."

While Mrs. Brookfield remarked to her husband on the 8th January :

I have been reading to-day Carlyle's slave article, and rather agreed with his view of the question, though being ductile in my Politicotheological *opinions*, I am afraid as far at least as their theories are concerned, I might whirl round to a perfect agreement with a pamphlet by Wilberforce on the same question to-morrow.

Mr. Thackeray has been here and read to me a long letter which he is sending to the *Morning Chronicle* to justify himself against certain attacks which have appeared there and in the *Examiner*, against his ridiculing literary men in Pendennis thereby " trying to

Mrs. Brookfield
From a drawing by W. M. Thackeray

CHAPTER IX

[illegible] Thackeray. [illegible] Thackeray and his Detractors. [illegible] At the theatre. [illegible] in Germany.]

The Gorham case and the Marriage question were keeping several [illegible] in men's minds in the early days of 1850. James Spedding wrote many a strong letter to Mr. Brookfield touching upon the former, and [illegible] of them said: "Is it true that 600 clergymen will resign their livings if the P.C. decides for the Bishop of Exeter, and that 600 other clergymen will do the same if they decide against him? I should think better of the Church if I could believe it."

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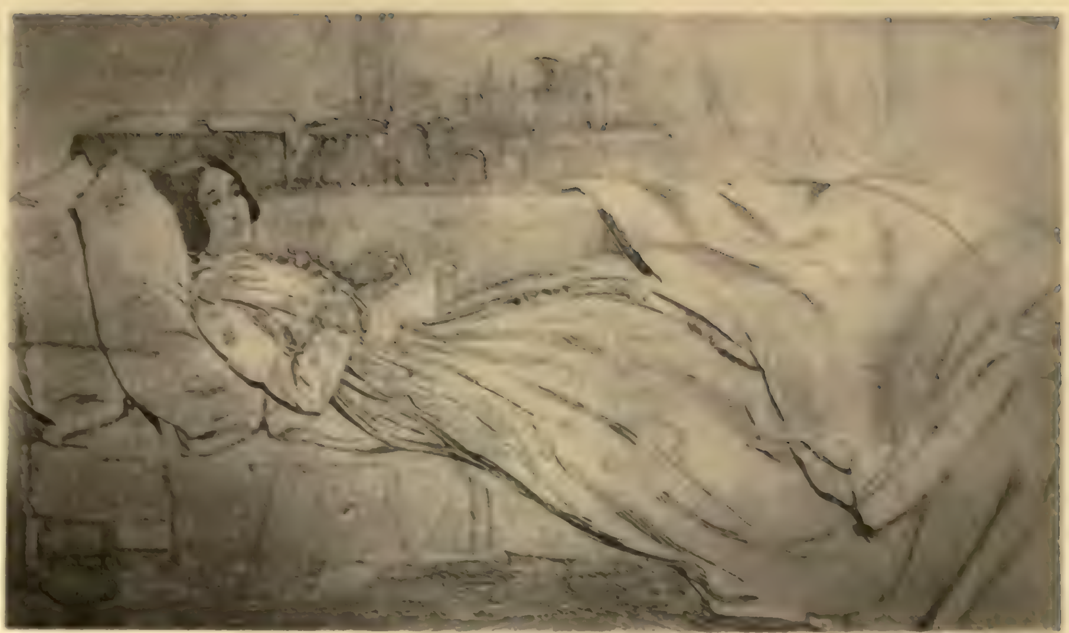
>
> Mr. Thackeray has been here and read to me a long letter which he is sending to the *Morning Chronicle* to justify himself against certain attacks which have appeared there, and in the *Examiner*, against his ridiculing literary men in *Pendennis* [illegible]



Mrs. Brookfield.

From a drawing by W. M. Thackeray

curry favor with the non-literary public," &c. He was wishing you had been here to give him your opinion on his letter. I thought it was very good though I could not so well judge as I had not seen the attacks.

And having what Kinglake called one of her "attacks of shyness" upon her she wrote to Mr. Thackeray:

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

I was very nearly writing after you left to ask you to come to tea on Friday, if you could do what would be so very dull for yourself; and I am sure that you perfectly understand that it was only on that account that I did not very gladly accept your kind offer. Mrs. Prinsep is not of so vain a disposition as to fear the loss of a friend by making him endure a stupid hour or two, and I very much wish I possessed so happy a temper. I believe you only wrote your note to try and provoke me, so I will merely say that I shall still be glad, if you should be disengaged any other day, if you will entirely take on yourself the punishment of finding it dull. William returns Friday and I am just expecting Miss Wynn to tea.

Believe me
Yours
J. O. Brookfield.

On the 15th of February this year to the joy and delight of themselves and their friends, a daughter, their first child was born to the Brookfields. The arrival of this young lady created quite a stir, everybody was genuinely pleased and sent heartiest congratulations. Lord Lyttelton wrote from Hawarden to Mr. Brookfield that he and his family as well as all the Gladstones rejoiced in the birth of the maiden, and that an event expected in his own family would be quite dull in comparison (the 8th) and, " how quaint the paternal mantle will sit upon you ! "

The parents had rather to explain away the name of Magdalene which they bestowed upon the infant, but the child was lovely and lusty, and they allowed nothing to mar their perfect bliss. Mrs. Tennyson, on hearing the news, wrote " If it be not too exacting we would beg for a line to be assured that all goes well with dear Mrs. Brookfield and the baby. Alfred would have enjoyed that meeting with you, but he was so good as to stay at home and help nurse *our* baby."

From this period there is naturally a good deal of " nursery " in the letters, but not always to the blocking out of other subjects. Mrs. Brookfield writes to her husband :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
19*th June*, 50.

My dear Papa,

I am a great deal better and I have been laughing and talking all the morning till I was quite out of breath and I am gone out for a walk in the Park this morning, and in the afternoon I am going a drive to Hampstead to fetch back Miss Hallam, and my Mamma will call on Lady Pollock in Guildford St. on her way to Hampstead, and I hope you are quite well and I am your affectionate little daughter,

MAGDALENE.

Dearest William,

As Magdalene has written, little remains for me to say, except to put you in a rage by describing Harry's and my expedition to St. Barnabas' yesterday evening. We arrived there at twenty minutes to seven and found the whole street crowded, quite mobbed with well-dressed people; the Duchess of Sutherland among the number and Lady Glentworth to whom I talked a little; Mr. Trench, looking quite out of place, and the gaunt Eliza, Wilton Crescent housemaid; but not a chance of getting into the Church! Every seat, we were told, was full, and the doors were closed. (N.B.—I saw her grace of Sutherland gain admittance through a side door), but we all stood till the bell had stopped, expecting room to be found for us somehow, and also to hear the Hymn which is chaunted in the Procession from the school house to the Church; the Priests, Churchwardens, and Choristers, carrying staves and a silver figure of St. Barnabas, preceding it. Mr. Thackeray appeared in the crowd (he had heard the day before that we meant to be there) and joined us just as the procession appeared, and I fear he scandalised some of the crowd by remarks more humorous than reverent, "Oh, my dear fellow countrymen of the nineteenth century, are we gone back to th s?" but he and Harry and all the men took off their hats as the doors opened to admit the procession, and the Altar was revealed to view, a blaze of lights, twenty or thirty little tapers exactly like those at the Oratory.

It was quite the Hippopotamus excitement over again, and would form a good pendant to it in the next *Punch*. Some of the people in the crowd called out "Just like the Catholics, there's the Saint.'

I must not write more to-day as I want to trim a little bonnet for the child before we set out for our drive.

Good-bye, my dear, and God bless you.

Writing back, Mr. Brookfield says:

BURHAM COURT,
20 *June*, 1850.

"Your Child writes a very good hand and expresses herself, though very like a child, very much to the purpose. I am splenetic at St. Barnabas, and hope to live to see it pulled down and Bennett burnt in effigy by a Latitudinarian mob. . . . I am pleased that being built expressly for the poor, the Duchess of Sutherland slipped in at a side door while you were excluded."

Mr. Brookfield records just now that "The Bishop of Oxford had up a clergyman to row him for hunting. The sporting Vicar retorted that he was informed the Bishop often went to scenes of gaiety—to balls, for instance. The Bishop made plausible excuses from the peculiarity of his social position and what not, and added, 'Besides, Mr. M., I never was in the same room with the dancing but in the room adjoining.' 'And I,' retorted the Vicar, 'am a poor man and ride an indifferent horse, and I never was in the same field with the hounds.'"

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

15 PORTMAN ST.,
30*th June*, 50.

My dear,

You will be glad to hear that Magdalene is quite lovely, and as well as I could wish to see her, and I was much pleased to have your line to-day, my dear, and thank you for making time to write it. Your absence was much lamented at the Clerical Club. H. was quite sprightly and damp (as compared with usual dryness) sauntering round among the ladies after dinner to know which would favor him with a song and humming operatic airs as an incentive to their timidities. Mesdames D., W., and M., with respective husbands (except M.) attempted glees, accompanied by H., a faint bleating being all that was achieved. I continued my talk with friend Hawkins unrestrainedly and did not attempt to listen to the performances in the back room, till in a pause, I heard H.'s bland voice saying " Oh, no. I daresay it sounds exceedingly well in the next room," and then sprightly W. honestly called out " We want applause," which Mrs. H., in a dim yellow satin and crooked expression of face, did not dulcetly fall in with, and the singing died away.

To-day I have had visitors ever since I was dressed, Mr. Maine to breakfast, then Mrs. Hoare, and Fanny to see Baby, then Julia Hallam and then Mr. Parr (only in Town for a day), and then I went by invitation to luncheon with the Elliots who called yesterday to beg I would come; they are so affectionate I cannot but like them. Mr. Thackeray, of course, was there, and read us out his paper on Miss Pattle's tears at Henry Taylor's poem, which I believe he is now going to read to her.

Mrs. Brookfield here refers to Mrs. Elliot and Miss Kate Perry, the daughters of James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, and some of Mr. Thackeray's dearest friends. Miss Perry says of her first introduction to Thackeray: " He and I went through no gradations of growth in our friendship; it was more like Jack's bean stalk in a pantomime which rushed up sky high without culture and so remained. It was at Brighton. He had just begun 'Vanity Fair,' and he used to bring his morning's work to read to me in the evening. The first day he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park and there he told me all about his little girls and his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about my sister and Chesham Place." These ladies were also the intimates of *the* Miss Berrys, to whom they introduced Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray :

. . . . Dr. Joseph Bullar has sent me a work of his, "Evening thoughts by a Physician." They are something in the Henry Taylor line, shorter, but quite as dogmatic. "The sense of the ridiculous is clearly of Human, not of Divine origin. Man's frailties make Angels weep, his fellow mortals laugh. The highest human beings have not a sense of the ludicrous, Milton and Schiller, for example." I don't see why Milton and Schiller are to be set upon a pinnacle above Shakespeare and Richter, and supposed to be the type of human perfection. He brings *you* in, "Shakespeare, Fielding and Thackeray exhibit the marks of the beast in the best, and the traits of goodness in the worst specimens of human nature." However, I won't fill my letter with extracts from Dr. Bullar, but I dislike that pompous, didactic way of laying down the law, and especially when it is exercised upon perfectly open questions about which scarcely two men have precisely the same opinion. Mr. Maurice, in his dissertations, has the same sweeping mode of setting before you what he means, as if there was no question that you must agree if only you have sense to understand, and Dr. Pusey also will say you can get no rest to the sole of your foot, "till you are heart and soul under your Mother the Church," and "till you duly confess your sins to her appointed ministers." While Maurice would quite set aside human intervention, and, more in the Francis Newman style, tell you to look for the signs of inspiration in your own heart direct from the fountain head, or, without looking for the signs of it to take it for granted they are there, that you have wings and are saved. And once take this for granted, Maurice would say you cannot sin, you cannot be a traitor and rebellious when you know you are loved as a child. It would be a curious exercise to take out passages from each and from twenty more, who give out their own peculiar views as *the* guides for all alike; when after all it is quite impossible conscientiously to say you agree exactly in all points with anyone alive, at least so it seems to me; but you do see people who give themselves out as being of Paul or Apollos, and ready to swear by every word that they have or ever shall propound.

Are you in a broad yawn and wondering when I will have done? I don't know what makes me so prosy, but you may set it down partly to my cold, which is still heavy enough.

Mrs. Brookfield at this time began to receive and to go out a good deal. And as everybody then took tea after dinner, people made it a habit to drop in upon her for a cup. They would come on their way to or from their parties, so that an interesting assemblage was usually to be found about her at her own house during a certain part of the evening, and often composed of the people she was most likely to meet later on in the night.

Mr. Brookfield says of a dinner of this time, at which the Duke of Wellington was also present :

" It is an undoubted fact, and attested by hundreds of Anglo-Indians that something occasionally happens to the wine in cellars there which many of them believe to be caused by a musk rat burrowing through the saw-dust and flavouring the wine, through glass or cork, so as utterly to spoil it. I have heard of it first hand over and over again. The Duke attempted to relate this, and made only a confused blundering story of it—to this effect : 'When we were in India it frequently happened that a sort of rat peculiar to the country would get at the bottles, nibble through the corks, let out all the wine and then creep into the bottle, and make itself at home there.' 'Indeed, sir,' said somebody, 'they must have been very large bottles.' 'No, on the contrary, they were d——d small bottles.' . . . 'Then, perhaps, sir, they were very small rats ?' 'On the contrary, they were d——d large rats,' said the Duke, getting angry. But Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to his neighbour at table—'That's what we're at all day at the Horseguards, trying to put large rats into small bottles.' "

About July Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Mr. Thackeray :
My dear Sir,

I am very glad you are well again, and I cannot feel sorry for the resignation from *Punch*, which is really a grand thing to have done as a testimony,—but they ought to cut out the Jerrold article and make you come back.

I took a turn in the park, but was soon knocked up, it was so hot.

Poor Harry went off with a dismal face, and I am very dismal too. I am glad you will have the *Prophete* to-night. Pray don't make yourself ill again, I mean I hope you take proper care of yourself.

And to Harry Hallam, who had just gone on the Midland Circuit, she sent the following letters:

My dear Childe,

From your silence I am much disposed to think your fears were justified and that you were at once pressed into the service of some needy murderer and that I shall see your tears in asseveration of his innocence recorded in the *Times*, to shock Tom Taylor. I hope you reached the Midland Circuit quite safely and found the Clerk's lodgings comfortable.

We miss you very much and are to drown care by going to Southampton on Saturday next, the twentieth, where our address will be "at the Miss Ogles'."

I made your apology and Julia's to Mrs. Procter last night. The Carlyles were our chief stronghold there, but the Coventry Patmores clung to us; Mrs. C. P. talking of Alfred T. as if he was her most intimate friend.

18 *July*, 1850.

My dear Childe,

Your letter was very welcome, and so was your note from Lord Northampton's.

Who do you think called yesterday? Mr. F. Lushington, he came for the book (which I found among William's), which he wants for his review of "In Memoriam." He enquired after you with some *empressement*.

We dined at the Clerical meeting yesterday, and met a very full assembly, and I have discovered that there is more artlessly impudent flirtation carried on between the "Clericals" than any other body. Mr.

J. and Mrs. M. talked and flirted all dinner time with immense *naïveté* and animation ; so did Mrs. J. and Mr. W., Mrs. D. and a Mr. J., Mrs. Brookfield and Mr. W., but we all withdrew soon after ten to our respective homes.

I have just been interrupted by Procters calling and must end, William is at Woolwich or would love send. I do feel for you in the hot courts and the dull dinners.

Ever your loving,
J. O. B.

The day "In Memoriam" was published Harry Hallam gave to his cousin a beautifully bound copy, and, as the poem just then was being much talked about, she writes :

SOUTHAMPTON,
31*st* *July*, 1850.

My dearest William,

Magdalene is very well and looks quite lovely, and has been greatly admired and "Carries herself so well, and as upright as a child of nine months old." I have been spending part of to-day with the Fanshawes and reading "In Memoriam," and applying some of it to you,

"These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune," &c.

"Their love has never past away,
The days she never can forget,
Are earnest that he loves her yet."

"She keeps the gift of years before,
A withered violet in her bliss," &c.

" Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
I cannot understand ; I love."

Are not they very beautiful ? I hardly read the " Memoriam " in London, and I don't think you quite read it through. Nothing has happened to-day. I heard from Mr. Thackeray proposing that the children and their governess should join us in taking lodgings and keeping house here, as they would be all the better for change of air, but I have said in answer that nothing is yet decided, and I fancy you would feel rather bored by the governess, however much she might stick to her schoolroom. He sends me a *vignette* of the hairdresser and young lady, out of this week's *Punch*, which is a contribution of mine as I overheard it at Winter's shop. You will see it when you come back on Friday. Mrs. F. sends her love. I am writing at their house, and still hope you may come back to-night, so I will write no more.

The arrangement that the Miss Thackerays and their governess should share a house with the Brookfields was concluded early in August, Mr. Thackeray taking rooms at the " Dolphin " whenever in Southampton.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

PARK LODGE,
SOUTHAMPTON,
Aug., 1850.

My dearest William,

I was very glad to have your pleasant letter this p.m. and had purposed writing a tolerably worthy reply to it, but who should walk in but Harry this evening, having got thro' his first brief, and able to leave Warwick a day earlier than he had looked for, and I ought to be pouring out tea now.

Mr. Thackeray was still at the "Dolphin" to-day, and staid there writing till dinner time, when he came up here, and just as we had done dinner in walked poor Harry. I say "poor" because of his going away so soon, and for such a long time. I suppose you heard that Jemmy White has lost his other child. Mr. T. talked of going to the Isle of Wight to see him but he seems to incline to lingering here till you arrive so as to have a day with you, before he sets off for the long talked-of visit to Scotland. Harry will stop, I suppose, till only an hour or two before you arrive on Friday, which is unfortunate, he has positively to go on to Dover on Friday afternoon and sails same night, I believe. You will not feel *géné* by the governess and children; they use the dining room for school, and are very accommodating and good-natured.

It was a letter from Mr. Hallam which took his son off so punctually. That gentleman, who had already arrived at Kreuznach, had sent his son the most touching details of the route he wished him to follow in order to join him and his sister there, ending his letter with "Call on Rogers before you start and bring me some news of him. We have had a very fortunate and successful expedition so far, and I venture to look forward with less misgivings than I had on starting, notwithstanding the uncertainty of all things future."

Mrs. Brookfield, while still in Southampton, went one day to teach in the school, and found there a great disturbance and agitation. The clergyman had just beaten some of the girls so severely that two of them had nearly fainted. "I asked if it was with a stick. 'No,' I was told, 'he beat them with his hand for being inattentive at Church!' Poor Annie Thackeray quite burst into tears in horror at his cruelty and has been urging me to tell you and get you to mention it in your Report of the school."

PARK LODGE,
SOUTHAMPTON,
17*th Aug.*, 50.

My dearest William,

There was a great commotion this morning about the beating. Two or three girls are not to come again in consequence, and one old woman came in to the school while I was there, and harangued with most shrill vehemence upon the beating of her granddaughter, that she had a complaint on her chest and that it had made her quite ill to be struck as she was, and by a "Minister of Religion, indeed! What is Charity but a tinkling cymbal when it brings forth no better fruit than to ill-treat the children. Christ said, 'Suffer the little children to come to me,'" etc., and the poor old lady really said a great deal to very good purpose only I was afraid of interfering as I could only have agreed with her if I had spoken at all.

I believe Mr. Thackeray goes back to Town to-morrow. He desired to be commended to you and has found great comfort in a twist of tobacco, left by you in his room at the "Dolphin," and standing him in good stead when he had no cigar to smoke.

Later. Contrary to what might be expected Mr. Thackeray is still at the "Dolphin," having got into his new number and working hard at it, he says he had packed up to go away this morning, fancying he did not work well here, but afterwards he did a good bit of writing and came up to dine. I gave him your message of kindly greeting, but he says he must be in town to see his number out and still intends to dine with the Lord Mayor on the twenty-sixth.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

PARK LODGE,
20th Augt., 1850.

Thanks for to-day's 'Spatch. Nothing has occurred worthy of repetition.

I gave our washing to be done at the Penitentiary having been much victimised by the unclean washing of the laundresses here.

Mr. Thackeray was present when Miss Trulock and I were lamenting over the bad washing and discussing the probability of having better fortune at the Penitentiary, and his curiosity was evidently a little excited by the repetition of the word "Penitentiary." At last Emma came in and announced "A person from the Penitentiary, if you please, ma'am," on which Mr. T. sprang up, saying "Oh! *Laissez moi voire la Penitente.*" I turned round to Emma to ask where the person was, "It's a little boy, Ma'am, and he's at the gate," which upset our gravity, as I had myself been preparing to see a reformed and interesting young girl. Mr. T. went back to London to-day, and purposed travelling second class.

Mr. Brookfield had been for a cruise with Stephen Spring Rice in the Revenue Cutter *Vigilante,* and had in course of time reached Paris, where he saw a good deal of Mr. Thackeray's relatives, and from which place he wrote delightful descriptive letters to his wife, who wrote him:

15 PORTMAN ST.,
3 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dearest William,

Your letter came in to me this afternoon, just as I was in the midst of a letter to Julia and Harry Hallam, due to-day to Rome.

Mr. Thackeray is gone to Mrs. Gore's in Hampshire, but before he went he had a letter from Lady Ashburton to put off his visit to the Grange telling him he had offended the Taylors, she could not say how, but she saw it wouldn't do for them to be at the Grange together. He had met Mr. Taylor at Miss Virginia Pattle's wedding, a few days ago, and told him he should soon meet him again at the Ashburtons', and thought he seemed friendly enough, so he wrote a letter to Lady A. with a picture of a Donkey let loose in a Chicken yard, and comparing it with his own flight of fancy in the objectionable *Punch* article, adding that he now thought "the article had been unintentionally vulgar and impertinent." After this he said he should not know whether they would write and ask him still to come to the Grange now; but he has at present proposed going there when you go on the fifteenth, and meantime was much bored at having to go down into Hants. I have agreed to go to the Spring Rices' on Saturday, and thought of staying till Tuesday. Stephen sent me an account book of his own devising, as a present to-day, with a note in French on the cover of it, "*Ne te déplaise pas, que je te tutoye,*" which amused me. I have only just finished "Alton Locke." It was such close reading, not novel like at all, and full of praise of the Taylor association principle.

Adelaide Procter called to-day, they returned on Monday from Boulogne, she said, so you must just have crossed each other. I did not say you were at

Paris. I suppose you have seen Fraser (is he *Fraser's Magazine?*) and Mrs. Chambers. I haven't heard again from Harry H. nor from anybody, I think.

The Taylor incident, mentioned above, brought forth a letter from Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, in which the admirable and magnanimous balance of his mind is very clearly shown:

"*I have been at work till now, eight o'clock. The house is very pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. G. bent on being so, the dinners splendatious, and what do you think I did yesterday? I thought over the confounded matter in the railroad, and wrote instantly on arriving here a letter of contrition and apology to Henry Taylor for having made, what I see now, was a flippant and offensive allusion to Mrs. Taylor. I am glad I have done it. I am glad that so many people whom I have been thinking bigoted and unfair and unjust towards me, have been right, and that I have been wrong, and my mind is an immense deal easier.*"

Thackeray's letters to Lady Ashburton and Henry Taylor brought forth a prompt and urgent demand for his presence at the Grange, and he went on there from the Gores, so that his visit was over before that of Mr. Brookfield commenced. But about this visit, which was his first one there, Miss Wynn wrote to Mrs. Brookfield:

Mrs. Carlyle writes that Mr. Brookfield is going to the Grange on the 15th, and many other pleasant ones are now there. How that woman does contrive to skim the cream off for her parties; one wonders what she does with relations and duty people which

Harriet, Lady Ashburton

From an engraving by W. Holl

Eng by J J Waddington Ld

Harriet, Lady Ashburton

From an engraving by W. Holl.

usually so entirely swamp a country house. Mrs. C. is evidently a little overturned by the different life she is now leading which is very funny, as I did not fancy she could be influenced in the slightest degree by it. The change from dulness to talent is certainly bewildering, and makes one blink like an owl in the sun, but in her case she has far more *esprit* in her own home than she is likely to find at Lady Ashburton's.

Your affect.

CHARLOTTE W. WYNN.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

THE GRANGE,
16 *Oct.*, 1850.

M.D.J.,

Thanks for this morning's letter. Got here all right at six thirty yesterday evening. Was ushered at once to the Salon where in the dusk sate Madam, Miss Farrar, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, and Kinglake ; and we forthwith fell to chattering without much of the creaking of new acquaintanceship. At seven rigged ; and at seven thirty "sharp" dined, Trench, Sir W. Montague and Lady Ditto being added to the party. I took Madam in at her commands. She is very kind, easy, and much after my fancy ; but notwithstanding this I have made no achievement myself, not one bit of inspiration, but still have got on comfortably.

I walked this morning with Lady A. to the school. After lunch had a drive with her, the Carlyles, and Farrar ; and since return have been occupied with letters—Post closing at six. I shall have no chance whatever of getting home from Winton on Friday till nine or ten. If you have a mind to have a *petit souper* for me I will not dine. This place is very handsome.

Ever

W. H. B.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
17 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dearest,

I don't suppose I shall get time to write to you to-day, there has been a constant succession of visitors, all staying a long time, Mrs. Spring Rice, Mrs. Maine, Mrs. Hoare, the young one, whose husband has such high tastes. Yesterday after I wrote to you, Mr. Thackeray called with the children and asked me to return with them to dine. I left at nine o'clock, but I had a cheerful evening there with the girls, who now get quite companionable. Mr. T. told me you had said I was like Fielding's Amelia, which he said was a great compliment, but he added, " I said I did not think you had her strength of character," for which I was much *obleeged* to him, he called to-day in two minds whether to go to Brighton till Monday or not, but Mrs. S. Rice's knock drove him away as he had to write at the Club.

Emily was much pleased with Magdalene, thought her very like you, and very fat and well. I don't think people often use the word pretty to her, tho' I think she is. An old gentleman in the Park yesterday delighted Rossiter by stopping the child and saying he " had seldom seen a more genteel child." I called on Mrs. Procter and Mrs. White yesterday. I am very glad you have come down with such " a plomb " at the Grange, and that you like Lady A.

Take care of thyself and G.B.Y.

Ever thine,
J. O. B.

Mr. Brookfield notes that at this time at the Grange as he, " Carlyle and Kinglake, stood under the porch

Sir W. M. strolled up and said, ' What a glorious day this is. Upon my word, as I walked up the lawn and looked at this splendid edifice and you gentlemen grouped under this magnificent portico, I felt that I could imagine a variety of things.' Carlyle shouted, of course."

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

THE GRANGE,
17 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dear,

I am just returned from a ride of sixteen miles, in the course of which I have floored two schools ; but Post is closing in, and the unwonted exercise has a *leetle* tired me.

I still hold to being at 15 Portman Street by about nine thirty, and should think a few specimens of the pearly tribe said to be occasionally thwarted in their affections, (but not opened if we have an instrument of our own) with some trivial matter ready to fry or broil if wanted, might tend to domestic harmony. I should not much wonder if Kinglake accompanied me. He seemed inclineable last night. Perhaps if W. M. T. turns up in the course of the day you might feel " dispoged " to invite him to do me the honor.

Our party yesterday was increased by Sir Augustus Clifford. I discovered him (not having caught his name) by his resemblance to D. of Devonshire. They have all been to some horse riders at Alresford while I did my duty in that state of life, &c.

Violent *mots* have by no means abounded, but it is very pleasant, cheerful, and unaffected ; but, disguise it as you will, it stands out in bold relief that a first visit is a little trying, and I shall turn my face

Zionwards with much gratitude and real liking for the Grange and all that therein is, but *sans* regret.

Yours most affectionately,
W. H. B.

From Italy now came the letters that were to prove the last written by Harry Hallam.

FERRARA,
15 *Sept.*, 1850.

My dear Jane,

I must let you know of a change in our plans to prevent your writing to Genoa and Avignon according to my last directions, and to ask you to transfer your benevolent intentions to Rome. I am pleased at our change, though ten days at Rome is a ridiculous farce. We were all sorry to leave Venice where the Bentincks were extremely attentive and where I took a great fancy to Mrs. B., though she is neither remarkably handsome nor at all clever, but so extremely desirous to be pleased with everything that George likes as to be a refreshing sight to one's old and blasé eyes.

We had a sumptuous dinner on the night I closed my last letter, covers being laid for Brown as well as ourselves and Cheney's gondolier officiating as flunkey, so that I felt quite amongst old friends. Our days were spent in the usual hurry and rush at churches and other sights, followed by the usual *table d'hôte* and Piazza coffee, but with the novel addition of nightly plays, which being executed entirely in the Venetian dialect, was unintelligible to the British public, though supposed to improve their Italian amazingly. We saw an Italian adaptation of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which you saw Mrs. Stirling act the night we went with the Arthur and Rhoda party and met Tom Taylor. The principle was the same, that of a female who takes poison which makes her first go mad, then take the liberty of breathing her last upon the stage—but the circumstances sink from the sublime to the ridiculous—the plot here being that a lady falls in love with her medical man, who obstinately refuses to perceive the fact, and only comes to explanations which end in nothing and benevolently administers drugs for the purpose of curing her melancholy, during one of which administrations she ingeniously takes the opportunity of bolting a lotion labelled "Poison." The story was worthy of an audience at Whitechapel, but the gentle-hearted Venetians wept, and Julia even was moved thereat. I loft outrageously.

Yesterday morning we left Venice for Ferrara and arrived late at night. This is a melancholy and deserted city, but it is exciting to see the real Pope's arms, cross keys and tiara, suspended over the Post Office and tobacconists', the two principal Government institutions—and to feel at last that one's spiritual and temporal allegiance are not divided. The entire manuscripts of Tasso who was imprisoned here and of Ariosto, are shown in the Library, and are very interesting relics, making one feel as if one had been breakfasting with old Rogers; they are kept in a little tabernacle and are approached with ceremonial genuflexions by the *Custode*.

We are in great hopes of being robbed before we reach Florence, particularly between Ravenna and the latter place, where there is no regular post road. The diligence was attacked by a large band between Ferrara and Bologna, about 15 miles from here ten days ago, but as 16 men have been caught and all of them shot during the course of the week, it is to be feared they have had enough of it for the present. Still I shall not despair till we get to Florence. Think of the intense enjoyment of being carried off to a Bandit's cave and watching nightly carousings in expectation of your forwarding a handsome cheque from England to ransom us. The cold still continues intense, though we are getting daily further to the South, I can't conceive what it can be in England. Will you ask W. H. B. to vote for Cowling who I see by the *Galignani* is coming forward in the handsomest manner to solicit the suffrages of the University. By the way what induced the Peer (*) to rush so frantically into print in the Gorham case ? it seems quite absurd to take up a *Times* after 6 weeks and find all the old topics flourishing. What is the public feeling about Barclay and Perkins ? You may be having another 10th of April all this time and be obliged to swear Alexander (†) in and bestow on him my gutta percha truncheon.

Ever thine,
H. F. H.

ROME,
7th Oct., 1850.

My dear Jane,

I am suffering under the conflicting difficulties of wishing to write home and finding it impossible from the growing stupidity, produced by travelling, of avoiding the most hopeless pill. I am haunted by fears that my Ferrara letter, posted in a great hurry may never have reached you, and that you may all this time be expecting letters from Genoa, besides the delightful uncertainty of the postal arrangements of his Holiness and the unpleasant habit which his

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(*) Lord Lyttelton.

(†) A servant.

employés have contracted of opening all the letters and only forwarding them as opportunity and inclination serve, makes me apprehensive that after all my virtue may go unrewarded. I don't know that anything happened at Florence worthy of note after my last dispatch: it is surprising how little tellable remains after weeks of seeing sights. We left it on Monday week and after a prosperous but damp journey arrived here on Friday, and have since been performing with conscientious regularity the prescribed routine which Murray and Childe Harold have laid down for the penance of visitors. Those excellent works contain such a repertory of sentiments which no Christian or scholar's mind should be without that it is sufficient for me to come forward in the handsomest manner to put my Fiat on what they have observed with the single exception of thinking St. Peter's a colossal humbug.

English travellers still retain their proud preeminence in offensiveness: the same loathsome faces which first brought themselves into existence at Venice and bloomed in savage maturity at Florence still trail their decrepid forms along the Vatican and will certainly provoke me into some frightful act of retaliation unless restrained by the conviction that I inflict equally constant pain by my own offensive staleness. We are haunted by the M.'s, Sir W. still retaining that pert *dégagé* manner and brilliancy of boots which first dawned upon us on the memorable entertainment of baronets at 13 Young Street.

We arrived here a day too late for a magnificent spectacle in the Sistine Chapel, where I don't know how many Cardinals were created, among them being the Archbishop of Westminster, who is said to be about to return to England and for whom I saw a bran new scarlet coach building here, in which he must produce an immense sensation. The English Catholics in Rome have gone or are going in procession to thank the Pope for giving them Bishops ; poor things, they know not what they ask. Here Bishops and Cardinals are under the protection of 10,000 French troops, without whose presence nobody would be safe, but who excite great indignation in Carlo's mind. I don't know whether the *Times* has been writing against them or Cardinal Wiseman, but for some reason or other it has been stopped and the tap of English news cut off for a week, which is a great bore, as how am I to know whether Cowling is an M.P. or fulfil my promise made in an elegant letter, in which I represented myself as breathless with anxiety to read the result upon which the whole of my own happiness and the welfare of half England was at stake. I thought myself obliged to write something warm, so I hope you were not humbugging about his extravagant absurdities to me. We are to leave on Thursday week, and return home by steamer to Genoa as expeditiously as possible : in time I trust to catch Mrs. Chambers at the Hotel Windsor. I mean to lose no time in securing Magdalene's sleevelets and necklace, though I cannot recall the look of a baby's sleeves and Italian infants do not help the imagination as they have no arms or legs, but indulge in the luxury of personating mummies, being an exact facsimile of the species enclosed in a strong fortification of brocade and able to stand erect without difficulty. [Sketch of an Italian baby.] But unless the shopman is more ingenious than myself I shall probably return with some fastening adapted only to a Roman toga. My anxieties all yesterday evening resulted in a frightful nightmare compounded of pictures seen during the day and my imaginations about Magdalene's costume, in which she suffered a dreadful martyrdom, and after having her shoulders beaten off with mallets by Roman soldiers, was crowned with an aureole and disappeared. So that I hope you will take care not to bind her poor growing arms in too tight manacles of coral.

I think I had better send off this scrawl to-day with the usual stock of apologies than wait for to-morrow when I have no reason to apprehend that the apologies would be diminished. I shall be extremely glad when we turn our faces homeward and hope to be gladdened with the perusal of some remarks from yourself at Turin! Afterwards you may, if you feel benevolently inclined, write to Paris up to the 27th of the month. I will write next from Genoa if I have time, if not from Turin.

Ever thine,
H. F. H.

Stephen Spring Rice to Mrs. Brookfield:

Board of Customs,
October, 50.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Having to send for my umbrella, which I left at your house, I cannot resist begging you to give me a single line to say how you are to-day.

I was amused at the contrast yesterday between two of your visitors, those who were the first and the last to leave your drawing-room. The first leaving because he saw you were better alone, the last staying because he liked being with you. I've no doubt which you liked best—for you women are so habitually self-denying that you like the unreasoning admiration of selfish men who will sacrifice you for the sake of pleasing themselves. No woman was ever yet conciliated by real devotion. There was once a foolish phrase about " winning " a woman's affections, the word should have been " commanded " or " extorted " or the like. Though, perhaps, the person who first used it meant to say that the whole affair was a game of chance.

Always, affectionately yours,
S. Spring Rice.

In the first days of November came news of the tragedy in Siena. A letter full of anguish to say Harry Hallam had for a week been attacked by fever and that day appeared to be sinking. Another saying perhaps they had been unduly alarmed, he seemed at the moment stronger. Another, and he was dead,—had died talking of his friends at home, sending his dear love to them,—apologising for giving such an amount of trouble to everybody.

Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield felt this blow most keenly. There had been something so unusual, so charming and so close—so profound and so perfect in their affectionate intercourse with him, that it was long before they could bring themselves to realize that all that quaint and varied humour, all that grace and charm, indeed all that pertained to that delightful companionship had gone for ever.

The death of Harry Hallam at so early an age, just twenty-six, was an undoubted loss to society as well as to literature.

Of a tender, generous disposition, he had already formed many humane plans; while his literary taste and discernment were recognised and acknowledged as being of the highest possible order.

He had a scheme for the study of English history on so vast a scale, that his friends hesitated to believe he could be serious, until it was discovered he was all the time elaborately and patiently carrying out his plan. In his early college days he became the virtual founder of the "Historical" debating society, which was established in order to encourage a more philosophical habit in style and argument than could be met with in the theatre of the Union. He very rarely attended that society, but when a grant for Maynooth was attracting attention, he spoke then in favour of it, with "strength, grace, fervour, and eloquence." He read many valuable papers before the "Historical," but possessing a wonderful precision in speaking, and having at his command a choice of elegant and appropriate words, as well as a persuasive voice and a winning manner, it was considered that he spoke always better than he wrote. He had an even, cheerful temper; while his character was one of unbroken consistency and harmony.

Mr. Brookfield was commissioned to manage the sad details of his funeral. Arthur Elton inspected the vault in old Clevedon Church, and finding it sufficiently large, wrote, "If they travel so fast as was intended they will be here before many days. May God support these two afflicted ones, and bless you and my beloved Jenny. So kind and so generous a spirit gone from us. Indeed, it is a dark affliction to us all, for we all loved him. But there is reason for every sorrow that befalls us, and what may be grief to us may be unspeakable favour and grace to our dear dead friend. It must so come home to you. Dearest Jenny must be very unhappy." While Mr. Brookfield wrote to Lord Lyttelton :—

15 Portman Street,
4th November, 1850.

Dear Lyttelton,

I had intended to write a line to-day asking after you all—and little dreamed how great a distress I should have to communicate. A letter this morning has told us of our poor dear Harry's death at Siena after a week's illness—perhaps from Malaria caught at Rome. You will have no difficulty in appreciating and none I am sure in sympathising in our anguish. Brothers are not often so much attached as we were. But I almost forget our own grief when I think of that poor Father having to enlarge the Family Grave for one deservedly so dear. May God enable us to lay these visitations rightly to heart—and to find out the mercy doubtless hidden in them.

Yours affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

Lord Lyttelton to W. H. Brookfield :

Hagley,
Stourbridge,
5th November, 1850.

Dear Brookfield,

Your news is truly most sorrowful.

I feel much for you and your wife ; more probably than for anyone except one. But it is only your own feeling which I express in saying that all is swallowed up when we think of that one. " O grief that passeth show ! "

I have always had a peculiar veneration for Mr. Hallam. His books were among the earliest that I read, and I have always considered him one of the strong and great men of this day.

If I am not wrong he has survived his wife and seven children out of eight. A strange dread has been upon me, a presentiment ever since I knew, poor Henry in the examination in 1840, that this last grief (for there hardly is another left for him) might be in store for the old man; partly from an idea that he was weakly, but also from the dark and mysterious frequency of their *accumulation* of sorrow, which we cannot help observing in this life.

I remember, when his wife died, he wrote a letter to Coleridge in which he spoke of himself as a dismasted ship driven before the wind. Alas! that even then he should not have known the utmost of the waves and storms!

Yet are they "all Thy waves and storms" and from Him may even he receive comfort, in these last and heavy years of life.

Yours ever,
LYTTELTON.

Spedding, who had been the friend of his brother Arthur, and who had greatly mourned *his* death, wrote at this time:

5 *November*, 1850.

My dear Brookfield,

It was very kind in you to think of me, and I must write to say so, though my experience in these things, which is unfortunately large, tells me that there is nothing else to be said. Twenty-five years ago, the death after a very short illness of a most intimate companion and schoolfellow carried my thoughts far that way, and I think I learned at that time all that (on this side of the grave) I was to learn on the subject. Since that time I have not only known, but felt, and lived under the feeling, that the young were as mortal as the old. Hardly two years have passed since, in which I have not lost someone either very near or very dear to me—among the rest a brother, who if he had not been my brother would have been my greatest friend, and you may imagine what a loss that was, (he being 21 and I 24), yet I have scarcely felt these losses as shocks, and have come at last to consider them as part of the ordinary course of nature,—evils which like the gradual coming on of age and infirmity are to be expected and made the best of. A longer interval than usual had passed since the blow fell very near me, and I had been for some time expecting something of the kind. But I did not look for it in this quarter. I thought that in that family Death must have been satisfied with his work. When I think of them I am ashamed to speak of myself, though (out of my own family) perhaps there is no one whose loss I shall feel more. But, as I said, it is not a subject to be talked of. There will be found in some of his desks or drawers, probably in Portman Street, two volumes which I lent him last Spring. He was to write remarks in the margin for my benefit, and I understood from him that he had done so, but I have not seen them. Perhaps you will be kind enough to remember this, and see that when the proper time comes the volumes are returned to me. It will be one consolation more, and I would not miss it. The book is called " Evenings with a Reviewer."

You do not say how Mrs. Brookfield is—the last account I had, which was from some of the Spring Rices, grieved me. Remember me very kindly to her. I know how great a part she will have in this affliction, and I can only be sorry, which will do no good.

Believe me,
Ever yours,
JAS. SPEDDING.

The Brookfields now, at Mr. Hallam's request, shut up their own house and went and awaited the bereaved father and sister in Wilton Crescent, and remained there with them until some time after the funeral—which did not take place until the 23rd of December. On the 21st December Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Mr. Thackeray, who had gone to Bristol in order to attend the ceremony:

There is not much to say except that I woke up with the recollection of your little scolding, and determined not to give way too much to dismal thoughts. They are all gone to Clevedon and Julia and I remain alone. I hope to-morrow Anny and Minny may come here to see me. I think Julia felt touched by your going down for the funeral.

I went to-day to kneel down by the coffin and to remember what a kind creature had been taken from us.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,
22 *Dec.*, 1850.

My dear,

I was in time for the train notwithstanding a perilous pause to purchase a pair of warm gloves. I went by the second class, which was completely crammed in every carriage. At length I deposited myself not without squeezing between two little girls going home from school, and on the other side a travelled sort of knowing man of the world, with a German Jewess (to whom he talked fluently in German), and her daughter, a prettyish brunette, who save colour was the precise ditto of Adelaide Procter, voice, manner, everything, and I should not wonder if she had even some pendant intention of becoming a Samaritan.

I afterwards found she is a pianist coming out next year, having already played before the Queen.

The journey was tedious and uncomfortable, but I arrived only half-hour past time, and found the cobourg waiting for me. They had waited dinner, and at seven we were seated, Sir Charles, Rhoda, Mr. Hallam, Arthur, and myself. We got through dinner and the evening pretty cheerfully.

Poor Mr. H. a little lower and rather more frequently relapsing into reflection than in Wilton Crescent, but still upon the whole the evening passed in a manner to be thankful for. I was rather glad that for the first evening the party was not larger.

The children came in after dinner looking charming.

The morning has disclosed itself frosty and fine. I descended late to breakfast and have not joined the congregation. Mr. Hallam seems tolerably well. We expect the Commodore to dinner, and Parr, Robbins, Tinling and Lushington in the evening. I am empowered to offer Lushington a bed here. I hope to write to you to-morrow, though perhaps only a few words. At eleven we expect to drive from the Court and proceed to the Church. Give my kindest love to dear Julia, and may God bless you both and comfort you through to-morrow. Good-bye.

Yours ever most affectionately,

W. H. B.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

WILTON CRESCENT,

23rd Dec., 1850.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your kind letter, which was very comforting in our solitude. I hope poor Uncle H.

has got well through this heavy day, and now it is over, it must be a relief, or will be a relief in a little while that the last has been done. Julia and I went to Church this morning.

She afterwards wished to be quite alone, and has been in her room all this afternoon but she does not give way unrestrainedly, and you must give Uncle Hallam her best love and say she is quite well in health. I am glad Mr. Lushington was to sleep at the Court, he would feel an interest in the place. Mr. Thackeray said he intended to go straight to the Church and should very likely not see anybody to speak to; he said he thought it would be "most modest" in him to keep aloof in that way as my Uncle wished for privacy, but I begged him just to call and shake hands with Arthur and Rhoda if he could.

I have been reading "In Memoriam" to-day, and yesterday, and some of the lines ring in my ears.

Give my best love to my uncle.

Good-bye, my dear. God bless you.

Ever thine,
J. O. B.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,
Monday, 23 *Dec.*, 50,
2 *p.m.*

My dear.

Thank God it is all over and without anything accidental to enhance its painfulness. Poor dear Mr. Hallam bore up with all the fortitude that might be expected from so manly a character consistently with the tenderness of one so affectionate. It was inexpressibly affecting to everybody when at the close of the solemnity he went down into the vault, and seemed for a few moments difficult to be got back again, but after perhaps less than a minute his self command returned and Captain Elton led him back, and to his coach, when after a moment's prostration, he rallied and came home with perfect calmness. I have not spoken to him since, he is now in his room where he most likely will remain for some time, but I trust that we may now expect every hour to improve upon the preceding. We hope to return to-morrow.

Captain Elton arrived to dinner yesterday, while Mr. H. and I were at afternoon service at the new Church. He had got through the day with the same willingness to be diverted now and then from his reveries, which, however, naturally were a degree more frequent and painful. In the evening Lushington and Tinling arrived, and both slept here. Up to the moment of starting Mr. Hallam was chiefly alone in the drawing-room, but spoke every now and then calmly about preparations to me. By eleven-forty-five we started; Mr. H., Sir C., Capt. E., and Arthur in first coach; Parr and Tyndal in the second; Lushington and myself in the third. Tinling having gone before to make ready. He read the service without faltering, which was fortunate.

We found Thackeray at the Church, he returned with me and Lushington, but they both go at four to-day.

I now, as they have probably finished luncheon, want to take Lushington a turn on the hill before he goes.

Mr. Thackeray gives a very good account of Magdalene, but I was very sorry to learn that you had been to Portman St. I trust, however, that now the most critical part of our bereavement is past we may all look for improvement in quietness and comfort. My best love to Julia.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. H. B.

P.S.—Tell Julia with her Father's love that he was sitting down to write to her, but seeing that I was writing to you he begged that I would tell her that he was very well with affectionate messages.

Good-bye.

While Mr. Thackeray wrote also to her the same day :

I went to Clevedon and saw the last rites performed for poor dear Harry. I went from here and waited at Candy's till the time of the funeral, in such cold weather! Candy's shop was full of ceaseless customers all the time,—there was a little boy buying candles, and an old woman with the toothache,—and at last the moment drew nigh and Tinling in a scarf and hat-band driving himself down from the Court, passed the shop, and I went down to the Church. It looked very tranquil and well ordained, and I had half an hour there before the procession came in view. Those ceremonies over a corpse—the immortal soul of a man being in the keeping of God, and beyond the reach of all undertakers—always appear to me shocking rather than solemn—and the horses and plumes give me pain. The awful moment was when the dear old father—the coffin being lowered into the vault where so much of his affection and tenderest love lies buried, went down into the grave and gave the coffin a last kiss—there was no standing that last most affecting touch of Nature. . . . Mr. Hallam, who had been upstairs, came down after an hour or two, and I was so sorry I had decided on coming back to Bristol, when he asked me if I wasn't going to stay? Why didn't I? . . . And now I will go to bed and pray as best I can for you and yours and your nieces and your faithful old Makepeace.

G.B.Y.

From Lady Ashburton to W. H. Brookfield:

BRIGHTON,
Thursday, 1850.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I was not made aware till the other day of your connection with the Hallams and of the individual loss that young Mr. H. was to you and Mrs. Brookfield.

One hardly knows how the poor old Father is to bear up under so heavy a blow, but the kindness and solicitude of his son's friends must be to him the greatest consolation. It was very good of you to think of my concerns in the midst of all this. I return the paper duly signed and have no objection to the government inspection, indeed the contrary so long as you do not do it by deputy. In this case I should call out the Landwehr, and have no doubt my warlike people would enable me to maintain what our geographical position (*i.e.*, convenience of railroad) gives us the right to expect, a visit from you.

Ever very truly,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

CHAPTER X

Mr. Thackeray's joke. Edward Fitzgerald. Thackeray's Lectures. Hallam and Mrs. Norton. Charlotte Brontë. A Party at Mrs. Procter's. Tennyson at home. Mr. Brookfield's health. Departure for Madeira.

Mr. Brookfield at this time became Mr. Hallam's constant companion. The Historian found true solace in his society, while his friends wrote to say they " felt thankful Brookfield should be with the poor Father for it was not many minds that could give suitable consolation to his."

Mrs. Brookfield wrote Jan. 8, 1851 :

I am afraid it must be rather dreary at Clevedon for you, but it was a kind deed your going down there, and made it better for Uncle Hallam. I shall be very glad when you are home again.

Mr. Thackeray and the children called on their way to the train this morning, and are off at last, for Paris. I dined with the Elliots yesterday, only Mr. Helps and Mr. Gale (Sergt. Lankin of the Kicklebury book). Helps talked of your inspections with becoming respect I thought. Mr. Henry Taylor's father is just dead, and his mother dying, too, they say, so they are all in trouble at Mortlake. After dinner Mr. Helps began talking of Mr. Thackeray, " Is he an amiable man ? I want to know, for his books don't give me the impression that he is." The Elliots all answered very warmly as to amiability, when the door opened and " Mr. Sloane " was announced. " It's not my joke, but Brookfield's," Mr. Thackeray said, as he came into the room, but it made a laugh, while poor Helps looked amusingly guilty at his appearing so.

Ever your loving wife,
J. O. B.

Is Papa going on with his Homer? my love to him.

Mr. Thackeray from Paris sent his always interesting letters, in one of which he says:—

I have been advancing in Bluebeard, and must give it up, it is too dreadfully cynical and wicked. It is in blank verse and all a diabolical sneer. Depend upon it, Helps is right. . . . . .

Annie and Minnie and my Mother came to see me yesterday. I don't think they will be so very eager for Paris after three weeks here; the simple habits of our old people will hardly suit the little women. Even in my absence in America I don't like leaving them altogether here; I wonder if an amiable family, as is very kind to me, will give them hospitality for a month? . . . . .

And later in this same letter:

I was writing Bluebeard all day; very sardonic and amusing to do, but I doubt if it will be pleasant to read or hear, or even if it is right to go on in this wicked vein; and also I must tell you that a story is biling up in my interior, in which there shall appear some very good lofty, generous people; perhaps a story without any villains in it would be good, wouldn't it?

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies:

This is about the smallest hand I can achieve, with my arm in a cramp. All persons have not your facility in penmanship you know.

I wish to read Bluebeard very much, and I should like you to write a novel to startle Helps and such like objectors who think your heart does not keep pace with your head (a graceful phrase). You know how glad I should be to have the children for any or all the time that you are in America, and William would like it too. He has been immersed in the Inspectors' conference all the week. We had three at dinner yesterday, and Mr. Lingen, and Mrs. F——. and your faithful D—, who came in her youngest and most fashionable attire, evidently hoping to see her anonymous receiver of letters, but when everybody was arrived but you, she turned to me with an assumed air of indifference and "Tell me, dear lady, how is Mr. Thackeray?" I felt malicious as I said, "Oh, he is at Paris." Why could I not have been sympathising instead? She looked discomfited, but rallied in a few minutes and afterwards talked of her isolated position in Lincolnshire, only knowing celebrated men of the day by name, and "one can only get to know them by writing to them, but if *they* don't answer of course it falls to the ground," she said, and I looked perfectly stolid, as if I did not in the least understand. I was thinking over your chafing against the petty homage and the small sets at Paris, and debating whether you ought not to chafe *as much* against the adulation on a grand scale, but I merely throw this out, I don't think you care about the sublimer flatteries in the least, but it does not irritate you in the same way. I am just going out to pay stupid visits. We asked the R.'s to dine yesterday and Mr. R. (husband of William's Lady Cecilia) wrote me such a pert note to decline, beginning "Dear Mrs. Job," I had literally only met him about three times, I sent it to Mr. Spring Rice, who hates him for marrying his cousin and said in my note "he has given me a distaste for my initials." "Will you throw away a jewel because a snail has left its slime upon it?" replied Mr. Spring Rice.

"Your initials are so dear to so many of us you ought to think twice or three times before you give them up." Was not this gallant? He has been much fascinated by Lady G——'s "fine generous manner" and is in high intimacy with Mrs. Cameron. When you talked of all the world being mad I was amused by Sir Alex. Gordon's solution of the S—— *ménage*, "Mrs. S—— mad, bless my soul she is as sane as I am. *He's* mad and fancies she is."

Magdalene is quite fat and rosy, and has cut her sixth tooth and very nearly stands by herself; I shall like to see Anny and Minny back again, and to hear their account of their visit. How much I should like to have them when the awful American expedition takes place!

This Miss D. was a friend of long standing of the Brookfields, and she had just at this time commenced a series of anonymous letters to the great writer which they had, to their amusement, discovered at once.

Mr. Thackeray liked to have details of daily life sent to him, and he had just now sent Miss Magdalene some red shoes, so Mrs. Brookfield wrote:

29 *Jan.*, 51.

I was very glad to have your kind letter on Saturday and thank you for it very much. I am getting better now, but poor Magdalene has been imprisoned in the nursery with a cold and cough, so that all her good looks will be gone just when I want her to *become* her new shoes and to elicit approbation for fatness and prettiness from her uncle Makepeace and her cousins the young ladies, to whom give my best love. Yesterday I went to Wilton Crescent, walked all the way there, and arrived in time to take their carriage to

Chesham Place, where I staid an hour with "Kate and Jane," they are very anxious to see you again, and very glad you are coming back so soon. William liked his dinner there, and struck up a flirtation with the eldest little Perry, who told her aunt afterwards, that no grown up gentleman had ever talked to her for so long together before, and she was sure Mr. Brookfield sympathised in Mr. Bennett's misfortunes, for he said "Poor Mr. Bennett" so feelingly.

We were amused with Beatrice last night. William was singing the Nigger song, "Old Uncle Ned has long been dead and is gone where the good niggers go." "Where is that?" Beaty asked. "Why, where do good Bishops go, my dear?" "Where do they go? Oh! to *Rome!*" which would seem to supersede Heaven in the mind of the young generation.

I can't say I much like the Memoir, it seems very short and bald, and as if it were intended for the public instead of intimate friends.*

I went to the Miss Berrys on Saturday, they were very cordial, and the Elliots were so kind that I really quite love them. I don't mean *only* from that evening, but there is something so genial and good-natured about them, always the same,—and they really appear so fond of you. Mrs. Elliot is coming to take me to buy drawing room carpets to-day, you will find us just beginning our moving when you come back. Miss Berry chiefly talked to me the other evening so that I hardly spoke to Agnes. She asked how much longer you would be at Paris *amusing* yourself. I said you declared you were going through the most exemplary round of duties visiting sick relations every day. She laughed and asked if your trumpeter was dead, that you praised yourself. Uncle Hallam seemed very sad as we came away together, but he was cheerful all the evening.

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* This was the appreciative but rather coldly expressed memoir of Harry Hallam, written by his friends, F. Lushington and H. Maine.

In another letter Thackeray tells her:

On Wednesday I am going to dine with the Prefet de Police, and afterwards to Madame Scrivanack's ball, where I shall meet—I, an old fellow of forty—all the pretty actresses of Paris.

To which she replied:

Are you going among the actresses as a kind of retort for my dull letters? That is rather unworthy in you, if it is the case.

I write to you very much as I talk, only I cannot express feelings as you do, who are always in the habit of expressing all kinds of emotions in writing. Very commonplace things occur, and I can only describe them in a very commonplace way. "Posterity would smile" and would see a great deal to marvel at in your giving your confidence and brilliant letters, and the time spent in writing them, to a very dull every-day person, who can't spell "vacilating."

I have just come back from choosing a carpet and then a walk with William to call on Miss C. Wynn's sister, Lady Doyle, and the widow, Mrs. Lindesay, who has just escaped being pretty and is interesting looking. Mrs. Procter was there calling and talked to William all the time till she took leave, and we were speaking of other things when in came Mrs. Procter's head at the door again, "Before you *begin upon me* I want to tell Mrs. Brookfield Mr. Rogers wants to see her." She was dressed in a suit of friar's grey from mantle to gown and everything, with only a little bit of colour in her bonnet, so that she looked better than I ever saw her.

Now I have read over the first part of this letter I should very much like to burn it. It seems to make such a fuss about the Actresses, why shouldn't you go to their ball ?

They were now moving into a house they had taken in Cadogan Place, a scheme projected before the death of Harry Hallam, and carried out because Portman Street was much too full of memories.

Mrs. Brookfield was always a favourite with Rogers, and one of the most frequent guests at his breakfasts : but she says " It was a tremendous effort to be armed cap-à-pie for brilliant conversation at ten o'clock in the morning.'

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 Cadogan Place,
Ash Wednesday,
5th Mar., 1851.

My dearest William,

I have been to Church with Mrs. F. and had a regular *anathema maranatha* discourse from the Curate, stating the immense benefit of excommunication and his hope that it would be revived, and that we should live to see the day when no open sinner would be buried in consecrated ground, and when the survivors would not have any opening for believing that their sinful relative might be in safety since the Church had uttered words of hope over his body, and, in short, that it would do a great deal of good to us all to see people formally consigned to perdition : it was very unpleasant doctrine.

Did not you think the Bishop wrote very civilly to you? I quite gave "Small applause" when I read it. We dined yesterday in Young Street. Mr. Fitzgerald was there fresh from his Suffolk Cottage,* and I got on better with him than I did in the visit to Hither Green, where we met him years ago, and shyness "overspread us" then.

Mr. Brookfield's talents as a preacher were not to be allowed to remain idle. The Bishop's letter mentioned above gave consent to his taking the Preachership of Berkeley Chapel. As the district of his Inspectorial duties lay in the counties near to London, he was able to be there every Sunday; and as people were clamouring for him to preach again, this result is not surprising.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Brookfield mentions: "Mr. Thackeray has just brought Mr. Fitzgerald to call here, who enquired after you and where your Counties lie—without any pun intended. I suppose if Uncle E.'s funeral is over there would be no impropriety in our dining out on Saturday."

People did not remain in their houses in sackcloth in those days. However near the relative, or however dear, they all went out as usual, within a few days of the death.

On the 17th March, 1851, Mr. Brookfield's father died.

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* Edward Fitzgerald lived at Woodbridge, where he had an old-fashioned house, half farm and half mansion—at which place Carlyle used to visit him.

He was with him during the last days, and says "I have been of more use than I am in the habit of considering myself, and that without forfeiting anybody's kindness." In announcing the last moments he mentions, "I took my father's hand, and said, 'say, God bless you.' He answered with warmth, 'God bless you, and Jane, and little Maudlin.' Someone standing by began asking why on earth I chose such a name, upon which my dear father put in his word apologetically, and slowly, but with distinct articulation, said 'Some critics are of opinion that Magdalene was not . . . .' Give my love to Thackeray and send him news of our bereavement."

Thackeray and Kinglake, who both knew Mr. Charles Brookfield and esteemed and admired him, were a good deal with Mrs. Brookfield during this time, waiting for news. The former would bring his little girls daily and leave them with her while he carried round the bulletins that came from Sheffield to their most intimate friends:

And he wrote to Mr. Brookfield:

I recall what you have said in your many talks of your father, and remember the affection and respect with which you always regarded and spoke of him. Who could wish for more than honour, love, obedience and a tranquil end to old age? And so the generation that engenders us passes away, and their place knows them not; and our turn comes when we are to say good-bye to our joys, struggles, pains, affections—and our young ones will grieve and be consoled for us, and so on. We've lived as much in 40 *as your good old father in his fourscore years, don't you think so? and how awfully tired and* *lonely we are. I picture to myself the placid face of the kind old father with all that trouble and doubt over—his life expiring with supreme blessings for you all—for you and Jane and unconscious little Magdalene prattling and laughing at life's threshold ; and know that you will be tenderly cheered and consoled by the good man's blessing for the three of you ; while yet, but a minute, but yesterday, but all eternity ago, he was here loving and suffering. I go on with the paper before me, I know there is nothing to say,—but I assure you of my sympathy, and that I am yours, my dear old friend,*

W. M. THACKERAY.

Concerning this letter Mr. Brookfield says to his wife :

" Thanks for your very acceptable letter which gave me great pleasure. I enclose Thackeray's, for which thank him very cordially if you have a chance, for I have none. My sisters were extremely gratified and soothed by it, none the less for its total want of the unction to which, poor dears, they are accustomed."

From this time Mr. Brookfield's health, always delicate, began to fail more rapidly, and a lung trouble was suspected. He went to Southampton in May to consult his old and trusted friends the Bullars, two of whom were physicians ; and while there Mrs. Brookfield wrote him a long and tender letter about himself, in the course of which she mentioned she had been to a children's party at the Thackerays', and was going on to the Opera.

To which he replied :

" One is apt to think of other people's pleasures according to one's own condition. A dinner sounds but poor fun to a man curled into a C with nausea; and in the totally prostrate state of my pins at this moment going to the opera sounds like a discipline of Purgatory, nevertheless I trust that if you liked it you went, and in the pauses of the amusement thought upon me not as writhing under blisters, but from nine to ten dutifully keeping up the most wearisome paste-brilliant conversation with the most inveterate talker, and after that time rewarding myself with a clay and pure water in more modern and genial society."

The excitement attendant on Thackeray's lectures had now well commenced. Mrs. Brookfield had naturally the keenest interest in them, for she had watched their growth, and had copied down several of them herself from the dictation of their illustrious author. It is supposed that it was at this particular lecture that Mrs. Norton made her remark about Monckton Milnes being a "bird of paradox."

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
30th May, 51.

My dearest William,

I have been at Church this morning where we had a very long sermon from Mr. Liddell, and now it is almost time to set out for the lecture, so this will be but a letter of ten lines to say I am very glad to think you are a little better, but I still hold to what I wrote last night, that it would be a great pity not to get thoroughly well, by whatever means, rather than be merely patched up. Mrs. Elliot came in yesterday to hear a rehearsal of the lecture. I think it is an improvement on the last one. Fancy Mrs. Norton telling Uncle Hallam that Julia had said after the lecture, " I saw by Papa's face, he was trying not to say Pooh! Pooh! all the time," which Uncle H. repeated himself to Mrs. Norton, and she carries it round to Mr. T. I don't like to risk not having time to write after the lecture so I will send this as it is. Maria goes to-day with me, in Julia H.'s place.

Ever your loving wife,
J. O. B.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
31*st May*, 1851.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your kind letter with its rather better account as to your cough, tho' I don't like your feeling so weak as you describe.

The lecture yesterday was much more successful and more popular than the one before, Mr. Thackeray was much less nervous, indeed quite cool and collected, and gave out his voice, so as to be well heard, and having a higher desk this time, had his paper on the desk instead of in his hand, which gave a freer look to the thing. The room was very much fuller, indeed it appeared quite full, tho' there might have been room for more, and there were all the Duchesses and Marchionesses that were there before with sundry additions to the number, and some of the big wigs among the men. Lord Clanricarde, Sir J. Hobhouse, etc., etc. Mr. Thackeray pitched into the courtly preferments formerly given to poets for a copy of verses on the birth of a royal duke, and compared such patronage with the few and far between rewards which genius meets with now.

Uncle Hallam was there and was much pleased this time, of course Maria had told him of Mrs. Norton's treachery in repeating the "Pooh! Pooh!" at which he was in a great rage and declared he would punish her by believing all the stories told against her! Mr. Thackeray put in a salve expressly for him in the lecture, at least he said it was suggested by Uncle H.'s "Pooh! Pooh!" Speaking of Addison's cool praises of the young wits of his time, while he praised Milton with all his heart, Mr. T. said: "How can we expect men who are themselves able to do so much better things than our small attempts, to praise that which they know a great deal more about than we do," only in better language, but I told Uncle H. that it was meant for him and his "Pooh! Pooh!"

Charlotte Brontë was present at some of the lectures, and while they were still going on Thackeray most amiably arranged a party for her. As the first he had made for her, probably during the time she was in London in '49, was not a great success, he now, in order to get together what he thought would be interesting entertainment, invited several lady authors to meet her, as well as one or two of his especial intimates. Mrs. Elliot and Miss Perry were amongst these, and of this event Miss Perry says to Mrs. Brookfield in a letter in which she speaks back upon those times, "there was no one present but these advanced ladies, about six or seven of them, and by accident, Carlyle, who had not been asked, as Thackeray said in his invitation to Jane (Mrs. Elliot) and me, 'and there will not be a Jack amongst us.' I remember every detail of it, such a comedy it turned out. I have somewhere dear Thackeray's amusing list of the names he asked and their works."

The probable reason of the failure of the first party was perhaps Miss Brontë's own inability to fall in with the easy *badinage* of the well-bred people with whom she found herself surrounded.

Alert minded and keen brained herself, she was accustomed only to the narrow literalness of her own circle, and could scarcely have understood the rapid give and take, or the easy conversational grace of these new friends. Also she may hardly have appreciated the charming conciseness with which they told their stories ; for the members of this set were the first to break away from the pedantic ponderousness usual with all the great talkers, even those of their own time ; and Miss Brontë, a square peg in a round hole, was doubtless, too, dismayed at ancedotes that gained in elegance as they lost in accuracy.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
17*th June*, 1851.

My dearest William,

Taking time by the forelock, I begin a letter to you, as I am going by and bye to visit the Tennysons at Twickenham, with the Hallams and I don't yet know how early they will call for me I hope thou gattest (to imitate Lord Lyttelton) down comfortably to Brighton yesterday. It is so bright and fine to-day that it does not seem dismal for you to be there if only it can do you good. I dined yesterday with Lady Coltman and five young men, two Colts, one Duckworth (with a moustache and a handsome face), F.

Lushington and Mr. Clarke; and the black-haired Miss Herries who asked very affectionately after you, and had heard you were preaching again in London, but said you would never preach so well *anywhere* as you did in Berwick St. It used to be quite delightful perhaps all the more so from the contrast of the place. Lady Coltman had heard a great deal about your preaching from the faithful Mr. Rich, the same who praised you to the Hallams, and, while upon this theme, I may add K. Perry told Mr. Thackeray you had preached an admirable sermon, " a very bold one," quite " anti-Athanasian-creed," which seems to have pleased her. Uncle Hallam decided yesterday that I am to sit to Richmond for a Chalk head. We went there yesterday to see the engraving of dear Harry, and Mr. Richmond fixed for my first sitting Tuesday, July first, at eleven o'clock, his first leisure time. I suppose he does not require many sittings for his Chalk heads, as they are not nearly so elaborately finished as the water-colours. There was champagne and quite a dinner party at the Coltmans. I went on to the Procters for half an hour as I was in the neighbourhood in Hyde Park Gardens, and might not have so good an opportunity again. F. Lushington accepted a cast thither in my cab, Alexander as chaperon on the box. It was very dull I must e'en confess, the Goldsmidts there in costumes for the Highland Ball. Gnat himself was there, but only in his hook nose as usual, and not a kilt and philibeg, Mrs. Carlyle, Miss Jewsbury, *all* the Doyle family, and Mr. Atkinson the Atheist, and Sir Lytton Bulwer, and the Gaggiotti of course. A little Spanish lady was expected, said to be very pretty, and F. Lushington asked me if Mrs. Procter ever electrified one with a dance on these *soirées*. I fancied he meant the Spanish lady somehow, and we had a joke together all the evening of expecting to hear the castinets of the Cachoucha, or to see her *debut* in the Barcarole, nevertheless I only staid from ten to eleven in Harley Street, and was glad to get home.

J. O. B.

The Chalk head* to which Mrs. Brookfield alludes above, is the only representation of her that at all conveys her particular grace and sweetness; and is therefore the best likeness that exists. In common with most people of more than ordinary beauty Mrs. Brookfield did not "picture" well. Although a peculiarly picturesque woman, and of quite a rare loveliness, Laurence's portraits of her were all failures, and no photograph ever did her justice.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
Thursday,
18*th June*, 1851.

My dearest William,

After sending off my letter to thee on Tuesday, I went to Twickenham with Uncle H. and Julia, found Alfred and his wife weeding in the garden and very cordial in begging us all three to stop and sleep with them, also gave us a great tin case of Pine Apple sugar-candy, very good and unwholesome, which a next door neighbour had given them, and which disagreed with them so they pressed it upon Julia, who liked it, and with frankness ate of it; while Uncle H. refused with grand air, and in the carriage coming home gobbled up as much as any of us, confessing that he thought 'twould be childish to eat it before the Tennysons. We came home quite late, and I dined with Julia H. *tête-à-tête.* Yesterday K. Perry called early, and after singing your praises very enthusiastically proposed my going with them to the Berrys' in the evening where a great many of the people going to Lady Ashburton's fancy ball were to assemble, to show their dresses, so I agreed to go notwithstanding "the Clergyman's place being the Altar," as I thought it would be quite a thing to recollect in future days.

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* Frontispiece.

Then came a note from poor Prince inviting herself for the third time to tea ! I couldn't say no, but wrote word I had to go out before ten so she came at seven thirty before I had had time to dress ! however it passed off very well and is over, and so is the evening at the Berrys', where there was Lady Waterford, radiant and rouged, Lady Canning, Lady Kinnaird, Mrs. Craven, all the great beauties, and Miss S. Mackenzie ; all worth looking at in their costumes, but the best of all was Lord Glenelg*, in a black wig with long curls, moustaches, and a crimson velvet Charles the second suit. Mr. Kinglake said he looked so "delightfully profligate," and it was true ; I should not have recognised him in the least and there was a burst of laughter when he made his *entrée.* To-day we, I mean myself and Elliots, went together to the lecture on Pope, which was quite one of the best. The faithful Lewis, waylaid me on the stairs as usual, and there were numbers of affectionate enquiries after you.

Ever your loving wife,
JANE.

Mr. Brookfield had been a little time in France to see if it would restore his health, and was now taking up his duties again, and his wife writes:

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* This was the notoriously lazy Lord Glenelg, about whom Lord Brougham said one day in the Lords, "I don't know how many sleepless *days* this Bill has cost the noble lord."

64 Cadogan Place,
24th June, 1851.

My dearest William,

I shall be glad to hear you are arrived, though, it is very true that one is really as safe on sea as on land, one has one's old fashioned feelings of extra uneasiness at the sound of a voyage if it be only one of four hours. You and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth will just miss each other, as she returns to France to-night, so she can't attempt to proselytise you to Mesmerism any further than by leaving a little book, as a present for you, which awaits your return, and which I did not think necessary to forward with your letters. Mrs. Smyth made a push to take Minnie back with her to Paris, she has always been trying to appropriate her, but Mr. Thackeray says it would not do to separate her from him and from her sister. I went to dine with Mrs. Bayne last night, only Miss Ogle there. In the evening she did not have any lights for ever so long, and we sat quite in the dark at last, with her very good humoured voice running on *incessamment* till I forgot myself in slumber *à la* Julia H., but had presence of mind enough left to say "Yes," and "How very singular," every five or six minutes.

We were invited to an evening party at the Hoares' last night, but I could not strive so far as to go there, nor to Mrs. Procter's again.

Your loving Jane.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
9th July, 51.

My dearest William,

I have just settled with the Elliots to go to Miss

Berry's to-day as there is not likely to be any other opportunity of being there with the Elliots and Perrys, otherwise I would have waited in the hope of your coming there too, which would be a great deal pleasanter. I am to be called for by Julia H. directly to go and sit for my likeness, but must write a few lines to you first, as there may not be time after the *séance*, and before going to Richmond. I was glad to get your letter, and also to have a line from W. Bullar, saying that he thought you better. I may as well fix to go to Miss Duckworth while you are at Jersey I think, as it is not likely to be a visit much in your line : Miss Norris reading aloud Indian Journals of an evening, etc. I dined yesterday with Mrs. Procter *en famille;* she heard I was alone and wrote, after I had closed my letter to you yesterday, to beg I would come, and meet Mr. Thackeray who was to dine with them, as a farewell before setting off for the Rhine. Only a Mr. Waller there besides the family, but as I had only been to one of her evening parties, it seemed friendly to accept. I came away at ten, leaving Mrs. Goldsmidt there (who enquired much after you) from their next door, not our Goldsmidts, and Adelaide and Agnes dressed in fancy costumes for a ball at Lady Talfourd's to which they were all going.

Mrs. Procter was very pleasant and kind, quieter than usual, and gave many enquiries and advice about you and your cough. Mrs. Prescott paid me a visit yesterday, and said again how anxious they all were, that Stephen should go abroad next month, to Madeira if possible. Did I send you Mrs. Tennyson's note yesterday ? I must not write more or I shall be too late, pray take care of yourself.

Ever your affectionate

J. O. B.

64 Cadogan Place,
10*th July*, 1851.

My dearest William,

I went to Mr. Richmond's yesterday and had a two hours' sitting, which was rather a heavy pull upon patience and strength, I am to go again on the 17th. It was tiresome that I was kept till near three at Mr. Richmond's, then came home intending to dress for Miss Berry's, but the Elliots were already gone, having arranged that I should follow in Mr. Thackeray's carriage. At four he came in to say he was obliged to give up going at all, as the Chancellor had sent to beg a few words of conversation with him at half past four: which turned out to be a kind of early dinner, which he was begged to make his luncheon, all the while expecting the visit to end in a place. But at length when Lady Truro was gone off to some concert or engagement for which they had been dining early, the Chancellor slowly propounded his motives for requesting an interview, and they only turned out to be some literary scheme in which he wanted Mr. Thackeray to join, and he was disappointed. Meantime I had to write due apologies to Miss Agnes Berry, and went early to bed. Mr. Thackeray called this morning with the children on their way down to London Bridge, where they started for Antwerp. Would you like to buy his carriage and horse? going at a bargain, he says he would sell the two for thirty-five pounds, and the carriage is just done up and put in order. I should not think of it except that now you are unwell, and obliged to have a good many cabs. Baby is with me, and has been making me draw on my letter for her, and interrupted me. Aubrey de Vere called yesterday, but I missed seeing him unfortunately! Uncle Hallam has been here just now, anxious to know more about you.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
22nd July, 51.

My dearest William,

I have just returned from sitting to Mr. Richmond, who was again very full of your praises as a preacher, he used to hear you sometimes at St. James's, and always thought you one of the finest preachers of the day, but he had never heard anything equal to the sermon at Berkeley Chapel, which he before mentioned to me. The first part of it reminded him of the Pilgrim's Progress, while in the conclusion it was like the finest portions of Dante. How much was due to manner and earnestness, he could not say, the *tout ensemble* was so good, but it seemed to him it would read full as impressively as it was preached. Coming back from Mr. Richmond I called on Lady Doyle, who was at home, and who amused me by describing Charlotte Wynn's plans for her own discipline. She wrote to Sir F. Doyle that she had made it too much a practice to choose her society from those who really interested and pleased her, and she thought it would be much wiser to spend the winter at Paris and take just what society fell in her way, instead of doing as she would like and coming back to her old friends in London. I dined with the Hallams yesterday, who were very full of enquiries and sympathy about you.

The Brookfields now passed some months in the country; but while there it became evident from Mr. Brookfield's state of health that he would not be able to winter in England, and therefore arrangements were made for an early departure to Madeira. Everyone regretted the cause and wrote to say so.

Barry Cornwall to Mr. Brookfield:

13 UPPER HARLEY STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE,
28th October, 1851.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I opened your letter which reached Harley street this morning, addressed to my wife, she being at present in France. It shall be forwarded to her, but in the meantime you will let me, I know, send you a very friendly *Vale*, a *Vale* to last only till May next, remember, for then we shall hope to see you again in England, in regular fighting condition.

If one may venture upon paradox in these highly intellectual times, I would say that there is a cheerful sort of melancholy in your letter, but *all* good-byes have a flavour of sadness in them, I suppose, even when the person departing is merely going into training, as the Tipton Slasher at Highgate, or yourself at Madeira.

I send you a hundred good wishes, a few of which you will perhaps hand over to Mrs. Brookfield, and keep the rest, placing them to your private account.

An acquaintance of yours, a Mr. Cornwall, who has been in the habit of proclaiming his want of wit in rhyme, has just published a book—or rather re-published an old book with some 24 pages additional.

I send this to you by this night's post. Don't take the trouble of reading it, or acknowledging the receipt of it. If it be too heavy to be added to your luggage, light your pipe with it, by all means, or if you have abandoned smoking, it will make very tolerable shaving paper.

As I was sitting at home yesterday evening, just before dinner, who should come in but R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P. I was *very* glad to see him (the first time since his marriage) for he is a thoroughly excellent fellow. I believe that there is not one drop of black blood in his heart.

Once more, good-bye, and God bless you! I shall be heartily glad to welcome you back to England, for I am,

Very sincerely yours,
B. W. PROCTER.

Spedding wrote to Forster, Aubrey de Vere, and to Tennyson for the Brookfields' address, and finally got it from Lord Monteagle. He had himself just had an accident out shooting, and he says:

"You call it good shooting, I suppose, when one gets as many shots as one can desire, which was certainly my case. Eight in arm, two in hand, eleven in my back, and nine or ten in my thigh; all ingloriously behind, and they did me so little harm I was not even interesting: and Fanny Kemble, who was staying in the house came and read Shakespeare to me. You come back well."

As will be seen from the following letter they were seized by the Ashburtons on the eve of departure.

Mr. Brookfield to his Mother:

THE GRANGE,
HANTS,
29th Oct., 51.

Dearest Mother,

I received your last kind letter here forwarded from Southampton. We came here Saturday, the Ashburtons, upon receiving a note of "good bye" from me, having driven in to Southampton to hunt us up.

They are extremely kind people and of first class for cleverness and all that is intellectually attractive. The house is often filled with lions, but just now the Henry Taylors (Philip Van Artevelde) with ourselves are the whole Menagerie. Mrs. Taylor is Spring Rice's sister. The Hallams were here yesterday but went this morning.

We return to Southampton to-morrow to await our ship, which I hope may have arrived and will sail on Tuesday.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

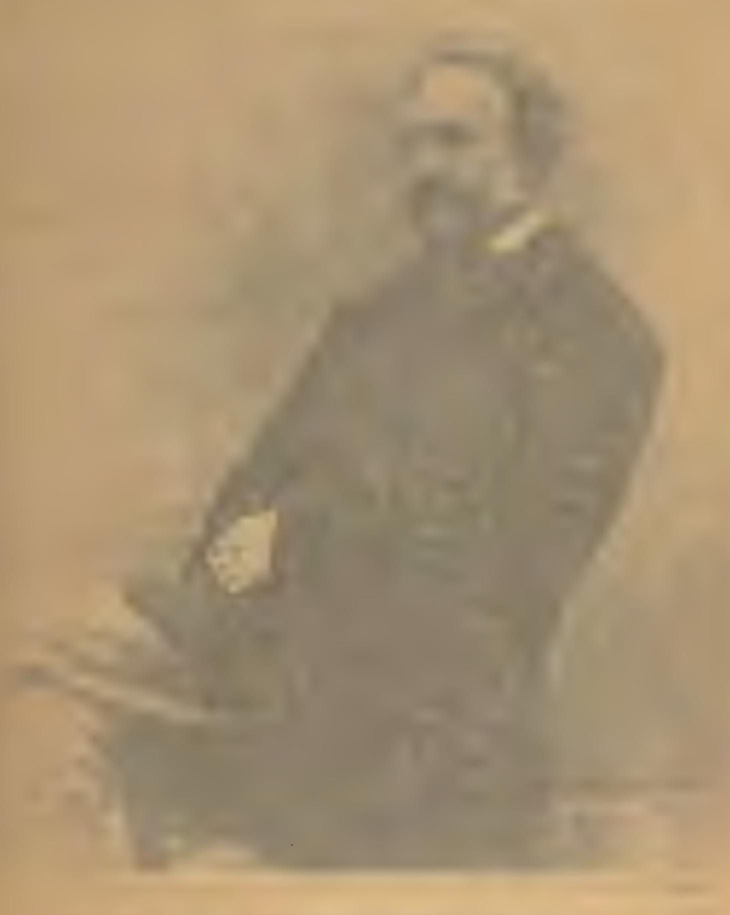
Lady Ashburton sent them the last word:

The Grange,
31*st October*, 51.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield:

We hope your vessel is come in and that you are preparing to sail on Tuesday, for these cold winds are not suited to chests of any kind. I am laid up since the cold wind of the day before yesterday; Mr. Thackeray seduced me into a walk after you went, for which evil deed by me I intend him to fry in purgatory if his novel in the meantime don't pay off any score on that account. We all regretted much last evening you were not here, a young French artist having arrived who sings, and plays too, admirably on the pianoforte.

He sang us some of Goëthe's terrific Ballads, the *Erl König*, etc., to Schubert's music and made us shake in our skins. The Milnes *ménage* is in great form, she grown fat and he thin, she doesn't seem the least afraid of him, and he is all the better for a little control, and looking wonderfully better in health and youth. With all good wishes for prosperous voyage



William, second Lord Ashburton

From a photograph by J. Mayall

They are extremely intelligent and all first class in [illegible] and all that is [illegible] attractive. The house is [illegible] filled with [illegible], but [illegible] the Henry Taylors (Philip Van Artevelde), [illegible] and the whole Menagerie. Mrs. Taylor is Spring Rice's sister. The Hallams were here yesterday but went this morning.

The [illegible] is [illegible] that, which I hope [illegible] and will call on Tuesday.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

[illegible] from the last word.

THE GRANGE.
[illegible]

MY DEAR [illegible],

[illegible] Mr. Thackeray [illegible]

The [illegible] *Art Annual* [illegible]

William, second Lord Ashburton.

From a photograph by J. Moffat.

and many kind remembrances from all here to you and Mr. Brookfield, believe me, dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Very sincerely affectionately yours,

H. M. ASHBURTON.

Could you, if circumstances are easy, send me by any vessel fourteen or sixteen lbs. of Guava jelly which is made remarkably in the Island ? Mrs. Taylor tells me the Tomata jelly, or jam, is wonderful. I can't imagine it, but if so please add some and tell me how I can transmit my debt to your account.

CHAPTER XI

Lord Palmerston's dismissal. Tennyson's Patriotism. Death of Miss Agnes Berry. Louis Napoleon. An elopement. Hallam and Macaulay. In Seville. Christmas Day with the Carlyles. A walk with Carlyle. Some anecdotes. Mrs. Beecher Stowe. At the Grange. An Inspection. Carlyle and Wilberforce.

The usual set of people gathered at the Grange at the end of '51, but the Brookfields were not forgotten by them, and Lady Ashburton was one of the first to greet them in the New Year. She wrote:

THE GRANGE,
New Year's Day, 1852.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Our New Year's Party here have talked so often of you and Mr. Brookfield that I cannot resist writing to congratulate you, first on the accounts that have come to me in a roundabout way through Alice Taylor of Mr. B.'s improved health which I trust is now really mending. I fear the climate has not so well agreed with *you* as from all reports it must be very warm and relaxing.

What a fortunate passage you had! Some little people here, Annie and Minnie Thackeray, are vehement in their adoration of Miss Magdalene, who is, we trust, expanding under your tropical sun; they wish much to be remembered to her. As for the Elder Gentleman he is socially tabooed by his assiduous writing of a new novel,* and appears only when Nature requires periodical restoration. The Carlyles are here and desire to be remembered to you. Our Politics are in a nice *Fix*. The cause of Lord P.'s dismissal I understand to be that he expressed his satisfaction at the President's course without consulting his Colleagues; was reprimanded by Lord John with an intimation of H.M.'s surprise as well as that of the Cabinet; wrote back to say he had only expressed his private opinion to Count Walewsky and deemed the laying down as a principle that no Minister should express his private opinion unbiassed by those of his Colleagues, would be a pernicious rule and inexpedient; received for answer a request for the Seals. So says *The Gossip*, which adds that Lords Grey and Lansdowne, Sir G. Grey and Sir C. Wood have written him letters expressing their regret. The report in London last evening was that Sir J. Graham had joined and was to be first Lord of the Admiralty, that the D. of Newcastle had declined them altogether. We are a day in arrear here of news, so possibly all this is old to you, but I take my chance of the interest even of old gossip, and I wanted to wish you and Mr. B. and Miss M. many happy New Years in England again.

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* Esmond.

Believe me very sincerely yours,

H. M. ASHBURTON.

Their friends were evidently sure that they would be interested in the political situation, for all the letters that went forth to them were full of the subject:

F. Lushington to W. H. Brookfield:

PARK HOUSE,
MAIDSTONE,
8th February, 1852.

My dear Brookfield,

. . . Does any kind of politics affect the modern world? Possibly you feel nearer the seat of revolution in the Celestial Empire than the absurdities of the European world, but I suppose you are aware of the National panic, and how we are all on the point of becoming riflemen to resist the invasion which the French are going to try on. Among the most enthusiastic national defenders are Alfred Tennyson and Mrs. A. T. At least they have been induced by Coventry Patmore to subscribe five pounds apiece for the purchase of rifles to teach the world to shoot—which appears to me a rather exaggerated quota for the laureate to contribute out of his official income, his duty being clearly confined to the howling of patriotic staves. A great damper has been thrown on the volunteering spirit generally by Nicol's advertising "Volunteer outfit, inclusive of rifle, powder horn, etc., dark green rifle frock with epaulettes, etc., for £8. Cheaper description of ditto, £5." Alfred Tennyson is naturally in a restless state of mind which impels him to quit Twickenham and get a house in some remote part of the country, from which of course he would be equally anxious to return again into the neighbourhood of London. It was very stupid of him not to stay the winter in Italy while he was about it. The chief motive of his return appears to have been the want of English tobacco, but the immediate cause of his starting northwards from Florence was his having made up his mind to go southward to Rome or Naples on a particular day and packed his trunks accordingly. When the day came, it happened to blow too hard for them to go by the Leghorn steamer southward, so instead of waiting with Christian patience till the weather was better, they immediately started northwards. . . .

I wonder whether you have heard of the little Scotch episode of my life, which I suppose may be now considered at an end—my candidature for the Greek professorship at Edinburgh, vacated by the death of old Dunbar of the lexicon ? I had to go down and " tout " personally for the most sweet voices of thirty-three bootmakers, tailors, oilmen, and such like, who form the town council and elect to the University chairs. It was rather a humorous piece of work, from the characters of the respected electors, but apparently very needless trouble as they haven't the least idea of electing me. Thackeray had been in Edinburgh the week before I was there, delivering his lectures with great success to enthusiastic audiences. He professes to be in a fix about his novel—which has been advertised some time—and for which the public are naturally becoming impatient, while he wishes to re-write it altogether. After touting in Edinburgh I went to Carstairs for a day or two, to see Monteith's papistical ways. His R.C. Bishop Murdoch happened to be there, and it was very affecting to see the filial reverence with which R. Monteith knelt and kissed his Lordship's hand as he went off to bed or came down to breakfast.

On the Sunday my Sabbatarian principles which had been fostered by spending the previous Sunday in Edinburgh were dreadfully upset by hearing a polka played for the children to dance to,—also by being compelled to play a game of chess with the priest, who came to the game laden with the confessions of the whole family, and whom thus sin-burdened, I beat in a canter. Monteith was hard at work persuading his bishop to become an Urquhartite, but the right reverend prelate didn't think it his duty to be converted. Garden and Mrs. Garden are still at Rome ; she is apparently better than she was at Malta last winter. He has got into a row with the Bishop of Gibraltar, who asserts an authority over Rome which the English clergymen there, of whom Garden is *pro tempore* one, are not disposed to allow him ; Canterbury backing them up in abjuring his authority ; whereupon Tomlinson refuses to acknowledge Garden's personality at all, holding him a declared schismatic ! which I fear will stand in the way of his ever getting any Mediterranean appointment in Tomlinson's own diocese. . . .

Believe me, dear Brookfield,
Yours very truly,
F. LUSHINGTON.

The Lushingtons belonged to that early time at Cambridge ; they were three interesting, accomplished brothers, each of whom possessed a higher than ordinary intelligence, as well as much poetic genius.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

12th Feb., 1852.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I have torn up two letters I had written to you to thank you for your nice one to me. You will wonder why I was so fastidious about my composition. The fact is they were dreary, written with very black ink, and very dull and egotistical, and it is against my theory and better nature to inflict distant friends with my blue devils bottled up in a letter, as most people are amply supplied with their own. But I had good cause for mine, for the new year opened most miserably with us. First, Ah, the shock of poor Eliot Warburton's death, succeeded by the loss of dear kind Agnes Berry, which grieved us all very much, and me especially, for she spoilt me, and I feel very selfish in my grief for I am sure when they have reached the age of eighty-eight one ought not to wish to keep those one loves here any longer. Miss Berry has borne her loss very nobly, she says that we ought not to grieve for what she suffers, as she feels that Agnes has only preceded her a few months, perhaps a few weeks, to a land they are both bound to. She attended her funeral, and it was very touching to see the old lady there in her black hood, very calm and erect. Many of their men friends attended the ceremony, which took place at Petersham, in the neighbourhood of which they have lived more or less all their lives. Miss Berry has now returned to Curzon Street, but I think will lead a very quiet life, and see merely a few of her most intimate friends. London is as busy and as full as if it were the middle of the season, last week Lord Palmerston's speech was the topic of general discussion, every one agreed that he never spoke so badly as he did the first night and was very indifferently received by all parties, the Liberals are furious with him, and the Protectionists are the only people who stand at all by him, and they take him mildly. His own particular friends say he *has a case*, but cannot bring it out, as it would compromise the Royal people, and hint pretty broadly that the real cause of Prince Albert's enmity to him is his having withstood his "German Unity," which is Prince Albert's hobby. They say their pleasure at Lord Palmerston's dismissal is quite indecent, and they literally hate him. If Lord Granville is to be a tool of Prince Albert's I think we shall all rue the day when Lord Palmerston has been "kicked downstairs," as he calls it himself. At his reception last Saturday he looked very serious, but Lady Palmerston was *rayonnante*, receiving all London whom she had invited, except Lord John. I hear several of the cabinet, Lords Lansdowne, Grey, and Clanricarde, regret his absence exceedingly. There was a general report yesterday that Louis Napoleon was in London; he came, it is said, to invest a large sum of money in our funds, and returned to Paris the same night. I think if it had transpired he would have been torn to pieces, he is so generally detested in England; and why we trouble ourselves so much about him I cannot conceive. If the French nation, like the eels, enjoy being skinned; I don't see why we should rage so furiously about it. Some good epigrams are coming over, the best, I think, is the last, that the sequestration of the Orleans property is the "*Premier vol de l'aigle.*" They say that Persigny, the new man, is very indiscreet and lets out all Louis Napoleon's secrets, and will very soon upset the coach; he said the other day to some English that Napoleon's plan was to "*eraser la Bourgeoisie,*" and carry their arms to the frontier. Napoleon was heard to say the only mistake his Uncle made was his wish to invade England, the French would lose more than gain by conquering it. What an idea it is! Louis Napoleon, Lord of London, and standing in Bronze on Achilles Pedestal, or more decently sitting in the Duke of Wellington's saddle.

All the fashionables of London, I hear, are in great delight at Lady L.'s daughter's elopement with the tutor, which took place the day before yesterday. He is, of course, a Pusey, etc., very accomplished and insinuating, and no doubt took charge of her soul; he has been the Jesuit in the family for three years, while Lady A. became thinner and paler; at last she threw herself at My Lord's feet, and confessed the cause. Her bedroom and bread and water was her fare, while the reverend cause was literally turned out of doors. The day after she slipped from her prison, joined him at his father's house in the Regent's Park, and they were married next day, and all London rejoices. Lord L. wrote an announcement of it to the papers so violently worded that the papers modified it—

so at least Hayward told me yesterday at dinner at Thackeray's, where we and the Higginses and some others met and had a very pleasant *reunion*—thinking tho' with regret of those with whom I had last dined there.

A very acute gentleman in spectacles has mounted the Berkeley St. pulpit. Bennet is carrying everything before him at Frome, and much diluted to what he was in his ceremony.

I am ashamed to send more of my scribble to-day. Much love from us both to you both.

Always most sincerely,
KATE PERRY.

The Brookfields had a pleasant sojourn in Madeira on the whole; as usual they knew all there was to be known of interesting and cultured people there; they also heard many pleasant things about John Sterling, from the people who had loved and admired him and been his companions in '38. But Mr. Brookfield did not gain strength fast enough to enable him to get away by the boat he had first proposed taking, and the climate at no time suited Mrs. Brookfield. Because of this her husband on several occasions urged her return to England; but she could not consent to go, she was too anxious about him to do so. Mr. Hallam, longing for their society, in amiable and charming letters told them how much he missed them both. His daughter, his last remaining child, was about to be married, and to his regret they were not able to get back for that event. He wrote to his niece:

WILTON CRESCENT,
23rd March, 1852.

My dearest Jane,

I have been much disappointed by your long stay at Madeira, we hoped from your former letter that you would be leaving it by the April steamer and come straight to Cherbourg or at least to England. B. writes me word that you have refused going alone to England. You are behaving like a human angel. God knows how much I have thought of you, sympathized with you, admired you; and Jane, strong words notwithstanding, given you a certain degree of blame, but which is so interwoven with what I do admire, that I might love you less were you more perfect. May all your future life be happy! Our dearest Julia is so at present. God grant that it may last; but I am too accustomed to sorrow to indulge in unclouded hopes.

There was throughout their lives a close unbroken attachment between Mrs. Brookfield and this cousin Julia (afterwards Lady Lennard), who was herself a bright affectionate creature, and one possessed of a thoughtful, religious mind. Although always a little awed by her learned uncle, Mrs. Brookfield returned with interest the affection and the kindnesses he showered upon her; these never failed; and he loved and admired her so much that he kept her portrait hanging in his study. Of a fine, high nature, Hallam was in deed as well as in thought the most generous of men. For instance, when he first heard that Brookfield was ordered to winter abroad he wrote him a letter in which he conveyed in a most delicate fashion that "as the journey was expensive, and as he might be detained there longer than he expected, he took the liberty of placing £200 to his credit at his bank, for which he should expect no answer."

Mrs. Brookfield says, "My uncle Hallam was of a more adaptable disposition than Lord Macaulay, who was accustomed to receive and always expected to secure an attentive audience, and to take the lead in conversation. I remember sitting next him at dinner, at one period of which I asked him if he admired Jane Austen's works. He made no reply till a lull occurred in the general conversation, when he announced, 'Mrs. Brookfield has asked me if I admire Jane Austen's novels, to which I reply'—and then entered into a lengthy dissertation to which all listened but into which no one else dared intrude, finally describing how some time ago he had found himself by the plain marble slab which covered the remains of J. A., when he said to himself 'Here's a woman who ought to have had a National monument.'"

During that same dinner Macaulay talked of the advantage of learning several languages, and said they could easily be acquired at leisure times; for when travelling in India he had once been a fortnight in the mountains and by chance had a Portuguese New Testament in his pocket; during that time he acquired quite a serviceable knowledge of that language!

On leaving Madeira the Brookfields and the Spring Rices together made a *détour* through Spain. The morning after they arrived at Seville, Mrs. Brookfield, who did not know the customs of the country, walked out, as usual, alone. To her surprise and bewilderment she was in a short time surrounded by six or seven gentlemen, and was unable to proceed, for each of these gracefully laid his hat upon the ground before her, and stood by in silence. She blushed and bowed, and at length slipped away and hurried back to her hotel. When she told the landlady what had occurred, she learned she ought not to have walked out unaccompanied, that " the gentlemen were laying their hearts at her feet, and had she cared to possess one of these hearts she was expected to indicate which by touching the hat that belonged to the favoured man."

They did not reach London until the end of June that year, and very soon afterwards, Mrs. Brookfield's father, Sir Charles Elton, showed signs of breaking up. During the rest of this year she was therefore engaged in paying him visits, everyone of which she feared might prove the last. The Christmas of '52 she spent in nursing him, and Mr. Brookfield, unable to be with her upon that day, gives a full and interesting account of how he spent his time with the Carlyles.

Dec. 29th. [Diary.]

Let me try to describe dining with Carlyle on Christmas Day. I was *en garçon,* Mrs. Brookfield being at Clifton nursing her father. I staid in till about three writing a letter or two ; when I sallied out with intention of calling on the H. Taylors at Mortlake. *En route* by an omnibus to Battersea Bridge I resolved to call and bid Merry Christmas to the Carlyles, who are but three minutes from it ;

Mrs. C. was at home ; and while we sate chatting the Moralist himself and a friend (Captain Collins ?) went out at the front door. The servant was despatched by Mrs. C. to call him back to shake hands with me. He instantly returned, introduced his friend, chatted a bit, advised me how to proceed to H. Taylor's, about which small every-day practical matters he always shows lots of practical common sense. " I don't think any boats are running to Mortlake now at all ; or if there be, you shouldn't be on the water so late with your ailments of chest or what not ; just go down by a steamer to Vauxhall for two pence, and then take train for Henry Taylor." I begged him to go out for his walk, and I would stay a little with Mrs. Carlyle, and away he went. Soon after he had gone she asked where I was to dine. Oh, I was going to dine at home. Well, but wouldn't I stay and eat with them at five o'clock—they had no dinner but mutton, and no company but that cousin who went up in a balloon for science. I said it was a temptation I felt neither any call nor power to resist—and I would give up Mortlake, take half-an-hour's walk, and be there again at five. I did so and returned before five, and Carlyle came in a few minutes afterwards ; and so coming into the room where I sate and hearing that I was to stay, he put out his hand, and with genial hospitable face, said, " Well, you're a glorious fellow—that's right—&c." I interrupted with some playful palaver about being the envy of 1,999,999 people that day, so we settled down to dinner. Note (as Matthew Henry keeps saying) how his language falls into commonplace conventionality when he has his heart engaged by a common and almost universal feeling. "Well—you're a glorious fellow." No originality—no invention in this. He might have said something humorous or characteristic. A bit of banter—or a bit of compliment would not have been unnatural. But it was simply what a schoolboy would have said who was really pleased. "Well—that's a glorious fellow"—like a thump on the back. The repast—(for these details about human life are always aids to realizing any scene)—was soup, followed by a haunch of wonderfully Lilliputian but good mutton with potatoes. Carlyle either felt or affected humorous despair at having to carve this joint, and consulted me, finally turning it over to me. I said the proper way of cutting a haunch was so and so; but that had been defeated by the peculiar way in which Ap Morgan (making a name for a Welsh butcher) had cut up his sheep, more like a heathen priest than a Christian butcher. "Ah!" said Mrs. C., "it's not the butcher's fault; it was to have been only a leg, but when you agreed to stay the loin was added." Carlyle now and then put a bit of what he thought one ought to like—of leg, of loin, or of fat, on one's plate with a sort of genial, homely hospitality which was touching. There was wonderful nut-brown from the neighbouring "Cricketers," Port and Sherry, to which Madam presently added a bottle of excellent Madeira. Meanwhile, the talk was incessant but remarkable for nothing but cheeriness. Then came woodcocks, and finally a Christmas plum pudding with brandy sauce—

which brought on my story of the Saddleworth elector at York in Montague Wilson's contest about 25 years ago. At one of the open Taverns he called to the waiter: "Waiter! ha' ye nowt better nor woin?" "No, sir, nothing better than champagne, port, sherry, whisky, gin, brandy, etc." "Way then! bring us a quart of that stuff we hed we't puddin." Carlyle laughed like a volcano at this—and twisted it many ways in the course of the evening. After dinner and wine C. and I adjourned upstairs for a pipe of York River Tobacco—over which he talked characteristically, chiefly about Education. Then downstairs to cheerful tea—and so made end at ten o'clock, and I went home in an omnibus with the silent cousin who had dined with us, bearing with me half a dozen old pipes of C.'s, and the one he had used that evening for a memorial of a day that I felt very grateful for and not a little elated by.

Next day I met the industrious Flea on Vauxhall Platform. He was on his way to call on "Lady Alice Peel." He asked me "And what did you do with yourself, yesterday, Brookfield?" "Oh!" I replied, "I dined with a great man which I am always proud to tell of." "What, Lord Lonsdale?" "Goodness, no! I dined with Carlyle." "Ah! you are right—he is truly a great man—quite a pigmy amidst the giants that surround him."

Lady Ashburton's health had already begun to fail in the year '52, so much so that she passed Christmas in her room, but she wrote on New Year's Day:

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

You cannot think how very pleasant your letter was yesterday morning, coming as it did to a still sick bed as a gleam of sun from out of doors and full of sun quite as bright itself in all the kindness and affection it expressed.

I have had long letters from all my great friends except Mr. Venables, who, I suppose, forgets everything in Park House interests. It is very nice too, to see such complete absorption in our Clan friendship only one would like to have a little share oneself where one feels such great regard, and sometimes one feels angry too, as if that ever helped anything. On the whole, I constantly say to myself, you cannot help it, you are made to have acquaintances, not friends, your lot is cast in an age where no one wants friends, where all that people want from associating with each other is given by acquaintanceship; and if the term friend is still used it is a mere homage to an extinct form. Having said that and turned very uncomfortably over to the other side of one's mind to see if anything not so dreary could come, I there always find my dear old Prophet Carlyle, and has one any right to more than one such friend in a life time?

We have had more snow, but every day has been bright and sunny, and many candidates asking invitations for the Ball from such distances! people must be crazy!

Your account of the "perfect" family made me laugh over and over again. I can't help thinking something might come of our hopes here and *wonder* whether it could be suggested to him as a possibility, but only in such a way that if he didn't come into it there should be no awkwardness or change in his relations with us and our house. After all, those things must be decided by a Man for himself, and it cannot be matter of offence to any man that one should like to see him married to one's friend, and that one only wishes she was pretty enough to have attacked him against his judgment ! That is always a rapid process !

Pray write again.

Yours affectionately,
H. M. A.

Many happy New Years to all Cadogan Place, old and young, Inspector and Inspected !

Lady Ashburton was a matchmaker, and very womanly and very nice about it, but the above match did not come off.

January 14*th*. [Diary.]

At home till 2.30. Invited to the Doyles', but Hallam called at 12 to say he would dine here to-morrow. We immediately asked Lady Coltman and Miss Duckworth. Then went J. and I to Downing Street to ask Lingen and wife, but they could not. Tom Taylor accepted. Home. I to Carlyle's—found him alone eating his dinner. He was excessively pleasant and human. He laughed greatly at my wishing Mrs. C. and himself " to use their influence with each other " to come. Home to dinner at 6.30.

On my return from Madeira I happened to meet a poor woman in Berwick Street, whom I had known as a parishioner and spoke to her. She started and looked alarmed, and said " Law, Sir !—you quite gave me a turn. You'll excuse me. But I had understood you was *gone to glory*."

15*th*.

At home till 2. Drove with J. to call on Lady Bell and Mrs. Procter. Dinner at 7, Lady Coltman and Miss Duckworth, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Hallam, Kate Perry, Tom Taylor, Spedding, Higgins, and Captain Sterling. Sandford and Sir Erskine Perry came in afterwards. Tom Taylor and Sandford stayed smoking till one, Tom talking very cleverly and giving us plans of dramas he had in hand.

Talking of the industrious Flea T. T. said that one secret of his being *repandu* was that he said little ill-natured things, such as, if a lady were mentioned, " Ah, yes, I remember her ; it was her mother who,"—&c., &c.

20*th*.

Horace Mansfield told how a little child Elliot (of the great Whig family) asked its Mama, " Mama, were the Tories born wicked or did they become so ? "

At dinner somebody was mentioned as a demoralizing talker, when Horace said " I never perceived him to be demoralizing, on the contrary, rather a bore."

24*th*.

Went out at 2.30 to St. James's to arrange for adult Baptism of W. O. at 2 to-morrow. Overtook Carlyle, on his way to Diorama. He spoke of Alfred Tennyson and his domestic life. I said marriage was dipping into a pitcher of snakes for the chance of an eel, and that A. T. had found an eel. He went off on this, railing a good deal, and said eels had a faculty by very natural transformation for becoming snakes. I said what a tragi-comedy life is. A walking funeral was just before us. "Aye, there goes a bit of it," said he, "a small hole, and an insignificant look down into it by these people, and then an end of it. Another leaf from the great big forest has rustled down." We passed Tattersall's. He said he had once gone there when he first came to London, and saw iron-faced taciturn men *in earnest*. An ecumenical council could not have been more serious. I said they would have talked a great deal more. We passed the cabman, "Nobby Rolt." C. had noticed him four years before, and he went on to the uses of such a man. He said he had sometimes thought that if a man had met William the Conqueror and blown a pistol through his brains and manured a field with him he would, even in that case, have produced good turnips, but a very expensive cartload it would have been.

26*th*.

To-day, on its being related how Harness had been very nearly manifested to the audience, while conversing with Fanny Kemble behind the screen in "School for Scandal," it was speculated what their conference could have been about, when a person at table remarked that it must have been a "chaste conversation coupled with fear." And it was told that Lord Eldon who was once squeezing out some crocodile tears about George 3rd, exclaimed, "When I forget him may God forget me," on which Wilkes said, "God forget you!—he'll see you ——— first."

29*th*.

Henry Taylor complained to me in an omnibus that he had lost his sleep for three nights from the following story:

Mr. Fox—a sort of *chargé d'affaires*—was removed from Rio to (perhaps) Washington. An American, wishing to ingratiate himself with Fox at some festivity makes up and enquires after a certain Englishman, a Mr. Crawley, at Rio. "How did you leave your talented countryman, Mr. Crawley, sir—very distinguished man that, sir—should be glad to hear that that excellent man is well, sir." To which Fox replied, "Sir, I have the greatest pleasure in telling you that that low beast is dead."

February 2nd.

It was told to-day that Curran was once bothering an infamous witness, an approver. "Now, is there anybody in this Court whom you would not murder for a consideration?" "Oh! now then, but it isn't your honor that I would do any harm to." "And why?" &c. "Why then, I wouldn't be offending your Honor with the rason." "You must answer the question," says the Judge. "Why then, sure it's because of the wart on his nose, which is how the Divil has set his mark on him for his own." And also how "A fine brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table in ordinary, where a supposable amount of *raillerie* went on. There had been some disputed charge. Her name was Honor, and Curran, by way of a sell, tossed a wink at his friends and proposed "Honor and Honesty." "By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled, "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

I told them of a paper by the Master of the late

Sir Robert Peel's school—Tamworth—from which I copied the following :

"The Irishman was a humanly polished and civilised being when the Britons were Barbarians and untamed. What has occasioned his melancholy declension from that condition has been the standing problem of the legislature for ages. Millions have been expended on him, and the wisdom of Senators exhausted on his behalf—in vain—the Irishman remains as he has ever been, priest-ridden, and dependent on a single root for his support."

And how a scholar in Cheltenham had once written :

"Julius Cæsar was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family."

6*th.*

At 10 to Lady Ashburton. Only Lord A., Carlyle, and Fleming. At 11.30 with Carlyle as far as Knightsbridge and so to A. Sterling's, where Milnes and others. Milnes brought me home in brougham at one. Lord Monteagle called and sate half an hour to-day.

9*th, Ash Wednesday.*

Call at Mrs. Senior's (21 Hans Place) and Elliot's, where I stayed more than an hour, very pleasantly. Miss Wynn called. Walked with her a little way back towards Baumgart's, where I got my watch. Dine at home. Evening at Mrs. R. M. Milnes'. Bishop of St. David's, Spedding, Harcourt, Doyle. Raging with thirst from salt fish. The Bishop, too, asked for water. On being bantered about thirst and salt fish he hid his face in his hands according to his custom. Mrs. Milnes brought me to-day Milnes' portrait.

12th.

With Kinglake to Phillips's, Layard, Monti, T. Taylor and others. Home at one. We all put our heads into a picture of which the face had been cut out. I personated Dr. Newman and Bishops under different phases.

Douglas Jerrold, meeting a bore in the street, was asked by him, " Well, Jerrold, is anything going on ? "

" Yes," replied Jerrold, " I am."

John Forster came late for dinner: begged ten thousand pardons, but had been made late by " having to stand godfather to one of Dickens's children."

" I hope," said Douglas Jerrold, " that if you gave the child a mug it wasn't your own."

21st.

At seven we had to dinner: Lord Lyttelton and Hallam, Major Cator, W. Harcourt, Horace Mansfield, F. Lushington, and in the evening Kate Perry, Mrs. Carlyle, F. Elliot, R. Doyle, M. Milnes, Capt. Sterling, and Mrs. Procter. The dinner was very merry, and someone said it was of Hume that the saying went—" Goes the whole hog and looks the hog he goes."

22nd.

Dined at home and afterwards to Carlyle's; very pleasant indeed. He was in high good humour. Said that as a Scotchman he used to have the strongest aversion to Prelacy—but had come to think the Church of England upon the whole about the best thing of the kind going. He spoke in the strongest language about " our best righteousness being filthy rags." He walked home with me.

Lady Ashburton to Mrs. Brookfield :

THE GRANGE,
February, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I want much to know how you are—and Mr. Brookfield in this bitter weather—I have been laid up ever since it first began with a severe return of Trachea, which I can neither bully nor get rid of apparently by any care. I fear it cannot either quite suit Mr. B.

Have you seen anything of the Carlyles, or Mr. Spedding ?

I saw a long letter from Mr. Clough the other day, longing to come back, but busy there with work and some, not many pupils ; he said Mr. Thackeray was something wonderful, but some of his Lectures had been thought *dangerous* in their tendencies for the Moralities of the young Yankee men ! !

Aunt Harriet's Cabin (as Stafford House is called) is being assisted in its Anti-Slavery Crusade by preachers repudiating altogether the Bible, as true, or moral, or of any authority whatever !

I wonder what my sisters of Stafford House say to these coadjutors.

Yours ever affectionately,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

February 27th. [Diary.]

Met F. in Piccadilly hurrying on. " Oh," said I, " your hurry and impatience shows you are going to church." " No, I am going to a more tempting altar." " What is that ? " " The shrine of Beauty ! " " Why," said Miss Wynn, when I told her, " Why are such things allowed to live ? " Mrs. Carlyle remarked that C. had said (of the same person) that it was to show the fatuity of fashionable life.

28th.

Walked to Brewer Street, p.m., and called on Miss Wynn for an hour, returning, dined at home. To Milnes' in the evening. A rout. Glenelg, Maurice, Carlyles, William Marshalls, Higgins, and many more. Coming away with the Carlyles I told the schoolboy's fable :

" There was once on a time a fox that fell into a well. A rabbit came and looked at him over the well side. Moral. This should teach us to beware of foxes." Carlyle laughed as much as I ever saw him do at anything, and said it was the profoundest piece of moral instruction he had ever heard.

Monday, March 21*st.*

I heard to-day that a Puseyite schoolmistress was asked by another whether she taught her young ladies to bow at the name of the Evil one as well as the Other. " Why—yes," she replied, " I think it is safer."

The following letter relates to the portrait of Lady Ashburton, which is here reproduced, and which she had for some time promised to Mr. Brookfield :

1*st March,* **53.**

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

The lady in question would recommend silence and patience, nevertheless if that brings no solution which it probably would not do of his question, she can only recommend as the alternative his dipping some day into Bath House, and there inquiring for Mrs. Hannah Blythe.

In its Mysterious Depths known only to her—somewhere—is a portfolio containing several heads such as he demands. Let him choose and carry away that which he requires—only let him beware of mistaking a Bossuet or Fénelon or even Anne of Austria (for of these a sister portfolio contains a collection) and framing such on his wall as The Lady in question. Also he is required as a condition to condemn and destroy by fire, water, tooth, or nail all Photographs, Talbottypes, or other such productions done by one calling himself Antony Sterling as copies of an unauthorized likeness of the above Lady.

H. M. Ashburton.

There is a third alternative: the Lady goes on Monday for three or four days to Town; he would any evening find a cup of tea, and might take the engraving then.

A day or two afterwards Lady Ashburton is calling on Mrs. Brookfield, and evidently talking over "her sister of Stafford," she writes:

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I thought after leaving Cadogan Place yesterday that you might perhaps like to see "The meeting" and Stafford House and Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It is no adhesion to her agitation that is given by going there for that I have distinctly refused in all ways, if you would like it I will call for you at half-past two o'clock on the seventh. I do not think it would tire you for you can sit as much as you like.

Affectionately yours,
H. M. Ashburton.

On the 18th of March a son was born to the Brookfields, Arthur Montagu, and Lord Lyttelton became his godfather and Lady Ashburton his godmother. She wrote early in April :

THE GRANGE,
Tuesday night,
April, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I suppose you are hardly out yet, but if you will give me a cup of tea on Wednesday evening I would propose to come for it as a means of seeing you more certain than a morning visit. We have had a lovely Easter, and a pleasant sociable week of Messrs. Byng and Ellice, Venables, and Carlyle, and Massimo d'Azaglis—for two days in the middle of the week to look at—and I was very sorry when it was all over and the knock of another Grange parting year had sounded for me.

We are to go to Town on Monday for ever and aye.

Yours affectionately,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

April 16*th*.

I sate at 2.30 to Laurence for one and a half hours. Dine at home. Lady Ashburton came to tea. Very pleasing to hear how affectionately she talked of Carlyle. "There is nobody like him," meaning not like him in resemblance—but like him in equality.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Brookfield told Lady Ashburton that she was the only person in the world who dared put a ring through the nose of Carlyle.

21*st.*

At 7 to dine with Lushington at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. Present Venables, Lear, Laurence, Horace Mansfield, and Maine. Exceedingly pleasant and very flattering to an humble individual.

22*nd.*

At home reviewing Easter papers. Dine at home with J., afterwards in a cab to Bath House. Venables, Ellice (the Bear), Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Spedding, Milnes, Lushington, had apparently been dining there.

Milnes asked across the tea-table, " Brookfield, are you to be Jackson's successor at St. James'? " Carlyle peremptorily answered, " No !—he's going to be nothing of the sort," as if repudiating any such arrangement.

May 1*st.*

A Beggar said to me to-day plaintively, " You know, sir, the great object in this life is to accumulate a trifle."

Mrs. Martin, the first time I dined there after old Mr. Kent's death—who dined there very often—exclaimed as she received me, " So, Mr. Brookfield, our dear old friend is gone, but I console myself with thinking that his loss is our gain."

18*th.*

Home by Boat. Dined with the Procters, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, Dr. and Mrs. Southey, The Lingens, etc. A good deal of laughing after dinner at some of my Cambridge stories, especially one which had the misfortune to be untrue about some ladies at dinner.

Sir Charles Elton died on 1st of June, 1853. He was one of the ablest men of his age intellectually, and of a genial, happy, affectionate disposition. This bereavement naturally took Mrs. Brookfield away from London for some little time, but the end of July found her again with the Ashburtons. Mr. Brookfield, on this occasion, had tried to arrange that they and the Carlyles should travel to Croydon to Addiscombe Farm together, but Mrs. Carlyle wrote back :

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I stand amazed before you, as in the presence of The Infinite ! How you can " make wits " this weather ! How you can so much as try it !

Oh, permit *me* at least to be stupid. All I desire of gods or men for the moment is just leave to be as stupid as I please.

In plain prose, then, we will be at the station at one o'clock on Monday,—" if all go well," as Mr. C.'s phrase is, which means intrinsically, if Mr. C. do not contrive to be *too late*.

Hoping there may be no quarrelling or breaking of heads among us before we get back.

Yours faithfully,
JANE CARLYLE.

Oct. 15*th*. [Diary.]

There dined here to-day to honour Lord Ashburton's haunch of red deer, Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford, Antony Sterling, Sir F. Doyle, Self and Mrs. B. It turned out uncommonly well, all were very cheery, particularly Procter and his wife.

In refusing an invitation for this dinner Mrs. Carlyle said, " It cannot be, dear Mr. Brookfield, Mr. C. is still ailing from his dinner at Darwin's, and will make no new engagement. For me, I am not in spirit fit for company, having just lost a dear uncle."

Dec. 5th.

Left London with Jane, Magdalene, Arthur, and Maria, for the Grange. H. Taylor and family and the Carlyles were in the same train, but not in the same carriage. At Andover Road a carriage for Ladies and Infants; an open omnibus for gentlemen and maids, and a break for luggage met us; with these we arrived at about 4.30. Found Lord and Lady Canning and Lord and Lady Elcho there; also Lord Mark Kerr dined with us. I sate between Mrs. H. Taylor and Lady Ashburton. Pleasing to see Lady Canning listen to Carlyle. Not much memorable at Dinner. Talked to Lord Ashburton about the Common Knowledge prizes, etc.

6th.

The Grange. Breakfast at 9.45. Lords and Ladies Canning and Elcho had gone at 9. Smoked with Carlyle in the Conservatory. At 12.15 I drove him to the Andover School, and Lord Ashburton arrived soon after. They both staid it out to the end, with much apparent interest. Carlyle put in a few questions of examination here and there in his odd way. " Queen Elizabeth—at what time was she alive in this world, and what did she do ? " It was amusing how he liked to put in his oar. He said they were the nicest children he had seen except at Glasnevin. At dinner Mr. and Mrs. Salmon.

Carlyle at Breakfast to-day came out with—"And upon the whole that is the great object to be attained by every son of Adam, to find a footing where he shall be able to snap his fingers in the face of men and devils." Lady A. made all sorts of fun of this, at which he exclaimed with sham petulance, "Why will you drin harpoons into me and force such cries from me, and then laugh at me all day; let me be silent." Mr. Henry Taylor at dinner, speaking of Professor Owen, and praising him, said what a pleasant smile he had. "No," said Carlyle, "that is just what I like least about him, an unreal smirk (*mimicking him*), altogether artificial, not the real man at all."

Carlyle acquiesced in the idea set forth by Henry Taylor, that for the most part virtues are hereditary, and that it would be pretty safe to enquire not a servant's character but the character of his family.

I told Carlyle (talking about Sam Wilberforce), how old Hardman had said to old Kent: "Kent, you are cheating! and you are right;—you are right to get all you can in this world, for I'll be —— if you get anything in the next."

Carlyle spoke of the above Sam not without liking, but with thorough discrimination. "Oh, I can see well enough by the expression of his eye that he understands that I understand him well enough; I look upon him as a supple, shifty, clever fellow, who holds his head up and always lights on his legs. I can see he likes me well enough, a good deal better than I like him; and yet I like the fellow well enough too. He has got all he has by pure soapiness, suppleness, and sycophancy; but as the Germans say "he does not hold his head down."

7th.

Nobody at dinner to-day but the Carlyles, Taylors, and Lushington. Nothing remarkable. In the evening Lady A. read part of a French Play, obviously well tho' I could not follow it, and a bit of "In Memoriam" hurriedly, and rather as if it bored her. I talked a good deal with Lord A. about the Scheme for Prizes about Common things.

8th.

Walked out with Lushington and Aubrey and Eleanor Taylor to the Farm; admired the fat pigs and then home. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and Lord Carnarvon came. Mrs. Taylor said at dinner, tears in her eyes, she hoped I liked her husband for I was a great favourite of his.

H. Taylor told at breakfast how some Americans called on Wordsworth at Rydal Mount and said: "I believe, Sir, you are in *the poetic line*." This was apropos to a letter from the New York Library to Carlyle received this morning, offering him £500 if he would go over and deliver six lectures.

9th.

Examination at Grange School. The Bishop of Oxford and Trench came, p.m. The former to stay, but the latter stopped for dinner. There were no other out-door visitors at dinner, which was not remarkable. Lord Carnarvon increases in one's liking. The Bishop's conversation is not really good, and after Carlyle's it is very thin and tinselly.

A child at the school here, writing about a cart.

said, " A cart consists of several parts. Before making a cart it is important to understand how to make it." This Carlyle seized upon, repeating it more than once with unction. I told him it reminded me of his advice to Tom Taylor, who once applied to him for some hints for some lectures he was giving, " Just say what you think, but find out first just what you do think, if that be practicable."

10*th*.

We breakfasted at two tables this morning, which was better. Carlyle and Mrs. at mine. I had stolen C.'s little pipe out of the Moss House called " *Notre dame du Tabac*," and wrote a ludicrous note to C. first thing this morning, to save his going up and being disappointed. Mr. Hibbert and Mr. and Mrs. Bates came to-day. So that we dined (Lady A. absenting herself), Lord A., Lord Carnarvon, Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Hibbert, H. Taylor, and Mrs., Mr. R. Lowe and Mrs., Self and Mrs., Carlyle and Mrs., Bates and Mrs., and F. Lushington.

There was a spar after dinner between the Bishop of Oxford and Carlyle. The Bishop treated some observation of Carlyle's about the Guelphs (in which C. was rather rescuing the Guelphs from obloquy—it arose out of talking of Lord Hervey's Memoirs), with rather more laughter and irreverence than was due from so flimsy to so genuine a man ; and contradicted him rather contemptuously as to George II. being a man of some worth. Carlyle was evidently angry—which rather destroyed his fluency and presence of mind ; but he maintained his point with some vehemence—said he had searched such things diligently—and if he (the Bishop) believed all the rubbishy carrion that was left about such and such people "then you, my Lord Bishop, have a great deal more credulity than I have," and such like. The Bishop said "all history—all lives, proved them to have been a low, sensual, etc." Carlyle demanded the name of *one* book. The Bishop talked on, trying to declaim him down, but evidently had no authority, said "If you will give me time and opportunity I will produce evidence," but I considered that he was vanquished.

Carlyle, letting on about the Gorham Controversy, said "That meeting of Solemn Augurs in the street and deliberating for days and weeks about the Chicken bowels was the saddest sight of this Century, and every lie they told was dotted down and will have to pay simple and compound interest before this world has done with it."

11*th*.

I don't remember anything that occurred except that most people went to church to hear the Bishop of Oxford preach, but not I nor Lady A., nor the Carlyles. Bishop of Oxford went over to hear Trench in the afternoon. As he sat between me and Mrs. Henry Taylor to-day I overheard him pretending to be shy and putting on the voice of an absolute lout. She said, "Why don't you come out with us to the drawing-room as soon as dinner is over. He replied in the voice of an innocent, "I'm so ignorant of Society, it's just the thing I might do." No joke intended.

Mr. Brookfield now went off to inspect schools round about the neighbourhood, sometimes he got back for a night, but he did not resume his visit proper till Dec. 20th.

23rd. [Diary.]

The people that have come and gone from Grange during our visit.

Lord and Lady Elcho, Lord and Lady Canning, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Mark Kerr, Bishop of Oxford, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Rev. R. and Mrs. Trench, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, James Spedding, F. Lushington, G. S. Venables, Clough, R. M. Milnes, Mr. Senior, A. W. Kinglake, Mr. Ellice (Bear), Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, H. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Salmon, Miss Baring, Geraldine Mildmay, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Magdalene, Arthur, Aubrey Taylor, Eleanor Taylor, Ida Taylor.

Saturday, Dec. 24th.

H. Taylor, Clough, and myself read part of Hamlet in the oak room to Mrs. Taylor and Geraldine M.

In the evening at five was a magnificent Xmas Tree, with all the School children and their friends. After assigning a bracelet and brooch to Miss Baring and (absent) Mrs. Carlyle, Lady A. read out M. A. B.'s name first, " daughter of H. M. Inspector, etc."—and gave her a doll with " may you in the language of your respected parent, become as wise as this doll," etc., etc. We had two Charades in the evening, " Plaintiff " and " Cabinet."

Christmas Day. Sate this afternoon and talked very pleasantly with Lady Ashburton. At dinner to-day. Lord and Lady A., Ellice, Venables, Kinglake, Milnes, Senior, H. Taylor, Mrs. H. Taylor, Mrs. B., Miss Baring, Miss G. Mildmay and myself, 13!

27*th*.

London. Walked to Carlyle's. Saw Mrs. C. Carlyle absent at Dumfries, where his Mother died, age 85, on Xmas Day. She was a dissenter from the Kirk and a Strong Calvinist.

CHAPTER XII

Knowledge of Common Things. A *canard* concerning Tennyson. The White Cottage. Travellers' tales. Dicky Doyle. Lady Ashburton and George Venables. Loch Luichart. Lady Byron. Smoking. Mrs. Carlyle's anecdotes. Twelfth Day at the Grange. Kinglake. Monckton Milnes. In Scotland. Christmas at the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle. Tennyson's Maud. Guests at the Grange. Carlyle. "Lady A's. Printers." Lord Shaftesbury's Orthodoxy. Society at Nice.

Lady Ashburton, having once admitted the Brookfields into the circle of her intimates, insisted that she should see them constantly; her frequent invitations were mostly for a "month's stay," and at her earnest wish Mr. Brookfield made the Grange his headquarters whenever he was inspecting schools in that neighbourhood.

The idea formulated earlier by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Brookfield, and given out Christmas, 1853, that the working man who received some Knowledge of Common Things in early days was better equipped to face the world than one who had a smattering of uncommon subjects, created something of a sensation. Mr. Brookfield worked it for all it was worth, and endeavoured most especially to interest school teachers themselves in the matter, and Lord Ashburton seconded him handsomely in offering generous prizes to those who should bring to him a synopsis of "the best pack of knowledge a man should take with him through life."

But this wish to incorporate common sense into the curriculum of primary schools brought on these pioneers some gentle sarcasm; their friends wrote that inspired by such noble examples they were at that moment "learning to black their own boots."

Back in London early in the year 1854 Mr. Brookfield says "a tale is being told of Alfred and E. Lushington, the latter of whom pronounces French rather *Anglically*, that once when they were at an Hotel in Paris E. L. left Alfred smoking in their sitting-room while he himself went out to read *Galignani*. Wishing his fire to be kept in, he stopped at the *Conciergerie* to say "*Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le fou* (*feu*)." "*Plait il?*" "*Le fou, vous savez, le fou qui est dans ma chambre, ne le laissez pas sortir.*" "*Bien, monsieur.*" E. L. went on to read his paper, and in an hour or two returned when the porter accosted him at the gate with, "*Mais, Monsieur, le fracas que nous avons eu avec votre ami le fou! Mon dieu, qu'il était résolu de sortir; mais, ma foi, il n'a pas réussi; dans ce moment ci il est dans votre chambre; et voilà la clef.*"

Feb. 5th. [Diary.]

At home till 2 when Lord Ashburton called. We talked of the Pamphlet, etc., and at 3.30 I walked with him to Bath House. *En route* we passed Carlyle walking with Heyward—who then left him and C. joined us. I poked C. and said, "Tell me what company a man keeps and I will tell you what he is." He said, "Well, I have just left a still worse man, Father Mahoney." I did not think this just. Had afterwards a long talk with Lady Ashburton about confidential things. In the course of which she said with a burst of tears, " I would do anything for those children."

[This fine, bright creature, with her unfailing good spirits, and her capacity for inspiring and cheering others, had ever the sorrow of her own life before her : she lost her only child while he was still an infant.]

19*th*. [Diary.]

At Sterling's (White Cottage) where many people had gathered together because it was his last party before going off for foreign service (to the Crimea). Immense amusement caused by a tableau of " Departure of Baron Brunow " from the *Illustrated London News*, in which William Sterling was Brunow. Bentinck, Milnes, and Cholmondeley, servants ; and Tom Taylor, showman. There were present Lord Goderich, Sir Colin Campbell, F. Lushington, Leach, Money, Milnes, T. Taylor, Morris, Moore, Harcourt, Telford, Brookfield, F. Elliot, Chapman, Blackett, Col. Mansfield, W. Marshall, Venables, Cooke, W. Sterling, Doyle, R. Cholmondeley, Wigan, Hughes, Simpson, Higgins, G. Bentinck, Dupplin, Biggs, Phillips, Leslie, Gray, Shadwell, Sir T. Burke, Millais, Col. Eyre, and about five whose names I've forgotten.

The White Cottage was a great centre of social and intellectual enjoyment, and the resort of most of the notabilities of the day, and Sir Anthony Sterling, the brother of John Sterling, was, amongst other things, an ardent explorer, and loved the society of travellers. One day, at the White Cottage, Mrs. Brookfield says there was present Trelawney as well as, she thinks, du Chaillu. She sat between these gentlemen, and Trelawney in the course of conversation, said "he had once seen some savages at a meal and asked them in their own language what they were eating? They replied, 'Young woman.' They invited me to join them and partake of the dish, and I did so, and found it was perfectly delicious." Everyone at table naturally disgusted. He said furthermore that he had once crossed the desert disguised as an Arab, that he dressed, behaved, and spoke so perfectly that all the Arabs took him for one of themselves. Du Chaillu, if it were he, upon this, turned to me and said *sotto voce*, "*I* crossed the desert soon after Trelawney. *I* dressed and spoke and behaved very like an Arab, and they all complimented me. But their leader said, 'Another foreigner was here a little while ago, who spoke and bore himself still more like one of us. We were almost deceived into thinking him a sheik from another tribe.' 'How did you discover he was not?' I asked. 'Effendi—we looked at his foot print in the sand and we *espied the corn upon his foot!*'"

11*th March*. [Diary.]

With Doyle to Lynch, the Lithographer, to see his own copy of Laurence's picture of me. Walked thence with him, he very pleasant. He strikes me as having one of the purest minds I ever saw in man, not only never goes out of his way for a nasty idea, but gives it no entertainment when it comes.

In refusing an invitation to a dinner, Doyle once drew for the Brookfields a dainty picture of himself sitting with a dish before him on which reposed *one* small sardine. This was labeled, " Ye Catholic, hys Fryday dinner ! "

April 2nd.

Riding down Rotten Row met Horace Mansfield and Benjamin Gray, the former of whom said that I rode with the ease of a dragoon and the humility of a Christian. He complained of Lord John Russell's interference with the legitimate drama last night by bursting into tears.

When Lady Ashburton was paying visits this summer she wrote concerning a photograph, and, by the way, photography, then in its infancy, was one of the recreations at the Grange that year :

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I should wish no worse to my bitterest enemy than to have such a likeness taken of him. I have turned it in all directions and can't find a trace of likeness to Mr. Venables in it, but it is very just, and serves him right for having insisted on finding mine " an admirable likeness," and pray tell him so with my compliments, and I trust he will think better another time.

We are very comfortably housed here—the Cannings, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and our host came down all together with us.

Philip Pusey, who has found out and is going to prove old Herodotus a myth, and Lord Carnarvon, are the only guests staying, but dinner brings twenty-five Crows from Oxford. Yesterday we had all the reformers, to-day all the High Church dine.

My talk! has dwindled into the mildest whisper ending with two notes, of interrogation, and admiration, as expressed chiefly by manner and I find that answers admirably, chiefly the latter note. On the whole, *privately*, they seem to me a desperate set of very ill-looking ruffians, and one man, the image of Newman, was especially pointed out by the Bishop as looking anything of the French Revolution, " not that he is so, but quite the contrary Arnold's favorite reformer." " A man with a conscience ? " I asked. " Just so," said the Bishop. You have seen the caricature of Doctor Newman's ascetic gaunt face and figure, there is the man and he is " the come man " to fashion all things as they should be.

I daresay you won't be able to read this for I have no blotting paper, and am drying it with my pocket handkerchief.

Yours affectionately,
H. M. A.

Lady Ashburton and Mr. Venables were particularly good friends and prized each other's opinion very highly. But the first time she met him she said to Mrs. Brookfield " I am disappointed in Mr. Venables. I don't see that he is either clever or witty ; but there is one thing though—he is extraordinarily *handsome*."

" I shall tell him what you say," said Mrs. Brookfield.

" For Heaven's sake, do nothing of the kind. A man like that, he'll never forgive me."

But Mrs. Brookfield repeated the conversation word for word, and Venables, delighted, worshipped Lady Ashburton ever afterwards.

To Mrs. Brookfield she wrote early in August not long after they had bought Loch Luichart :

LOCH LUICHART,
DINGWALL, N.B.,
Thursday.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I have very little to write about from this place, where we are in complete solitude, getting a post only three times a week, and unable to get any thing else, even to some rings to put up my curtains! We are eighteen miles from our nearest Town, Dingwall—where you get nothing but Finnen Haddie and a Shandredan—and thirty from Inverness; twenty-eight miles by a Ferry, but as I never cross a Ferry I count it thirty. Our place, on the other hand, is lovely complete Highlands, a beautiful lake at our foot, and beautiful walks through birch woods to it. A very comfortable small house, a nice little garden on a Terrace descending by a steep flight of steps to the Lake, and as to climate I have been obliged to send to Dingwall for two watering pots for my garden! We have seen no one since we came and suppose shall be alone till the Twelfth when civilization begins in these parts. Coaches run. Pianoforte tuners come, etc., etc. I have seen nothing anywhere in Scotland as nice as this and quite defend Lady Anne Mackenzie's passion for it and frenzy when it was sold. The difficulty will be going back home.

Are you still at Clevedon ?

Your affectionate,
H. M. A.

Mr. Brookfield landed at Southampton from a trip in France in August. He says he there met Lady Byron. "She seemed to be an exceedingly amiable, gentle woman." One of his friends, the doctors, told him a story of having once sent a nurse to put some leeches upon that lady, which deed they thought even a quite incompetent person might be able to manage, but they were sent for in great haste; the nurse was collapsing, hysterical with fright, because she had "never put a leech upon a titled lady before."

A walk in the autumn to the Bells of Ouseley brought forth the following from Lord Lyttelton:

Bells of Ouseley, softly tinkling
O'er the 'silver-winding' waves,
When old Isis, sunny-twinkling,
Bucks and Berks dividing laves:

Bells of Ouseley, Bells of Ouseley,
Term of sweet suburban walk,
Peer and parson, lounging loosely,
There shall tipple, there shall talk.

Care of Hagley, toils Inspective
Magdalene and Muriel dear,
Drown'd in confab unreflective,
Homely steak, æsthetic beer.

("Æsthetic tea" Sartor Resartus)

While an invitation to Hagley produced from Mr. Brookfield

"Both board and bed next Monday," claimed
The Chaplain from his Lord.
"The bed you'll find—and while you stay—
Abundance of the bor'd."

The Brookfields went on to Hagley after this, and stayed over a wedding in the family, and Mr. Brookfield notes that as he took Lady Lyttelton out of the drawing-room one evening she asked him with *intention* if he smoked. He records sadly, " I had done so last night *out of window!* "

At that time there lingered in many families a prejudice against smoking; it was still presumed to be at one with drunkenness, cock-fighting, and other similar *laches*. Mr. Brookfield used to tell a story of how at Crewe Hall he one night, after everybody had gone to bed, stole downstairs, and smoked a pipe in the Conservatory. The following evening, when the guests were about to retire, Lord Crewe (the late), who detested tobacco, advanced and said to him, " The Groom of the Chambers will show you to your room, Mr. Brookfield. I fear you had some difficulty in finding it last night. Please permit him to accompany you," and he was taken off, and locked in his room, for his delinquency.

Nov. 5th. [Diary.]

To old Chelsea Church. An old-fashioned sermon, with a good deal, or a bad deal, about Popery, and all the while I was standing within a few yards of the grave of Sir Thomas More! Called on Mrs. Carlyle, who told me of a Scotsman who, having launched out into extempore eloquence of prayer, and having to pull up rather abruptly, concluded, " And I remain, your obedient servant, James McBriar." She also said she had heard this grace given by a Scotsman invited to ask a blessing, " We are launched upon the stream of time and are drifting towards the ocean of eternity, through," etc., and that a Scotch Minister once inserted in his prayer, " and especially we would ask Thy blessing upon a noble and ancient family recently settled in our midst " (said family being present in Church) " and to prevent the possibility of mistake allusion is here made to the Right Honourable the Earl of Hopetown."

Carlyle said of Lady A. that she had written to say she would be in London on such a day " D.V." Only Carlyle added " D. never is willing ; entirely declines co-operation on any terms whatever."

The Brookfields were at the Grange again this year from December 15th and onwards.

Dec. 24th. [Diary.]

At the Grange.

Very cheery and pleasant, all composed verses to each other. In the evening was the trick of turning two people out of the room and enveloping two others *all but the eyes* in sheets, the first lot to return and find out who the others were. I was one of the first turned out, and Mrs. H. Taylor and Mrs. B. were the first enveloped, the latter I knew directly, the former not at all.

25*th. Christmas Day.*

The Charade " Courtship " in the Hall. It was great fun and very amusingly done, but after having fenced about receiving verses, Mrs. Lawrence wife of Col. Lawrence, to whom they had been written, said, " We should not call *those* verses in America."

The Carlyles had been expected to arrive at the Grange this year, but were prevented, but Goldwin Smith and Mr. Ellice were of the numerous party, and Mr. Brookfield notes that "Ellice talked agreeably, though unceasingly, about politics."

31*st*.

Smoked in the portico with Lord Gifford and Beach at about twelve. I was telling anecdotes to Lord G. about Carlyle, when all at once Beach, seeing that anecdotes were going on, broke in with one utterly irrelevant about Lord Fitzhardinge, the curate and two pointer dogs!

Jan. 1*st*, 1855.

At lunch I was charged by Mrs. Taylor and Lady Ashburton with having no veneration. I said I had veneration enough for my superiors, only unfortunately I could not find them.

I spoke of missing Carlyle less than I had supposed, when Lady A. broke in, "*Oh, nobody is ever missed.*"

2*nd*.

Lady A. read a letter at breakfast from somebody who said everything needful had now gone to the Crimea except common sense and foresight. Lord Elcho asked her, "Is that from Clarendon?" "No, sir," she replied instantly, "it is from John Smith, Esqre., Bayswater, Middlesex."

3*rd*.

Joined the *battue* after breakfast. At luncheon Lord A. had sandwiches made of uncooked bacon, which I prayed him to share with me.

At dinner I sate next Dr. Carpenter (there is, besides the staying company, a constant coming and going of people who only remain for a day or two), who was hugely tickled by my story of ponderous, slow-humoured, truthful D. (of Trinity and afterwards of Cheltenham), who said to me one day, "These arguments about the Arian controversy are most perplexing. By Jove, I go to bed an Arian and when I get up next morning I'll be —— if I'm not a Sabellian."

Miss Perry wrote to Mr. Brookfield at this time, "You have the Taylors with you at the Grange. Don't you begin to see why I love him. I hear you grunting out, 'No, I don't see it! But I tell you, jealous man, and even 'boney' you are jealous, *he is lovable.*"

4*th.*

The ladies went to a "meet of hounds." I, however, went with Lord Elcho down to the water meadows for snipe and enjoyed it very much, finding him very clever and pleasant. Called on Trench.

5*th.*

Lady A. employed me to secure Thompson staying two days longer.

6*th.*

At luncheon a twelfth cake. I cut it and by prearrangement I drew King, and Eleanor Taylor Queen. I transferred my Royalty to Aubrey (Taylor), and made Mr. Ellice, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Grey, High Steward, etc., and we adjourned with billiard cues for maces to the Hall. R. C. Trench and somebody else walking backwards before Aubrey and Eleanor Taylor. Then came a bullet pudding in the Hall, of which baby (Arthur), under my direction, dislodged the bullet, and I had to recover it. Shakespeare readings every day and Charades at night, together with the game of Bouts Rimés.

12*th*.

Tom Taylor came to-day. We read "As You Like It," and he took Touchstone. I, Orlando, and H. Taylor, Adam; Lady A., Rosalind; and J. O. B., Celia. After dinner a Charade of Tom Taylor's "Borenouse." I was the Bore.

Speaking of the effects of the late revolution upon the nature of the French, Stephen Spring Rice, in a letter to Mr. Brookfield, says:

ALGIERS,
19 *Jan.*, 55.

"I can't believe the Republican spirit has got hold of their minds very much, or that they like calling the old Place Royale, Place du Gouvernement. On the other hand, the upper classes are far away more ceremonious than we are. In society, technically so called, with us, there is a tacit assumption that great observance is unnecessary between two people who are both "*Comme il faut*." But with the French "*une personne qui se respecte*" (a phrase of which they are very fond) is most careful to fulfil all ceremony towards each other.

Stephen Spring Rice now consumptive and at this time in very bad health, was seeking strength in better air and warmer climes, but he was able to write his news in spirited and interesting fashion to all friends at home. Later on he says:

> "I have been laying in some very pretty Lusitania and have been given some prettier; this with good sherry and, better Madeira, may enable you and me to support the theory with real effect. I mean the theory we both preach of the immense value of creature comforts. We both preach it, indeed, with such pulpit zeal, that a man might well doubt whether we believe in it."

There is something illuminating in these last words, for though Mr. Brookfield put in black and white the *menu* of almost every dinner he ever ate, he was really a most abstemious man and very simple in his tastes.

Kinglake was giving little dinners to his best friends just then, and the invitation to one of them goes:

> "Dear Mrs. Brookfield. I trust you will not disappoint me to-morrow. Since I saw you I have succeeded in securing four women, Mrs. and Miss Procter, Lady Gordon, and Lady Dufferin. You shall be as shy as you like. I rely on Brookfield!"

Mrs. Brookfield thinks it was on this occasion that Kinglake speaking of a bad notice that had been given to a young author's book, said, "I well recollect the burst of scorn with which the world at first greeted Tennyson, but his Cambridge friends (and none more effectively than my dear friend, your husband) carried him through. And Thackeray's time of probation has been one of about twelve or fourteen years. At about twenty or twenty-one he began offering the public samples of his odd humour, and continued, I think, to do so for about the period I have assigned, without success." Kinglake admired Mrs. Brookfields' sympathetic charm as well as her style of beauty, which he vowed was of "a loveliness which conquered and subjugated everybody." He never thought a party complete without these two, and his best *mot* was about his reverend friend whose humour always cheered and delighted him. "Ever generous, indulgent, large-minded, Brookfield was never in the least demoralized by taking Holy Orders."

Engaged once to meet a party of ladies (consisting of five) at Hampton Court, Kinglake asked one of the attendants, an Irishman, if five ladies had passed into the garden. "No, Sir," said he, "but there's three just gone in if they would do for the present."

Lord Houghton used to say that Kinglake was as bold a man at arms in literature as ever captured public opinion. The historian of *The War in Crimea* had his mortal antipathies and made no secret of them. He regretted the disuse of duelling and was accustomed to assert that good breeding had suffered in consequence.

The season of '55 was a season of little dinners. Many were the small parties at Bath House, where "Venables, Poodle Byng, G. Bunsen, both the Carlyles and ourselves would stay till late," and "very pleasant they were." Then Kate Perry would write "You *must* come Thursday to our eating meeting, that is the day that will suit best the Carlyles and the Clives. *It is an important matter in giving a dinner that you two should be guests.*" Or, "we dined Chorley,

Richard Monckton Milnes, M.P.
(Afterwards Lord Houghton)
At the age of 35

I think, to [illegible] about the people I have [illegible] without success." Kinglake admired Mrs. Brookfield's sympathetic charm as well as her style of beauty, which he vowed was of "a loveliness which conquered and subjugated everybody." He never thought a party complete without these two, and his best rest was [illegible] his reverend friend whose [illegible] always charmed and delighted him. "Ever generous, indulgent, large-minded, Brookfield was never in the least diminished by taking Holy Orders."

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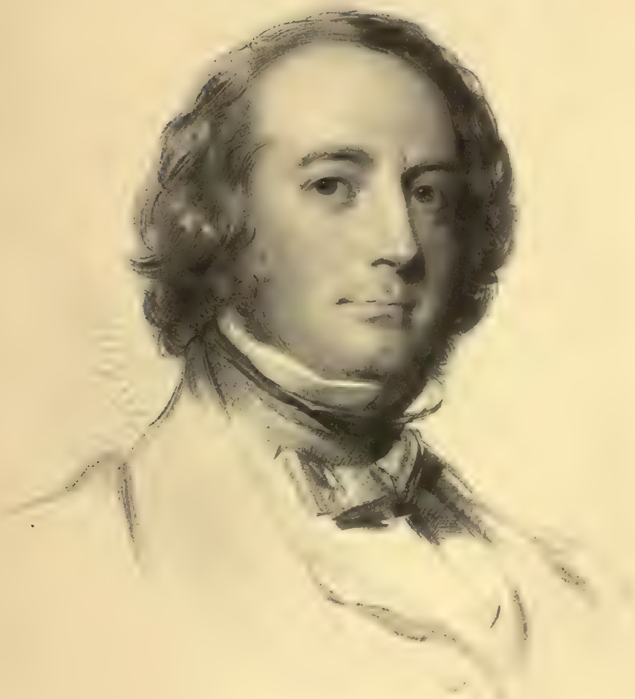

Richard Monckton Milnes, M.P.
(Afterwards Lord Houghton)
At the age of 35.

Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Farrar, Dilke, Thackeray, and ourselves." And, of course, Miss Williams Wynn made her parties for "Milnes, Kinglake, and the Brookfields."

Amongst the many "agreeable rattles" of that most agreeable time, Monckton Milnes shines forth in perfectly unclouded serenity. Always witty, always amiable, always good-natured. His unfailing geniality gained him everybody's approbation and admiration; Spedding, Monteith, all unite upon this. He had, as well as wit and humour, an overflowing love of his fellows, which he was not ashamed to show, and in consequence, was full of thoughtful kindnesses. Chorley in a captious mood (but, be it said, to the surprise of the group about him), did once complain because Milnes had said to Grote and to others that the Established Church was "nice," and he also on that occasion maintained he had been annoyed by Milnes "singing his own songs to Moore."

The Brookfields saw always a good deal of Doyle and of Garden. It was about this time that Garden after preaching in Westminster Abbey said to Brookfield "I don't know how it is for sound, but I think I was heard by the nave." "How about the fool?" was the retort.

In July Mr. Brookfield went into Scotland where he mingled business with pleasure; his wife writes

64 Cadogan Place,
18*th Augt.*, 55.

My dearest William,

I have not much time to write to-day. I send you an extract sent me by Arthur this morning. I am afraid he has become Editor of a new Paper, the *Daily Telegraph;* however, I hope he will not lose much by it; he is most vehement, as you will see, in his admiration of Mr. Gladstone. I saw Kate Perry yesterday, just returned from Lady Scott's; she has promised to drink tea with me to-night. Mrs. Carlyle paid me a visit yesterday evening, her husband being absent she was able to wander out in the evening air and knew she should find me alone. She was very pleasant and entertaining in her talk, described a visit she had made to Brighton a few days ago and a walk she took to a little village two miles beyond it, where she discovered a charming cottage to be let unfurnished at twelve pounds a year, and no taxes, and she thought Carlyle would have allowed her to engage it, but she found he was resolved against it often as he had wished for a little place to reach easily in the country, and though this was very pretty as well as very cheap.

I hope you will enjoy your visit at Loch Luichart. Give my kind love to Lady A. I hope she is much better than when I saw her at Ladon House. Nothing has happened except an enthusiastic lady's rushing into the drawing room, and crying out "Norah!" on seeing me. She was a cousin of Mrs. Bruce's and did not know they had gone away. She was very handsome and nice-looking, so that it was a cheerful vision in my quiet life. Have you heard from anyone any account of H. Lushington's death? I have heard nothing beyond the bare announcement in the papers.

God bless you, my dear.

Ever your loving
JANE.

Tennyson dedicated "The Princess" to Henry Lushington, who was his friend and who himself was a poet. He wrote a book of graceful poems together with Venables, as well as one with his brother Franklin, which were in their day much admired.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
5th Sept., 55.

My dearest William,

Uncle Hallam came to breakfast with me yesterday on his way back to Pickhurst, he looked well, but walked more feebly, I thought ; he enquired much after you. I have put off any visit there for the present, as it is so uncertain when you may return and I might just be away the day of your return if I were to go for next week as Julia proposes. Mrs. Cameron took me to see Rosa Bonheur's curious picture of great Dray horses at the French Exhibition in Pall Mall. On our way, in Pall Mall, we met Mr. Thackeray, and he went in to the Exhibition with us, and told us he had been very ill, and had been a good deal out of Town. His daughters were in the Isle of Wight, and he is going to join them there for a few days ; this was last Friday. He put us into our carriage at the door of the Exhibition and bade us good-bye. He goes to America early next month, and I suppose he is still in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Elliot showed me a beautiful china looking glass he had given her, which had pleased her very much.

I did not think that he looked well. Mrs. Elliot says she has hardly seen anything of him since she returned from abroad.

Good-bye.
Your loving wife,
JANE.

September 15*th*. [Diary.]

I met Milnes at Buchanan St. Station, and went to Carstairs, where Garden joined us in the evening. Monteith was excessively agreeable. At midnight we adjourned to the kitchen to smoke.

16*th*. *Sunday*.

Mrs. Woodhouse proposed that I should read service to her, Garden and family having gone to Lanark Episcopal Church, and Monteith and wife to Mass, but I thought this would be a strongish measure, and so went with her and Milnes to Mr. Munro's at Carstairs. Very dull work. Two sermons; one immediately after the other so as to make two services without interval. At 5 p.m. Garden read prayers in the Library, then a walk, then dinner at 7. Ending in the kitchen as usual.

Monckton Milnes says of this visit to Carstairs :

" We were nine at breakfast this morning, and we went to four different places of worship. Monteith, Garden, Brookfield, and myself had a quantity of four-sided talk, and many old events got up and walked and talked before us not without laughter until two in the morning."

But by the 29th Brookfield was back in London again with, as he put it : " his Carlyles, his Lushingtons, his Alfred Tennyson, and his Thackeray and his daughters." He later on gives Lord Lyttelton an account of his Scottish expedition :

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
DOWNING STREET,
LONDON,
20*th October*, 1855.

Noble,

The lines are charming, but so like Horace that

I could hear the cane swing and whistle over my head and sting across my shoulders to the finger tips.

I have forwarded them to the Laureate, who doubtless will be gratified both with translation and transmission.

Scotland was a very tidy bit of experience.

I ate trout on Ulleswater for three days. Anon to Cattle Show and Decanal Prog at Carlisle.

I forced fresh air into stale sermons at Lochgilphead (Bishop's of Argyle and Isles).

I ate herrings wriggling fresh from Loch Fyne at Braemar.

I met a flame of twenty years ago surrounded with fat husband and children at the "Rhu" (ominous name), near West Tarbert. She fair as ever.

I was piped to dinner at Malcolm's of Pollalloch near Kilmarton by a real Piper, who moreover marched thrice round the table, piping with all his lungs, when I made the discovery that I was not the only nuisance there.

I have sailed round Mull; have seen a cockney write his foolish name upon the grave of Macbeth at Iona, and heard the same pleasing individual warbling the burden of Villikins and his Dinah in Fingal's Cave at Staffa!!

I have been mercifully preserved (chiefly by fear of the consequences) from kicking no other party than the last-mentioned, when on my asking at Oban of the book-keeper whether the box seat were engaged to Glencoe, Bowbell turned round with a leer and exclaimed "I should be inclined to say it was rather."

I have dined with a real live Scotch Laird in a house unaltered from '45, when most of his ancestors gave practical illustration of "the right man in the right place." [Here a drawing of a man upon a gibbet.]

I have wondered why all the world didn't leave its foolish babblings and fightings and galvanic sprottlings and come and settle down on the sides of the Caledonian Canal.

I have resided for some days with the charming family of the Bishop of Inverness.

I have stood over the (reputed) Grave of Duncan where "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I have eaten for a fortnight (till I began to blush with it) of red deer's meat at the hunting lodge of Lord Ashburton—Kinloch, Luichart, Ross-shire.

I have fished with my Lady—stalked with my Lord.

I have seen the fish-wives of Wick, the Cathedral of Kirkwall, the Northern Lights shooting over the Arctic.

I have been hugged within an inch of my life by a Shetland female who mistook me on landing at her door at midnight for her husband newly returned from Geelong.

I have seen eight hundred herring vessels decorated with flags, which was our first intimation that Sebastopol was taken.

I have spent two days with Stirling of Keir and two with Monteith, which must not be written in other than the whitest chalk.

I have been thanked in public synod of Bishops and Clergy at Edinburgh for the valuable information which I had afforded them in a speech which did not contain two coherent words nor one completed sentence.

I have caught a hedgehog at midnight beneath a bright moon, seven miles from Edinburgh, when I was wandering along a solitary lane after dinner in search of a Rail Road Station. I have brought the monster home and he lives in my garden.

Such, my Lord, are a few of the more prominent facts and experiences which evolved themselves between 23rd July and 28th September, of which the details and finer shades and grouping may be reserved to enhance that genial repast to which I trust that the Bells of Ouseley may still chime us. With much duty to the best as well as dearest of Ladies,

I am, my Lord,
Yours,
W. H. Brookfield.

Lord Lyttelton had in his usual accomplished and elegant style translated one of Tennyson's poems into admirable Latin, an enthusiastic act, and one more possible of performance then than in these less cultured times.

Mr. Brookfield says he met in Scotland a Mr. Wilson, not a Kirkman, but an obscure Congregationalist, who told him that he had written several letters to the Queen about his schools without getting any answer. Then he went one day to the Post Office—Balmoral (not Crathie) and asked the post master for the Queen's own letter bag, on which the postmaster gave him one which Lord Russell did not know of and therefore could not intercept. He put a letter in it to the Queen, who immediately sent him £25 for his schools, and asked him frequently to dinner and (he being a teetotaller) pressed him to drink wine "for his stomach's sake and his other infirmities!"

Towards the end of the year Lady Ashburton wrote to Mr. Brookfield concerning a schoolmistress for her schools.

The Grange,
Alresford.

Dear Mr. B.,

My Cottage *is* furnished. I am too sorry that

Xmas claims your body—your soul inhabits Magdalene so that we shall have—but you will be with us as much as you can, we hope. If the Brown Loaf could roll into Bath House any time next Friday or Saturday before twelve o'clock, Lord A. will be there. It is by no means imperative, only if she is thereabouts it might be a mutual satisfaction.

His Beard, too, is magnificent, tho' Mr. Carlyle writes me *his* is the horror of surrounding Parishes! and, by the way, Mr. Venables writes he has just disposed of a pair of Moustachios which for the last three months have been his pride, and pleasure, and principal occupation.

Yours ever,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

It was thought at that time his duties would prevent Mr. Brookfield being at the Grange for Christmas. His wife went there early, and on the 18th December writes :—

THE GRANGE,
18*th December*, 55.

My dearest William,

We arrived here yesterday by four o'clock with no let or hindrance.

The children are all right to-day, and were quite happy as soon as they found themselves in the Taylors' old nursery with a nice tea and some little buns for a treat. Lady Ashburton is very kind and both she and Lord A. enquire affectionately after you and hope you will come as soon as you can. Lady A. broke out yesterday with: "Oh, Mrs. Brookfield, I hear all the fine ladies in London are rushing after your husband; they say he preaches more beautifully than anybody ever did before. Granville has been to hear him and took his Mother, and his Mother is charmed by it."

Besides the Carlyles there are Mr. Portal and Lady Charlotte, who is very pleasant and pretty, too; and the Twistletons and a sister of hers, unaffected and cleverish, and Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Venables, Mr. Jowett, and Miss Baring. Lord Lansdowne was here yesterday at dinner, but I believe he is gone to-day. Nurse has been as affected as usual, but is nice with the children; she begs to dine upstairs with Arthur because if she walks out with them in the morning she will not have time before one o'clock to dress for dinner, and when we arrived and were waiting a few minutes before Mason appeared, she enquired "Where is the Groom of the Chambers, Ma'am?" to show her *savoir faire*, for I was not likely to be better informed than herself.

Mr. Harcourt is most good natured with the children, and dressed Arthur in his great coat just now, making him walk with it trailing along behind him "like a peacock's tail," which baby fully entered into and laughed at heartily. Magdalene is quite at her ease and happy and means to write to you; she is now in the hall with Nurse and Arthur playing Battledore, and I am writing in the drawing-room because Lady A. asked me to come here to sit with her a little as soon as she had finished her own visit to Lady Sandwich, who is in her own room, not very well.

We have the same bedrooms and dressing rooms as last year.

God bless you and Good-bye.

THE GRANGE,
19 *December*, 55.

My dearest William,

All the Parkes (Baron) arrive to-day for breathing time in the midst of assize business. Mr. Jowett has gone to visit the Alfred Tennyson's with a note from Lady A. begging Alfred to come back with him here about Saturday for a few days, but I suppose he will, as usual, decline.

Mr. Venables goes away that day, I believe, but comes again after Xmas. Mr. Ellice comes on Saturday. The Twistletons are very pleasant, and Mr. Harcourt bears up apparently very well under his broken-off engagement.

I hope you will be here early on Monday, for otherwise the Xmas Tree will be all over, at least it will be all the better, dear, the sooner you can come.

This especial Christmas assembly at the Grange was a noteworthy one; it seems to have had all the "brightness that comes before the gloom," for most of the *habitués* (except Thackeray, who was in America) were present, and all of them in their happiest or most characteristic mood.

Jowett, it seems, was successful, for "Alfred" came; and Mr. Brookfield, too, arrived on the 23rd. He at once notes that Carlyle "smokes like an infant for the pure sin of it," and that in the Conservatory Christmas night, when some one said, "Fine moon to-night, Mr. Carlyle," he replied, "Ay, poor old girl. She's been hanging about this planet off and on for a good number of months now." Also that some one said of Lord Thurlow, "No man ever was so wise as he looked."

Lady Ashburton this Xmas consulted Mrs. Brookfield as to what would be most useful to give to Mrs. Carlyle as a gift from the Xmas Tree, and a silk dress was finally decided upon; but this present seems to have a little angered that lady. She would not take it; she vowed she was being insulted, and Lady Ashburton at last was forced to seek her in her room, and assure her with tears in her eyes she had not meant to offend. But that slight breeze was the only storm that arose in those days, which says a great deal for Lady Ashburton's cleverness and tact in managing so many warring and diversified temperaments.

Mrs. Brookfield describes Mrs. Carlyle as very slight, neat, erect in figure, animated in expression, with very good eyes and teeth, but with no pretension to beauty. She says, she used "to remain in her own room during the early part of the day, while her husband took his walks accompanied by his admirers. When she did appear she was always especially taken care of by Lady Ashburton, and she expected and was conceded a certain prominence amongst the many other visitors of more or less distinction in that delightful and hospitable house. Mrs. Carlyle's instinct was always to take the lead. At the Grange this was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliancy of our hostess, who, according to Mrs. Twistleton, scattered 'pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke,' made her the first attraction and interest to all around her. In conversation clever and amusing as she often was, Mrs. Carlyle had the fatal propensity of telling her stories at extraordinary length. With her Scotch accent and her perseverance in finishing off every detail, those who were merely friendly acquaintances and not devotees sometimes longed for an abridgment, and perhaps also to have their own turn in the conversation."

January 1st, 1856. [Diary.]

Neither Lord nor Lady A. at breakfast this morning nor at dinner, but they appeared a little in the drawing-room.

At dinner we were: Mr. Ellice, Lady Sandwich, Tom Taylor and wife, Venables, Miss Baring, Carlyle and wife, Self and Jane, Carpenter (Dr.), Mr. Rouse.

I took a short walk with Goldwin Smith, Venables, and Tennyson. Smith spoke of Maurice as a talker and writer but no thinker. I said I found a great difficulty in understanding him. Venables said he considerably diminished the difficulty by never reading him.

G. Smith was a good deal shirked by Carlyle, Tennyson, and Venables on account of his having written certain reviews obnoxious to them.

2nd.

At one I walked with Goldwin Smith and Carlyle to and past Salmon's, while A. Tennyson read *Maud* to the rest, much to their satisfaction. I found G. S. very instructive. He said that Gladstone had a strong "Voluntary" element about State and Church matters.

Mrs. Brookfield says of this reading:

"Just before the publication of Tennyson's 'Maud,' I was with my husband and children on a visit to Lord and Lady Ashburton at the Grange, in Hampshire. There was a large party staying in the house, when, to our great joy, Alfred Tennyson also arrived and, I think, the next day, the first copy of his latest poem, 'Maud,' was forwarded to him. We were, all of us, of course, eager to hear his new Poem read aloud by himself, and he most kindly agreed to gratify us. But there were difficulties to be got over. The Carlyles were amongst the guests, and Carlyle could not endure to listen to anyone reading aloud—not even to Alfred Tennyson.

Carlyle was accustomed to take an early walk daily, and to be accompanied by an appreciative companion. What was to be done? All the visitors in the house were presumably anxious to listen to Tennyson's delightful reading. Lord and Lady Ashburton were kept waiting; chairs had been arranged in a quiet sitting room; the visitors (ourselves amongst the number) were taking their places. Alfred was ready. So was Carlyle—in the Hall—waiting for a companion in his walk, and evidently determined not to stir without one. It was quite an anxious moment. We each probably wondered which of us would volunteer to leap into the gulf, as it were, like Quintus Curtius of old. At length Mr. Goldwin Smith generously stepped forward and joined the Philosopher, and then William joined them both, whilst the rest of us remained to listen with enthralled attention to the new words of the Poet."

3rd. [Diary.]

In the Conservatory, speaking of sleep, Carlyle said how he was disturbed at one time by a watchman accustomed to cry "past 3 o'clock, etc.," when instantly a cock next door to him rose, and flapping his wings, cried: "Whatever the hour, here at least I am ready for all comers."

He laughed violently and quoted again and again with reference to Laureates, &c., my story of asking in Airedale for the Poet, and the Ostler going to the yard and shouting "Slush." "Aye, aye, Sir." "Here's a gentleman wants you."

Mrs. Brookfield also says:

"One of these mornings Tennyson came into breakfast rather late, with a perturbed expression of face, his watch in his hand, saying with great gravity: 'My watch has stopped; what am I to do?' We all felt concerned for a moment, then Mr. Fairbairn, with equal gravity, rose from his chair, took the watch from Alfred's hand, asked for his key, wound it up, and silently returned it to its owner. He was wonderfully handsome just then, and of a stately presence, and so simple and good-natured in spite of his great genius and great success. Good-nature is usually treated as a very common-place virtue, the one redeeming quality allowed to an otherwise stupid person; but when it is combined with high genius and fine critical ability, it is a delightful surprise, and this was most conspicuous in Alfred Tennyson. He was thoroughly kind, and sympathetic. To his intimate friends his conversation was full of depth and earnestness on all serious subjects, though from time to time he would amuse them with humorous flights of fancy, amounting almost to exaggeration, which those who knew him well could never misunderstand, but which might easily perplex a new acquaintance! A very delightful and highly cultivated friend of ours, who belonged to a strictly conventional section of society, once gladly accepted an invitation to meet Tennyson at our house. She had read his poetry with great admiration, and was prepared to make his acquaintance with reverent enthusiasm. He was, when with absolute strangers, very retiring, and the graceful deference of our friend's demeanour towards him did not at first tend to dispel his shyness ; later in the evening, however, when Alfred had realised that this lady was an intimate friend of ours, and that we particularly wished that he should make himself agreeable to her, he, with good-natured friendliness, said, 'I could not find anything to say to you before dinner, but now that I have a bottle of port in me, I can talk as much as you like.' My friend was at first rather alarmed at this playful announcement, receiving it as a literal assertion. But she was soon reassured by the serious interest of his conversation, which realised all her expectation."

4th.

There dined to-day Mr. Ellice, Lady A., Carlyle, Wife ; Lord Bessborough, Wife ; Self, Wife ; Spedding, Miss Baring, Tom Taylor, Wife ; A. Tennyson, Mr. Mozley, Rev. Mr. Zincke, Lady Sandwich, Mr. Rouse. Mrs. Taylor sang a good deal. "Coolin" was especially pretty.

Mozley spoke of Jowett as a recluse and unacquainted with what was going on. As people were bidding good-night to one another, Carlyle whispered rather loud to me with regard to one who was retiring to his room: "Who is he at all?" I whispered in reply, "His name is Zincke." "Oh, Zincke's the name of him. Well, God give Zincke a good night, and may the like of him never cross my path on this planet again for evermore—Zincke?"

5*th*.

Spedding in the Conservatory quoted as to the Cuckoo:

"When next you hear that Melancholy bird
"Remark its note; which makes a minor third.

Carlyle gave a most ludicrous account of having seen early in life a sight which appeared to him "similitude of many things," viz., a great big uncouth lump of meat and feathers, followed by what in Scotland is called a "titling" (the hedge bird that had hatched the Cuckoo), and which was proud of the mere size of it and anxious as if it was the "apple of its eye."

To Lord Lyttelton Mr. Brookfield wrote:

THE GRANGE,
5 *Jan.*, 1856.

Here we are for Christmas and New Year, of which I wish you and yours abundant returns. We stay ten days more. Present, an atrabilious prophet and perplexed and not too happy wife; a dusky Laureate, craving stronger port, and coarser flavours generally than the Baronial stratum of Sociogeological formation is wont to furnish; a frank, cheery mannered Bessborough, with child-loving but childless Lady. How unlike his fortunes herein to those of a noble relation (I think) we wot of. A woman-worshipped and so far rather spoiled Van Artevelde, but very good and true, loyal and to be loved. A slow-and-sure Spedding, imperturbed unless you touch his Bacon. An inflexible and prepossessed knowledge Mill. Right good, witty, and humorous notwithstanding Venables. Gentle, observant Dicky Doyle. Ursa Major of Coventry, very kindly and universally liked and liking. Lady Sandwich. An able engineer, Fairbairn, whose name not being known on his arrival a whisper was put about by somebody of disproportionate waggery and wisdom that it was "Dr. Taylor, analytical chemist," and devoutly believed. Since which his portmanteau was found to be of offensive enteric odour, and his hat box believed to contain a jar of disinterred stomach. Add to these a present writer of the Styx species and his wife and two offsprings and you have us all. We have lost Bob Lowes, Delanes, Villierses, Tom Taylors, Goldwin Smiths, etc., by the dozens and have gained old H. Drummond, Somerses, etc.

Farewell,
Thine,
W. H. B.

It is not surprising that in this fascinating society Mr. Brookfield should for once have forgotten an appointment. He had promised to dine on a certain day with Mrs. Procter, who wrote on receiving his apology:

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

What a greedy man you are—not content with the land flowing with milk and honey, you envy us our poor little dinner of Pork Chops! Calm your fears, you lost nothing in the way of amusement; we were as dull as our best friends could desire. . . . . You were asked for the preceding Sunday, and my visit to the Vestry was a reminder. How merry you must be. Carlyle's laugh alone would be sufficient. It appears to me in Weymouth Street that he would be better employed in finishing the life of Frederick of Prussia and you in the pulpit in Berkeley Chapel. I wonder if I were at the Grange if I should think so.

Yours very gratefully,
ANNE B. PROCTER.

6th. [Diary.]

Doing History papers mostly all this visit. Walked with Venables, Spedding, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

We played at night the game of Earth, Air, and Water, in which each person has to assume the name of one inhabitant of Earth. Lady A. very characteristically chose (with suitable intonation as she announced her selection in reply to "What fish will you be, what quadruped—what bird?") "A dab, a lamb, a dove." Carlyle, being called upon, replied with inexpressible humour, self scorn, and scorn of all creation—not without a sense of sympathy with the most despised part of it, "I am an Ass." The zeal with which he afterwards played at it, hurling the handkerchief at J. O. B., and rapidly counting to 10 was very humorous.

To Lord Lyttelton Mr. Brookfield presently wrote again:

THE GRANGE,
9th January, 1856.

I am sorry you can't join the Orbilii. It would have been a great thing for them. Ashburton is laid up with gout and dare not undertake.

The Prophetic and the atrabilious are not so many that you could well err. It was the grim Biographer and no other as you guessed. The drifting of the wife's mind is connected with want of rudder, compass, or polestar in the way of belief. One of many who can believe all sorts of fantastic figments on the evidence of *one* marvel monger (spirit rapping, lath turning and what not—I say these by way of illustration, not that I know whether she gives credence to them in particular), but cannot accept what Christendom has taken from twelve very responsible witnesses. Since I wrote we have Galton, who has slain more rhinoceroses than I have rabbits. Provost Thompson (Queen's) and angel Greek wife, H. Drummond—humorous enough—Sculptor Westmacott, Historic Vaughan, Graphic Doyle, The Industrious Flea (Fleming) came Monday—hopped back this morning.

Goodden,
Still
W. H. B.

The meeting at which he wanted Lord Lyttelton to assist was one connected with Education, a subject which filled his thoughts on all occasions.

He says it was one of these days that " Carlyle sate in an ante-room between the Hall and Drawing room with only Lady Ashburton and himself, his wife, and myself present. From the pitiless inclemency of the day he took occasion to relate how when he was a child of four his parents had given him an earthenware ' thrift pot,' a sort of bottle without mouth, but a slit in the side to slip pennies in. Somehow he was left alone in the house ; there came to door a beggarman, pale, weary, worn, and hungry, dripping with wet.

'I climbed on the kitchen table,' says Carlyle, 'and reached down the thrift pot from its shelf and gave him all that was in it—some fourpence. *I never in all my life felt anything so like Heaven as the pity I had for that man.*' How different this from 'the inward satisfaction and pride resulting from a virtuous action.'"

Speaking of the writer of the "Eikon Basilikon," Carlyle said that he was the most portentously self-righteous mortal ever extant in this planet; that seemed to say to the Almighty in place of asking for His grace and mercy, "Oh, Lord, I have attained to such a pitch of heavenly perfection that I fear it is not even in Thy power to make me any better than I am; but if at any time Thou shouldst find an opportunity for adding a little finish and perfectness to my many excellences I should feel obliged to Thee."

Mrs. Brookfield notes that they talked of "Lady Jersey" in these days, "the most insolent and haughty of women, who called Lady Ashburton's literary friends 'Some of Lady A.'s Printers,' and who said on hearing of a soldier murdering a Colonel in Northumberland Court, 'This comes of Ragged Schools.'"

The above title amused nobody perhaps more than the "Printers" themselves, and Lady Ashburton's reply to it was to announce that her "Printers had become a sort of Order of the Garter." But this was to be the last of the great "gatherings of the clans," as she herself called them, the last time they would ever meet there under the same conditions, for Lady Ashburton, smitten with a fell disease, had only one other Christmas before her, and that she was obliged to pass in a foreign land. For some unknown reason, though, but perhaps because of the sword hanging over the house, this especial meeting in every way eclipsed all previous ones.

Lady Ashburton was an ideal hostess, for she knew how to make each of her guests happy in his own way. She knew how and when to use the best, the most appreciative or the most encouraging word. She never intruded herself, in fact, she skilfully and cleverly occasionally made herself missed. She would dine in her own apartments an hour or so before a big dinner in order that she might have all her powers to devote to her guests; she made it a rule that she should talk with all, that none should be neglected. These gracious habits oiled wheels already smooth—for so big and rich a place was well enough organized—and caused her assemblies to be models of good management; though this last great one had something more associated with it; there was a wistful affection mixed in with her attention to her friends which everybody felt, though few of them recognised the cause or reason.

Mrs. Brookfield remained at the Grange after all others had departed, but Mr. Brookfield was in London again on the 14th January. He reached home to find Miss Williams Wynn waiting to get him to add something to and take something from a sermon of his own which she much admired. For recreation after this, he says, " he went to St. Philip's to hear Bellew."

Shortly afterwards that lady writes:

43 GREEN ST.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

What could you expect in these days of War and distress from a highly cultivated, *i.e.*, nervous congregation when you bring forward such imagery at the close of the year—but such an outbreak? I was provoked for you because I knew it was precisely what you would not wish to excite. However, if it wounded some it gave exceeding comfort to others who were of tougher stuff.

As I walked home, three red-faced jovial tradesmen went before me, and I heard one expressing his sentiments, " Now, that is a Sermon I likes, it touches one up a bit, quite affected me." As to Mrs. Carlyle, I believe she *does* feel irritated at any one's going back to the old paths, whom she hoped had left them. She is so restless and uncomfortable in her own convictions that she wishes to persuade others to roam with her, and tries to believe that they are *willing* to do so. No one cares to answer her sweeping declamation against Christianity and the Church, and so she thinks one agrees with her and in consequence every proof of a distinct adherence to certain doctrines annoys her. I believe we all sin in not saying often enough, " I don't agree with you," but it is so much more easy to listen in silence, and I was obliged as the result of my craven heartedness to have a regular explanation and show her that because I could not, and would not argue, or pass the little time we had together in fending and proving, she was not to suppose that *therefore* I shared her opinions.

She has certainly had experience sufficient of the utter ruin that follows the trade of a popular Preacher, how it destroys physically and morally the noblest and the best—*dissenters* (Churchmen, of course, fare better ?) to induce her to preserve her friends from entering on that career, but in your case I am quite convinced that it was merely annoyance that one to whom she looks up should openly profess a belief which is denied to her. If you had a fitting opportunity, a long walk or so, I wish earnestly you could get her to talk, and do so yourself. I am well aware that any effect upon her must be made at the cost of being scalped yourself, but a thorough bit of self-sacrifice would, I know, not be unpleasant to you. But of all this you are so infinitely a better judge than I am that I only throw out the hint. As to you ever being a Popular Preacher in the usual sense of the word—a white handkerchiefed, spasmodic, wordy individual, I believe you never can be, and I should be wretched if you were, but to be a People's Preacher is no low aim nor one which you need despise. It is a glorious gift to be enabled to satisfy (if even but for one short half hour) the cravings of the rich and the poor, the happy and the sorrowing, and on few is it bestowed! and after all, this is being a popular preacher.

When you write again do begin in the "forenoon," as Mrs. Carlyle calls it, for I am sure you cut a great deal of matter short which you meant to bestow on me. I like a very long, uncondensed letter, of which I send you a specimen,

I must end, however.

Ever your affectionate

C. Williams Wynn.

I shall write to Jane soon.

Early in March Mrs. Brookfield was back at the Grange again. Her little son had broken his leg, and his godmother would have him there to nurse and pet. She then writes :

2 *March*, 56.

My dearest William,

Thanks for to-day's pleasant letter.

Lady A. says you evidently are afraid of the dulness of this place and that you can't tear yourself away from London Dinners. She is very sorry you can't or "won't" come now but hopes before Easter that you will manage a visit here. You will find probably the Ellices and Mr. Venables here in Passion week. She begged me to-day to stay till Easter Monday. I shall see if it is quite clear that we shall not be in the way. I don't like being so long away from my dear; you will wonder at my sending you such a thick packet, but there is so much about you in Mrs. C.'s letter I can't but let you see it.

I have been a drive to call on Mrs. Turner with Lady A. this afternoon; we went very grandly with four horses and an outrider; this has left little time for writing.

Good-bye, my dear,
God bless you.
Ever thine,
J. O. B.

THE GRANGE,
Monday, 3 *March*, 56.

My dearest William,

Lady A. begs me to ask you to come here soon. She is sure you won't be able to live much longer with the children away from you, she says every day will be equally convenient; you must come whenever it suits you. She asked if Passion week would not be a holyday for you? Cannot you come down? I should be so delighted if you would and Lady A. speaks so very warmly and kindly about it. She is afraid you may get into some serious scrape if you do not take care about heterodox opinions, and she hopes you won't risk your Inspectorship in the vain attempt to drive common sense into fashionable heads. She did not say that anything more had been reported to her about your preaching but she spoke as if from her own reflection upon the Shaftesbury sermon.

This Shaftesbury incident is one which probably had a disastrous effect upon Mr. Brookfield's career, and may also have had something to do with the sermon to which Miss Wynn refers above. There had been some talk of making him a Bishop, and it was a possible thing as he had influential friends eager that he should be promoted. But one Sunday at Berkeley Chapel he preached a sermon on the "Temptation in the Wilderness," in the course of which he mentioned that it was not absolutely necessary to salvation to believe that Christ was tempted by the conventional physical Devil. On this, Lord Shaftesbury, who was present, rose, hat in hand, and left the Church. He subsequently went to Lord Palmerston and said to him, "We can't make Brookfield a Bishop. It's impossible, *the man's a Freethinker*." The humorous side of this event was as usual the one most clearly seen by the Brookfields and Mrs. Brookfield in urging him to come to the Grange, adds, "Lady A. says the cart for heretics shall meet you any time you like."

Mr. Brookfield used to say, "For a definite and clear belief take Joseph Swinden, gardener at my father's; who held that nobody could be saved who wore short breeches. He always spoke of his wife as unregenerate, tho' she was a very good woman, brought his dinners regularly, and had a comfortable home for him after his work. One morning at 9 o'clock I went into the garden and found him hoeing turnips. 'How do you do, Joseph ?' 'Nay, I'm middling brave, thank the Lord.' 'And how's your wife ?' 'My wife ? Why, she's been in Hell these five hours and half.' 'Bless me, what do you mean ?' 'She died at half-past three this morning.' This same Joseph Swinden thought nobody could be saved who wore pantaloons. I said once to him, 'Now, Joseph, do you think St. Paul wore breeches ?' With admirable power of debate he answered, 'I don't know what he wore, Mr. William, but I'll tell what he didn't wear. He didn't wear shirt collars up, velvet waistcoat, gold buttons, blue satin cravate, boots and straps. Strutting about like a crow in a gutter' (describing myself in the year 1830 in detail)."

Mr. Brookfield did go to the Grange this Easter, where there was only a small and very quiet party, and "Philip van Artevelde" wrote to Mrs. Brookfield at the time :

23rd March, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Brookfield,

It was very nice of you to write to Alice, and your letter was very delightful to her and made her gay for the rest of the afternoon and that made others pleasant, so that you did almost as much for our party as if you had descended upon us in the likeness of yourself, and, indeed, in a sort of way that was what you *had* done. . . .

I am glad Arthur is running about again, and especially glad that he is out of your arms (if that be the fact as it ought to be), and I am glad, too, that the Grange has done well for your happiness if not all that could be desired for your health. I am not sure that I can say *I* like the Grange best when there is no one there. If I felt that *she* liked it best, I think I should. But that is what I don't feel in these latter days. She is by nature reserved and I rather think that a life of society in any case is apt to become a life of reserve. And then one is more conscious of reserve when society is removed, and in privacy unreserve must be a more real and serious thing, very different from the gay appearances of it which break out in a conversational *mêlée*. However, I am always happy enough at the Grange, be it full or be it empty, and perhaps in the matter of unreserve as of other things I get as much as I give. For I am not sure that I have not myself become more reserved of late years. I suppose we all do as we get older and wickeder.

God bless you,
Yours sincerely,
HENRY TAYLOR.

The 29th of May they all went to Bath House to see the Fireworks for the Celebration of the peace with Russia. "The Carlyles and the H. Taylors there. Carlyle on the roof, called it all 'Hell and Tommy,'" and lamented that every rocket cost half-a-crown.

31*st*.

Went to a full-dress assembly at Lansdowne House. As I passed Lord Lansdowne I said "Undignified clergymen have no clothes." He replied on the moment: "So much the better," then recovering himself, "I only wish I had any (dignity) to give you."

Chuckling very much. Did not get home till two p.m.

July 3rd.

Went to Bassett to bury Anne Bullar. About the best woman I ever knew. *How much I could say!* Back to London. Dined with Venables. Cook, of *Saturday Review*, W. Harcourt, H. Mansfield, Doyle, Beresford, Hope, Garden. Afterwards to Chorley's to fetch Jane. Was introduced to Ristori there.

Before Mrs. Brookfield started for the south of France in November with the Ashburton party, Mr. Brookfield asked Mrs. Carlyle to come one evening to Cadogan Place and meet some friends there, which brought forth the following from her:

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

A Lady (a young authoress in the "Power and Passion" line) has intimated her intention of coming for "three or four hours' quiet talk" to-morrow. You may fancy the state in which that is likely to leave me, even if got over before what you call "evening." But if she do go in time, and if she leave me worth picking up, decidedly I will pick myself up and "clean myself" (as they say in Scotland) my normal state now being all over lime and dust—and go to you—not that I like the two women you mention the least in the world, I find the one *too little* and the other *too large;* but I like you and your wife and am glad to go and see you without other inducements."

Yours truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Mr. Brookfield, armed with letters of introduction to Lord Brougham, etc., followed his wife and family to Nice in December. There he met Lord Gifford, an old friend, who took him off at once for a cruise on his yacht, from the deck of which he wrote to Lord Lyttelton :

On Board the *Fair Rosamond*,
R.Y.S., Schooner,
Between Genoa and Leghorn,
30 *December*, 1856. 4 p.m.

My Lord,

I avail myself of the ample leisure and undistracted opportunity of a calm at sea to relate to your Lordship a few recent particulars of a life in which you have been pleased occasionally to evince more interest than it deserves.

The last sustenance which it derived from British victual was from an egg with toast at Folkestone on the morning of Thursday, December 11th. On the strength of that egg the present writer travelled straight to Paris that day and on the following morning set out for Marseilles, where he ate a *Table d'Hote* on Sunday 14th, and on Monday proceeded by *Diligence* to Nice, arriving Tuesday, 10 a.m. Babes well, Matron moderately so. Ashburtons ill—both. Ellice (the " Bear ") in great preservation. Poodle Byng younger than anybody. Mrs. Poodle older and more foolish than ditto. Lord Ely more sensual looking in face and protuberant if not dropsical in abdominal formation than anybody. Lady Ely more good-natured, pretty and pleasant-looking than ditto.

Lord Dufferin amiable and interesting ; Lady Dufferin of the enchantress order. Then there were flippant but witty and agreeable Elchos—with gazelleeyed wives; and Gifford—very much altered from what he was as Preacher's Assistant at St. James's—and now Member for Totnes and owner of the Yacht under whose hospitable—but at present motionless—deck the writer presumes to pen these feeble observations. Lord Gifford—on the arrival of present writer at Nice invited him to join in a trip to Corsica and Sardinia for two or three weeks. Yachts of commodious arrangement and ample larder with agreeable and accomplished skippers are not at the feet of P. W. every day of the week—and he closed with the noble Lord whom he has at this moment in his eye (fast asleep on an easy chair with his feet upon the stove). On Christmas day mince pies were furnished to a small but select circle of guests by Lord Dufferin at the Maison Bosco, and on the following day P. W. and host embarked. For twenty hours they were tossing in what is technically called a calm—but sea made up for want of wind. Nevertheless they reached Genoa at last—and a vastly pretty, interesting town it is. This present Tuesday they came out of harbour at eight, proceeded briskly for a while, but soon the wind fell and now the sun is going down, flooding the western skies in orange, and we lie flapping our wings lazily somewhere off Spezia—not advancing a mile per hour—to which circumstance your Lordship partly owes the infliction of this present tediousness.

Even while I write a squall is coming down topsails—reef foresail and mainsail—. It is all over and no harm done, but was a regular squall on a small scale, very amusing and almost exciting. I got wet through though, and had to rig myself afresh before I could resume. We are now getting on pretty well, and shall probably reach Leghorn to-morrow morning. I hope to be in England by first week in March.

As for Nice I like it not. And yet it is genial and in many respects likeable. On the whole I must say of it as her grace of Sutherland said of some lady not entirely correct, " For a person that's not quite nice she is so very nice." Duty to Lady.

Your Lordship,

W. H. B.

Leghorn,
31*st December*, 56.

CHAPTER XIII

At Nice. FitzGerald's wife. Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Procter. Death of Harriet, Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Brookfield. Mr. Brookfield's Reports. Lear. Highland Life. Landseer. Balmoral and the young Princes. Death of Hallam. Tennyson's success. A visit to Monckton Milnes.

At Nice the season of 1856-57 was a particularly brilliant one, but it was saddened for the Brookfields by the constant and increasing illness of Lady Ashburton, and the knowledge that she was failing every day. As early as January it was decided there was but little hope that her life might be saved.

Mr. Brookfield was back from his cruise with Lord Gifford in time for the festivities "when the Emperor entered the town," but afterwards finding he could be of little use there, went off to Sicily, whence he travelled on to Algiers and its neighbourhood, of which travels he wrote at the time a full and spirited account.

The Brookfields naturally found many old friends in Nice, and they also, according to custom, made many new, and amongst these Lord and Lady Dufferin, who always afterwards remained attached to them. But friends in England did not forget them. Stephen Spring Rice greeted them with :

Board of Customs,
22 *January*, 57.

Dear W. H. B.,

How can a man who is rotting in Billingsgate write on equal terms to one who is revelling on the Mediterranean? A man who is crammed to the very eyes with work he hates, to a man who has leisure to work any wickedness his taste approves? A man who is living with a sick wife and nine strong children to one who has left wife and children behind!

I am out of sorts, I feel that in writing to you I am indeed "bestowing tediousness" upon you.

James Spedding has brought out the first Volume of his Bacon. It is a formidable 8vo, 868 pages, and such another volume is to appear monthly till further orders. I shall begin an elaborate study of it so soon as I am superannuated, which may it be soon. The old serpent has arranged that his own part shall come last, so as to give him time. Had Edward FitzGerald married before you left? "I needn't pay a shilling to see her," said he, passing by the show van of the Corpulent Lady the other day, "I can see my own wife any hour." I dined at the Oxbridge with J. Spedding. Present, Kenneth Macaulay, Birkbeck, and a Mr. Cholmondeley, an artist. Mac says he is much better but he has lost much of his vigour, though he flashes fun occasionally. Birkbeck I had not met since December 32—were you born then, my dear Sir? Mr. Cholmondeley admitted he did not know something—in his own art too; this is very unlike the 19th century, when each of us know everything, don't I, don't you? I have found out a place in London where there is morning service without a sermon, and I think I shall desert your ministrations; I don't say your discourses are "better than nothing," which would stamp them as indifferent, but think on the contrary that, "nothing is better than Mr. B.'s teaching." This godly place is St. Barnabas.

I have seen nothing of the Fire Fly since you left. I made her a present of my photograph, at which I expect you to be shocked; you starched precisian, you man of neckcloths and shoe-ties, you worshipper of the great goddess Conventionality, whose image fell, not down from heaven but was cast in the furnaces of hell, and belched out thence as a sort of brazen avatar Anti-Christ.

I hope you will be tired of your Lords and Ladies and Yachts and *Table d'hôtes* and Venuses and Wild-boars before the time you mention, as otherwise I shall be away when you return. I am going to Torquay, there is a good whist club there, and I can hear the Bishop of Exeter every Saint's Day; what need a man wish for more? I should like to see you before I go to Devonshire or die or do anything of that sort. You say nothing of your wife, doubtless because you know nothing.

I am almost, not quite, ashamed to send this stuff, to be forwarded. I can only add this much truth to all the lies it may contain that I am always your

S. S. R.

And Miss Kate Perry wrote:

13 Chesham Place, S.W.,
26th January, 57.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

When we received your last very interesting little scrap, you were rolling and tossing off Elba, and we read it firmly seated in our chairs and exclaiming simultaneously, "Now we will write to Brookie as we know that in a few days he will be at Nice," and writing to you before your arrival there, would indeed have been scattering our thoughts to the winds. The reason I only suppose Jenny* is writing to you, and cannot ascertain the fact either by my ears or my eyes, is that she and Frederick are at the Laboucheres'. Last week they were at Woburn, and came back very much impressed with the vastness of the place, and the disagreeability of the London fine ladies who were there, an odious Mrs. S. L. of so violent a temper that she tied her little boy up to the bed post and *flogged him*, whipped is too gentle and feminine a word, —*flogged* him. . . . Tell Arthur this anecdote and then let him go, and kiss his own darling mother, and "Had he told a lie," says Arthur—no, he refused to eat an orange his mother gave him, and ate some cake some one else did. While Jane was there the mother came down in shouts of laughter, because she had terrified the child so much that he hid himself in a dark room and cried for three hours in an agony. I hear old Lady L. says—"it would be better for the child that he were dead." Lady Hislop tells me Mrs. S. L. is very High Church and never misses *matins* or *vespers*, or *evensong*, and that naturally and gracefully conducts me to Miss Richardson's marriage, which took place on Thursday, all the Minto Elliots who were within reach attended it, and everyone went off rejoicing, for it was an excellent marriage. Lady H. says he has £10,000 a year—and I dare say he has 10,000 good qualities also.

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* Mrs. Elliot.

Kinglake is up in town, he called here but we missed seeing him. We bid him to a feast of venison but he did not get our note. I hear he is in great force, says he is too late in the field at Newport, and some people find fault with his speech as extra-radical. He has spoken to no one but his maid-of-all-work since we saw him, and he imitates her Somersetshire dialect very funnily; this comes in a roundabout way from Mrs. Procter. The Camerons are going to the Isle of Wight; I had a very pleasant dinner with her the other day when we talked a great deal of our absent friends at

Nice. Thackeray we see very little of as he is always on the move, one day at Bath and another at Brighton; he has made a much better bargain for himself now, having found a Barnum, and in 3 or 4 months he says he will be able to rest on his oars, having then made enough to endow his daughters. Our girls met them at a ball at Mrs. Reeves' not long ago.

I met Sir Colin Campbell the other day, who seemed charmed with his Prussian expedition, he says they are in a great state of indignation at Court at Sir R. Peel's speech, and people in London are very angry that he has not had a hint to leave the Government. People say that the Princess Lieven may marry Guizot if she likes, but she will never be able to make an *honest* man of him.

It is a long time since I heard from your Jane.

Affectionately yours,

K.

Their little son becoming ill in February, the Brookfields, as he grew better in March, thought it well to travel back slowly towards England, and Miss Wynn hearing that Mr. Brookfield was coming on in advance, wrote:

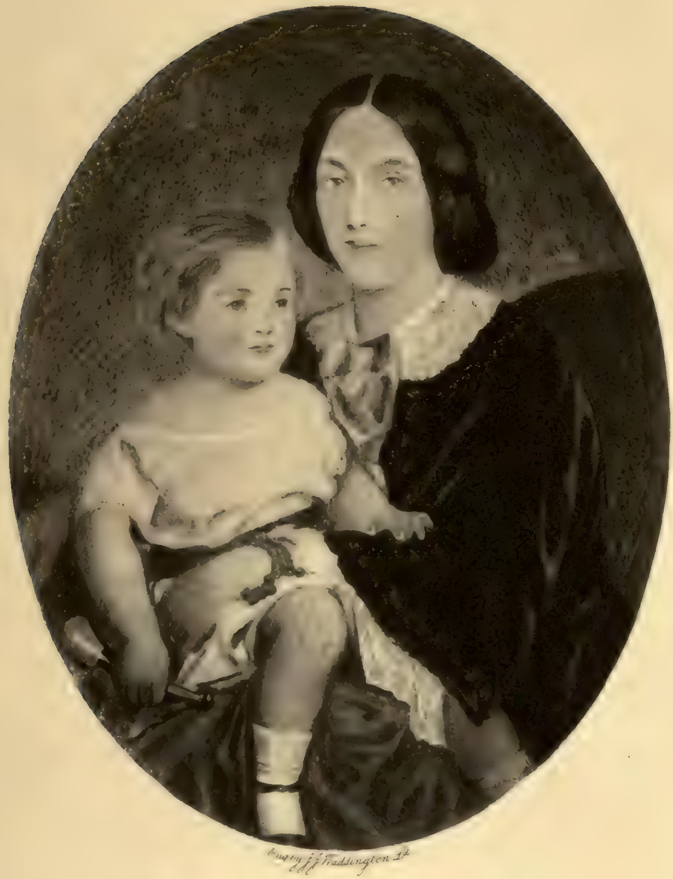
So there is a chance of seeing Mr. Brookfield.

I wish he would sleep here! I know Mrs. Procter has two spare beds and I also know how charmed she would be to fill one of them.

We have the longest conversations, and I have at last *bent* her to talk *my* way, and very curious some of our discussions are.

She is a Romanist, and only waits for a *misfortune* to take to it openly (perhaps not on account of her husband). She was very funny as to the effect which she wished that the Protestant Clergy should

Mrs. Brookfield and her elder son
Arthur (Col. Brookfield)
From a water-colour by Lodovici about 1856



Engd by J.J. Waddington Ld

Mrs Brookfield and her elder son
Arthur (Col. Brookfield)
from a water-colour by Lodovici about 1856.

produce on her daughters. She evidently looked on them (the Clergy) as a machine for a certain purpose. " Yes, and I know that unfortunately it is impossible that it should be so, but one should like one's children to believe," " that they passed the whole of Sunday in meditation," " and they should pretend to do so at least." I could not help thinking of the fable of the Boys and Frogs. " It is play to you but death to us," as long as it was good acting for the Miss Procters, she cared not a pin, for the harm it was to do the Clergy to have that mass of untruth on their souls, she had a great deal of reason on her side in much that she said, but I cannot go on now.

Ever your affectionate,
C. W. W.

Miss Wynn was wrong, it seems, about her friend's theological position. While that friend writes in her own inimitable way:

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I owe you many thanks for that charming letter from Nice. It arrived at a moment when I wanted something pleasant particularly. The reason I never answered was that I wished to write the very prettiest letter that you ever had. It was to be lovely, sentimental, clever, and above all to assure you how very much flattered I was by your remembrance of me. You see why I never wrote. I am very glad you have come home again. To find Mrs. Carlyle, I fear, seriously ill. Kinglake has given up his profession, and intends to stand for Cambridge. Has he any chance?

Pray come and see us.

Yours,
ANNE B. PROCTER.

Mr. Brookfield was the attached friend of both Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle, two women of widely-differing interests and characters, of extraordinary ability and of varying attractiveness. His adaptable and appreciative nature appealed to each of theirs; he knew them well and all that there was to be known,—their outward brusqueness, and their inward strength and sincerity. Possessing each of them strong personalities and abrupt manners; those who did not get within or beneath the reserve with which they enveloped themselves, went in awe—sometimes in fear of them; but Mr. Brookfield's genuine liking for them, together with his unerring instinct with regard to the mood of the moment, put them always at their ease, and made them give him their confidence in return for his esteem.

May 9th. [Diary.]

Dined with the Procters; only the Goldsmidts and Kinglake there. I became ill and Kinglake took me home in Francis Goldsmidt's carriage. He accompanied me upstairs, saw me into bed . . . and began to exhort me to give the attack serious attention . . . reminded me that *my complexion* was getting disagreeably yellow. "You'll have jaundice if you don't mind. Now do attend to it, my dear fellow. *You owe it to your congregation* to preserve your complexion."

Mr. Brookfield had a remarkably fine head of hair, and was not perhaps entirely unconscious of the fact. An old lady who much admired his preaching once approached Mrs. Brookfield, and with much circumlocution and apology said, "Of course, it doesn't really *matter*, there's nothing *wrong* in it, but it seems to me to create a disillusion, when one perceives such an eloquent and holy man to possess, even so trifling and thoroughly human a weakness. Could you not, dear Mrs. Brookfield, persuade your gifted husband to —er—*give up wearing that wig*."

In the last days of April news came to the Brookfields, straight from the death-bed in Paris, that Lady Ashburton was no more. The daughter of George John, sixth Earl of Sandwich, she was one of the brightest lights of her own time: and a woman who would have shone at any period. Grand in manner, brilliant in conversation, quick-witted, in fact exceptionally talented in every way, Lady Ashburton not only attracted the gifted, but having once drawn them to her, kept ever afterwards their friendship and regard. She loved the society of those who by their genius were lifted high above others, because her mind marched better with these than with more ordinary ones; but she was never tempted to vie with them, in fact she gave to all, and especially to Carlyle, "a filial respect and a duteous admiration."

The assemblies at the Grange at no time partook of the Sévigné-de Staël type, were never conferences of high wisdom nor even tournaments of wit; on the contrary, they might rather have been called the relaxations of Giants; for the *literati* there were expected to recreate themselves, while the environment was of such a nature as to permit great minds to unbend with dignity, tired brains to rest, and wit to pursue an unrestrained course.

Mrs. Brookfield, who deeply deplored the loss of this great friend, says: "To those who knew her intimately, the wise counsels, the tender consideration, and the protection of her faithful friendship were beyond all superficial comparison to "pearls and diamonds" and can never be forgotten."

Carlyle, who sincerely mourned her, called her "A magnanimous and a beautiful soul. . . . A great and irreparable loss to me, yet with some beautiful consolations in it too, a thing that fills my mind since Milnes came to me with the sad news, which I had never once anticipated though warned sometimes vaguely to do so. 'God sanctify my sorrow,' as the pious old phrase went. To her I believe it is a great gain, and the exit has in it as much of noble beauty as well as of pure sadness worthy of such a woman. Adieu, Adieu. . . . She was the greatest lady of rank I ever saw, with the soul of a princess and captainess, had there been any career possible for her but that fashionable one."

Chivalry was not altogether dead even so lately as the middle of the nineteenth century, and the men of the greatest intellect seem to have been those who felt the most crying need for something of the romantic or the heroic in their lives, for the majority of these certainly wore a "lady's sleeve" at one time or the other, and generally for the pure aesthetic pleasure of the thing, as witness Carlyle's devotion to Lady Ashburton and Kinglake's for Lady Duff-Gordon.

11*th*. [Diary.]

Called on Carlyle as to going to the Grange tomorrow to Lady Ashburton's funeral.

12*th*. At the Grange. Stood beside Carlyle at the Grave. There were present, besides ourselves, Lords Clanricarde, Granville, Grey, Sidney, Sandwich, Stanley of Alderley, Ashburton, Bath, Hinchingbrooke, Dufferin, Venables, H. Taylor, Thackeray, Humphrey Mildmay, F. Byng, Ellice, Dean of Westminster.

Mr. Brookfield had a true admiration for Lady Ashburton as well as for her husband, who was a firm friend to him and one always happy to be in his society. A person of great worth and ability himself, Lord Ashburton was proud of the place his wife took in the world and the position she so naturally and gracefully filled there; he encouraged her in all her enthusiasms, and every little thing she did interested him. Writing once to Mr. Brookfield, he said " Lady A. is as happy, with her changing views and her sunsets, as ever."

May 19*th*.

Charles Hallam Elton, the Brookfields' second son, born. Godfathers, Lord Ashburton and Mr. Hallam; Godmothers, Mrs. Elliot and Miss Baring.

Mrs. Brookfield, who was somewhat delicate after the birth of her younger son, had by now fulfilled her husband's prophecy, and was endeavouring to write a book, but the latter part of this year began to suffer so severely from " scrivener's cramp " that she could scarcely use her hand, and her work was accordingly set aside for some little time.

Mr. Brookfield, in Wales in the autumn, used to tell the following incident of his travels :

" Having been over-carried by rail to Mackynleth (South Wales), where I was told I could not recover my ground and be at my former destination (which I had overpassed) before noon the following day—I asked if a *letter* could be delivered earlier. Yes, I was told, if I would write it immediately it would be delivered several hours before I could reach the place. I asked them, " If a letter can go, why can't I ? " " Because," the humorous Welshman said, " you can't put a penny stamp on yourself and be sorted into a little leather bag, and be caught off a pole at midnight by a train going 40 miles an hour, and then be delivered by a letter carrier two or three *hours before you are up*."

Jan. 11*th*, 1858. [Diary.]

I asked Clough to-day what he thought of T— at College. He replied, " Ah, I don't know what grace may have done for him."

The Brookfields were at Lansdowne House a good deal during the season of 1858, Mr. Brookfield, at the dinners, being usually placed between Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin.

When Mrs. Norton was first introduced to Mrs. Brookfield it was at Lansdowne House, on which occasion she said, rushing at her with open arms : " Mrs.

Brookfield, I have heard of you, I have read of you, and I have dreamed of you—and at last I see you ! "

They would be there one night, the next at Lord Crewe's, after which they would drop in at Hallam's and then on to Mrs. Elliot's " where a large party." Next night to Sir Erskine Perry's, then on to Lord Stanley of Alderley's. " Where (24th Feb.) all the Whigs just at liberty by change of Ministry. Lady Aylesbury, Lady Brougham, Mrs. Lowe, Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, &c. Mrs. Stanley (Bishop's widow) spoke to me rather flatteringly about sermon of last Sunday."

Mr. Brookfield says of one night at Lansdowne House :

" I was talking to Lord Dufferin about the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). Lord Lansdowne joined us and said, ' I have often heard his father, William Wilberforce, in the Commons, and think the Bishop quite as eloquent as he was. . . .' One of us observed ' May there not be a little distinction made about the word *eloquent*—might we not often substitute *fluent*, and reserve eloquence for that which produces *emotion*, if not conviction or persuasion ? But whoever in the House of Lords was persuaded of anything,' etc. ' Well . . .' said Lord L., in a characteristically significant manner, ' it must be confessed that an impression has got abroad that the Bishop is not entirely——' (He left the sentence unfinished and turned to some other subject)."

April 24th.

In the evening to Park Chapel, where Mr. Goodheart said, "Oh, my goodness, I am not sure I am using the exact words of our translation . . . *I am reading from the Greek.*"

May 11*th.*

To Carlyle's, where I sat two hours in great enjoyment.

June 11*th.*

Dined with Procters. Procter and wife. Coventry Patmore, and the Angel in the House, Self, and Jane, and afterwards Miss Martineau.

Barry Cornwall about this time wrote:

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

We are still "climbing trees in the Hesperides," as you will see. The difference is that the daughter is now the active person, and not the father, whose poor old verses you so good-naturedly wrap up in your lawn. I hope that you will like some of the poems and if so that you will read one or two of them to Mrs. Brookfield, and extend their influence throughout the family. I am turning my attention to prose, & have already commenced a lecture, which I hope will attract the attention of scholars (I mean scholars of the young and humble orders). Shall you have an opportunity of reading it, turning it into music in fact—on one of your Inspecting Circuits? I start to-morrow morning for Yorkshire and Northumberland.

Yours ever,
B. W. PROCTER.

There was no jealousy in Barry Cornwall's remark about his gifted child. There was a beautiful attachment between the father, a gentle, charming, lovable creature, and the bright, enthusiastic daughter; while each poet with critical approbation admired the poems of the other.

16*th*.

To Kempton Vale with Lord Lyttelton, where we dined at the Robin Hood, and home by 8. In the evening to Lansdowne House. Hottest day in the year.

19*th*.

At home trying to write. Julia Cameron called to *enlever* me to catch up Alfred Tennyson and go home to dine at Putney Heath. Went to P.C.O. and wrote hasty word to Jane, picked up A. T. at Burlington House. Had pleasant evening.

A man of such originality as Mr. Brookfield was naturally unable to send in his Reports to the Privy Council in commonplace fashion. On the contrary, seeing the humorous whenever it transpired, and more than that seeing everything as the humorous only do, he recorded in his own clear style the facts that most struck him; with the result, that though his reports were usually the joy of his friends they presently became the fear of the P.C., who by and bye decided that Inspectors' Reports should no longer be printed.

In '55 Stephen Spring Rice had written concerning the Report of that year: "Were you the man who discovered the one spot in a lobster's carcase where he can be tickled? Certainly you have hit upon the best way of pleasing me."

Of school teachers as a body Mr. Brookfield was always full of praise, but he saw that they were hampered by bad traditions, and he was not afraid to say so. To illustrate the ignorance of children, through the assumption of their knowledge of common things, he relates:

"I was once inspecting a school, to speak in slighting terms of which would convey an utterly incorrect impression of its relative quality. As compared with other schools it was a very respectable and thriving institution. The clergyman learned, assiduous, pious, and most deservedly of high position and repute; beloved in his parish, and esteemed beyond it. The teacher was accomplished, industrious, humble-minded, and zealous in the work. The first class had read a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. I asked them whose were the words they had been reading. No answer. I repeated the question in many varied forms, but still no answer. The clergyman said they could not understand my way of putting the question. I, therefore, showed them some very bad penmanship of my own, which lay upon the table, addressed to the correspondent of the school, and asked whose words those were, and they gave the answer with terrible precision. I asked whose were the words of the sermon they had heard last Sunday; they replied

(I have no doubt with equal accuracy), 'the clergyman's.' I asked whose were the words of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and they said 'St. Paul's.' I now repeated my first question. 'Who spoke the words of the Sermon on the Mount ?' No answer still. The visitors grew uncomfortable; the teacher distressed, and the clergyman, assuring me that the children could answer the question if intelligibly proposed to them, accepted, at my request, the responsibility of putting it. 'Now, my dear children,' he proceeded, 'I am going to ask you precisely the same question as the Inspector, which I am sure you can answer. Who spoke the words of the Sermon on the Mount ? But, before answering it, think for a moment who it was, and, as you pronounce His name, make a bow or courtesy of obeisance, for it is written, "At His Name every knee shall bow." So, now, whose words were they ?'

I need not add that the question was answered by a shout more accurate, triumphant, and unanimous than reverential; that comfort and good humour were restored, and that I was looked upon as an incompetent and discomfited examiner. But when afterwards alone with the teacher, a frank and candid person, I thought it well to inquire whether it was supposed that the children had been really able to answer the question which I in vain had put to them. No, it was readily acknowledged they had not. Had they ever been told whose words those were ? No, most likely not; it had been taken for granted that they knew so simple a thing as that. Would the children ever, of their own accord, have inquired whose they were? No, it was not in their way to do so.

And yet several of these children would have answered questions far more difficult than any that I should have dreamed of putting to them; questions in the books of Deuteronomy, or Daniel, or the Epistle to the Hebrews."

Side by side with this Mr. Brookfield tells of the boy who possessed a somewhat unusual knowledge.

"I am tempted to relate a juvenile instance of 'the homage which vice pays to virtue,' through which, however, instinctive predilection betrays itself with a *naïveté* which may not, perhaps, alarm your Lordships so much as it appeared to distress the school authorities. It is my custom to ask the children of a first class to write impromptu upon their slates about different objects which I mention to them, an elephant, a swan, a monkey, etc. To one little boy of eleven years of age I had, perhaps somewhat imprudently, proposed a race-horse. He gave up his slate, inscribed, with very good writing and spelling as follows:

'The race-horse is a noble animal, used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. I'Anson's "Blinkbonny," a beautiful filly by "Melbourne," rising four. The odds were twenty to one against her; thirty started, and she won only by a neck.'

I handed this dissertation to one of the managers. He returned it to me with a perplexed look, saying, 'I am very sorry indeed for this. He was always a very good little boy *till now*.'

"I found that he was the son of an honest and industrious groom, and, notwithstanding the ominous 'till now,' the intelligent and amiable appearance of the child, and the good character I heard of him, give colour to the hope, which charity inclines to cherish, that he may yet clear the treadmill."

Once Mr. Brookfield found himself obliged to set a paper on physical science. "What was I to do? I knew nothing about hydrogen or oxygen or any other 'gen.' So I set them a paper which I called 'applied science.' One of my questions was, 'What would you do to cure a cold in the head?' A young lady answered, 'I should put *my* feet into hot water till *you* were in a profuse perspiration.'"

A letter from Frank Lushington, who had some official position in Corfu, and who was about to give it up as he pined for England, runs:

CORFU,
4th July, 1858.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

. . . I fear you never had the opportunity of seeing the two beautiful little Corfu pictures of Lear's which I mentioned to you, as they were not in time for the exhibition. He has returned from Syria very well and very much delighted with his journey in Palestine. He was twice robbed and once within a trifle of being murdered, but those slight drawbacks have only made him the more anxious to go there again and stay there for years drawing everything that is to be drawn. The sketches he has made are many of them very beautiful as well as locally very interesting. I only hope he may find patrons enough to buy all the Holy Land pictures he wants to paint. I don't know what he will do when I return to England, and indeed he doesn't know himself—he is so fond of the excessive beauty of this country that, although there is much in living here which he dislikes, I am sure he is very unwilling to leave it altogether, and he will not, I think, settle in England for any length of time.

We had the honour of receiving here our lawful sovereign, the King of Greece, two days ago, on which occasion we displayed all the loyalty and all the contempt for our base tyrants, the English, that could be put into the ceremony. I don't blame them—or us—which is it? I mean the Greeks—but the unalterable antipathy between the foreigner and the native in this small place is one of its drawbacks as a place of residence, of which a longer residence makes one only more conscious.

I am glad to hear from Venables of Alfred Tennyson employing himself in writing more Arthur-poems. When he has written and published a whole volume full of them it is to be hoped he will forget or forgive Milnes his unfortunately limited approbation of the two first. In the pursuit of useless knowledge of late I have been reading that huge volume of Mr. Buckle on Civilization, which I think is the most irritating, wicked, unprincipled, illogical, and altogether unsound book I have seen for a long time. Possibly in a colder climate it might not try the reader's temper so much. Have you had the boldness to attack the lengthy monster? For your own sake I should hope not, but I see the *Edinburgh Review* speaks as if nobody could read anything else now-a-days. . . .

Believe me, dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Yours ever,

F. Lushington.

On being asked to join a party to Cremorne, Mr. Brookfield wrote :

P. was a priest all shaven and shorn,
Who had done many things that are not to be borne,
And that frighten the starch in episcopal lawn,
He'd have yielded when thrashed more of chaff than of corn.
He drank ale or claret from glass jug or horn.
He had smoked with Spring Rice from midnight till morn.
In short the most blameable parson yet born.
But somewhere and some when a line must be drawn,
And for his part he drew it at going to Cremorne.

And he told about this time :

" Archbishop Whateley came into the Vestry and said to me (it was after sermon ' Temperate in all things.' ' I take the liberty—for I believe it is a liberty—to come in to thank you,' he said, ' for a very,' etc., etc., ' and perhaps the liberty may be the more readily excused from my position in the Church. I once preached that sermon ' (my heart came into my mouth, for I was not certain that I might not have cribbed it), ' but in very inferior language, and I believe we both got the substance of it from the same source, viz., the Apostle Paul.' I lent it after to a clergyman who preached it, and heard it complained of as not being the Gospel."

And that : " Ballantyne, chaffing another barrister, on working in vacation, said, ' What's the use of making so much money—you can't take it with you into the next world, and if you did it would *melt*."

Mr. Brookfield paid a long visit to Scotland in the autumn, which brought forth :

Loch Luichart,
Dingwall, N.B.,
Thursday, 16 *Sep.*, 1858.

My dear Jane,

I went on the Lake with Lady Litchfield. Lord L. was stalking. He is brother of Lady Elcho and very like her. He had great sport and killed two bucks. Same evening arrived Mr. and Lady M. Beaumont. He a rich mine holder in Northumberland, she Lord Clanricarde's daughter, and a fine lady with some cleverness and a great deal of millinery; neither of them adapted to this kind of Highland life, but rather to that of Dunrobin, where people come down to breakfast in frock coats and lavender waistcoats, then change for the hills, gentlemen into tweeds and ladies into lindsey woolseys; then again a new transformation for lunch, and finally they dine in, oh, I don't know what. Here everybody (except Lady M. B.) dresses for breakfast in the vilest costumes and change no more till dinner at seven-thirty. The Litchfields went yesterday, their own forest being only ten miles off. The Beaumonts stay some days longer, and will, I should think, be excessively weary of it. Louise M'Kenzie is invited for the first day that she can come, which (once at liberty at home) will not be long. I don't know that anybody else that I know is expected. Miss Baring is much the pleasantest woman in the house, *i.e.*, nobody could be better than Lady Litchfield for pleasing simplicity, but Miss B. has plenty of brains and breeding and humour besides. It is a week since I wrote to Mrs. Clarke and Lady Airlie; but posts are very untoward here and I shall more likely have word from them to-morrow. If I did not I should still have no difficulty in filling up more time than I wish to spare for the north. But I weary of this life, and would ten times rather be at Brighton.

Sir Edwin Landseer was staying at Loch Luichart at this same time, and Mr. Brookfield notes that he told him : " he could always get the following story out of the Duke of Athol (I don't know which Duke), who always told it with the gravity of fact. The Duke with his Piper were once fishing for pike. He hooked a very large one, but in leaning over the boat side to gaff, the piper let fall two large pistols from his belt—and both fish and pistols were lost in the lake. Two or three years afterwards the Duke was fishing in the same spot and took an enormous pike. It was sent up to the kitchen to be baked. It was put into the oven ; after a while the cook went to see how it was getting on, but had no sooner opened the oven door than—bang ! bang !—and the cook was shot dead. It was the pike who had swallowed the pistols two years ago ! "

The same Duke had invited a guest to stalk deer for one day. Said guest was in his bed awaiting sunrise when he heard a gillie creep along to the Duke's door and knock. " Well, what now ? " said his Grace. " Will I give him a walk or a shot, your Grace ? " " Give him a walk and be —— to him."

Landseer, it seems, once did an engraving of Kate Perry when she was twenty, and of this, she says in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, " It is greatly flattered, but I can see it was a likeness of me when Landseer was a-wooing. How different my life might have been —my clothes always smelling of oil paint—but he is a delightful companion."

Kate Perry herself was also a " delightful companion." She was a frail-looking creature who, in her young days, held her head on one side in a humble and deprecatory fashion, looking up through her lashes with admiration at everybody who interested her. But that simple-looking lady with her limpid eyes more than held her own in contests with better-known wits. She was hailed as a fellow by the conversationalists of her circle, and with her gay gossip, sprightly anecdotes, and appealing appearance was welcomed everywhere.

Many a dinner was arranged that she and Landseer might meet. At Landsdowne House they used to be placed side by side or opposite each other, and the people in their near neighbourhood were the lucky ones. She was interesting from her surroundings, but she was quite as interesting in herself.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

13 CHESHAM PLACE,
21*st September*, 1858.

My dear Mr. Brook—

I never paid a debt more willingly than I do in answering your letter, for I was very anxious to hear if Scotland were doing you good; if it does not, it will be very ungrateful of it, for I am sure you will do good to Scotland. "At her old ways again," I hear you say, "always flattery!" Yes, Mr. Mentor, you may rail,

> "But e'en at times you men of wit
> Will condescend to take a bit."

I am more honest and own to being very grateful for the smallest donation in that line,—but to return to Scotland, if you are not tempted to any great exertions over heather, or ramble too much about with Loo McKenzie, I am sure the exhilarating air and freedom from all duties will set you up. I look upon a Hill as the best doctor on earth, and a mountain, Esculapius himself—and what pleasant people you seem to be meeting. The sight of Loo McKenzie is a tonic in itself—is she to be Lady A.? They would fit very well, though you who know Lord A. so intimately are a far better judge than I am, who don't know him at all.

After 10 days of West Court we returned to Chesham Place to scramble through the Autumn as well as we can, and having bought a pot of chrysanthemums, and being of a cheerful frame of mind, Jane and I think we shall not be very wretched; having always in mind that it is the undergrowth of small pleasures which is the real antidote to melancholy—perhaps this is the reason why Stephen Spring Rice and Frederick cultivate a beard. To-morrow, if fine, we go by an excursion train to spend 8 hours at Brighton, to see a friend of ours living at 31 Western Cottages, and our poor invalid Mrs. Lloyd, to whom your dear Jane has been all kindness. The only thing against these excursion trains is that they decant you sooner into the next world than one might desire—poor E. Crauford coming from Paris with Oswald the day before yesterday had a terrible fright—there was a collision, 3 carriages smashed, but none of the passengers hurt, as they were able to scramble out in time. Eleanor, like a female Julius Cæsar, secured Oswald's Government despatches, and rushed down a hill with them. Eleanor I called poor at the beginning of this paragraph; I will tell you why. When I asked her if she had made any pleasant acquaintances she said a curious curse attended her. One ball she was just beginning to dance with a charming German, when I. fainted; at another ball she sprained her ankle, and at Baden-

Baden, an old Italian Marquis, who knew everyone, and offered to introduce I. and T. to his friends, had what I would call an awkward *additamente* hanging on his arm—a Miss Walley, a stay-maker, who possessed possibly every stay "save innocence and Heaven," so E. has come home very much disenchanted with the Continent and expresses it in forcible language when she considers herself as cursed by an untoward fate.

Emily Wombwell is in town enjoying the absence of her family; she had a Plymouth brother calling on her yesterday. I made her laugh by telling her of some young lady who once said, meaning a Plymouth brother, that a Yarmouth bloater had just been to see her.

They will be charmed at Raith if you can go, I wonder if you will write to me again.

With love from
Yours affectionately,
KATE.

Miss Louisa Stewart Mackenzie, a great friend of the Brookfields, and a very attractive woman both mentally and physically, *was* to be the second Lady Ashburton, and the wedding took place a little later this same autumn.

Mrs. Brookfield, at Brighton with her children, writes just now:

31 WESTERN COTTAGES,
BRIGHTON,
Monday, 4th October, 1858.

My dearest William,

Henry Taylor arrived unexpectedly this morning, and had early dinner with us. I walked to the House

Agents with him and he tried to get a house with ten bedrooms in it for four pounds four shillings a week, which was not to be found, fourteen pounds being nearer the price, and so he went back to St. Leonards at three thirty with a disappointing account of his expedition. He enquired particularly after you, and will be going to take lodgings in or near London for himself alone from the eleventh October. After he was gone I went and called on Edith and Florence Procter, who were at home. They say their Mother and Adelaide are now working southwards and were at Edinburgh when they wrote last. I can't write more this evening, my hand is so tired.

Your ever-loving wife,
J. O. B.

In her next letter she tells him:

"Mr. Dean called here; he was talking of your Report, and said it was generally rumoured that in consequence of that special report of yours the Inspectors were no longer to publish them, the authorities having considered you had been dangerously honest in showing up the ignorance and blunders you came across."

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter:

BIRK HALL,
BALLATER, N.B.,
Tuesday, 5 *Oct.*, '58.

My dear Magdalene,

I did not thank you for the letter with the partridge feathers, but I do now. It was a very nice letter and a great pleasure to me.

I daresay you will be amused with things about what they in this house call "the Children," meaning the Queen's young folks. I drove with Sir James Clark on Saturday to Balmoral Castle (8 miles off) and the family being out we went about the house. In the room of the two youngest children things were very nearly as simple as if it were for you. Little iron bedsteads, etc., and in one corner of a sofa sate up a china doll exactly like one of yours, with crooked sawdust legs, and in the school room were Magnall's Questions, Markham's History, and Maunder's Treasury. On Sunday we went to the Church that the Queen goes to. There she sate in the gallery exactly opposite us, with Prince Consort, Lady Churchill, and Miss Stopford. Lady Churchill called here next day, while I was out with Lord Cranworth, but I got back just in time to speak to her as she mounted her horse to ride back with General Grey. Then came at the same time in a Carriage with their French and German Governesses Princess Louisa and Prince Arthur. Children with frank, intelligent, and good-natured faces. The little fellow (about eight) enquired who everybody was, and stood on the steps as I went in taking off his cap, very like a little gentleman, as I passed; and afterwards when Mrs. Clark took him into a yard to feed the turkeys, he handed the basket of bits of bread to me, asking me to amuse myself by giving them some also. I asked him when he intended to shoot a stag. I don't think he quite understood the question, for he answered immediately with that guttural "r" which they all have, "It has been a very lucky week the Prince Consort says," meaning that a great many stags had been shot. When they went away the Princess walked up to shake hands with me, just as you would have done, so I shook hands with a little smile and bow and said, "Good morning, Princess Louisa."

I heard nothing from any of you yesterday, but possibly I may to-day at half-past two. At present it is only one. Prince Alfred (the Sailor) has just come to lunch with Colonel Ponsonby, Doctor Becker, and another. He is a very nice-looking boy of about fourteen, but little. He is gone out for a short walk before lunch, if there is anything to tell I will tell you afterwards.

Six p.m. Viper—Cow—Ape—Spider—Toad—Rat—Pig—Alligator—! Post has come in, and nothing, not even a feather from you.

We have been a little excursion to a waterfall, only four miles off. Prince Alfred drove Sir James Clark, Doctor Becker, and myself, in a dog cart, the rest went on ponies. There is a very narrow bridge made of four separate poles, about six yards long across the Waterfall with no railing, with "fearful Chasms" yawning below. The boy walked across. I was not going to be beaten by a Midshipman and followed. The poles rocked and danced very queerly beneath I must own, but we got over and back again all safe. Colonel Ponsonby followed, but half way across went down on his hands and knees, the rest declined, which I afterwards thought myself an old goose for not doing too. But here I am.

I don't leave this now till Thursday morning, pretty early, and reach Cortachy same evening if all be well.

Leaving this on Thursday morning I shall travel south and south, and by degrees shall reach London. It seems months since I left it. I hear that you have been very happy with your new friends. Good-bye, my dear. All this letter has been about princes and things. Well, I have not much to write about, and there are no princes or princesses I should like to see so much as you.

Ever your affectionate Papa,
W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

Cortachy Castle,
Kirriemuir, N.B.,
Friday, 8 *Oct.*, 1858.

My dear,

I have received here your letters of the fifth and sixth, and possibly there may be another to-morrow morning.

I got here yesterday evening. Lady Stanley and daughter Maude were here. Lady Airlie arrived soon after from a great wedding at some distance; Lord Airlie is still in the Deer Forest not returning till Sunday, and I am the only visitor.

We have been to-day to see Glamis Castle, a show place, but the inhabitants there. While sitting in the drawing-room strangers were announced to see the place. I heard my name and it was the Stuart Wortleys. They come here to-morrow to luncheon. I go to Drummond Castle for two days on Wednesday.

I am a good deal tired and nothing has happened to relate. I am very sorry to learn that your hand has been giving you fresh pain; but pain is perhaps a symptom that would give you less apprehension than numbness would.

Ever yours,
W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield was at this time so much absorbed in her young children that her letters—on the rare occasions on which she wrote—partook too much of the nursery to be of interest; also her right hand was getting worse and worse, and the cramps so constant, that she was forced at last to give up trying to write with it. Realizing that she was in future not likely to be able to use it much she at last bravely undertook to write with her left, and in a short time she succeeded admirably. She wrote all her books in this way, and continued so to write all her life.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

RAITH,
KIRKCALDY,
20 *Oct.*, 1858.

Dearest Jane,

I started a few minutes after I wrote yesterday with Mrs. Norton, who had resolved to visit Raith same time as myself, not having used an invitation of some weeks ago. We arrived at five, neither of us expected by the servants, for I had only written so that Miss F. would get my note at Camperdown (where they were visiting Lord Camperdown) day before, and they had not yet arrived. The servants, however, showed a well bred freedom from embarrassment, and rooms were presently ready, and host and hostess arrived at six and all was right. Only one visitor, Colonel Dixon, but to-day Sir William and Lady Milnes come. I knew her as Georgina Lumley twenty-three years ago in Yorkshire. She is Lord Scarbro's sister.

I cannot quite decide about going back to Keir (Stirling) for a day or two to-morrow. He is gone to meet Rajah Brook at his Uncle's, and would very likely bring back the Rajah with him, whom I should like to see.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

KEIR, NEAR DUNBLANE, N.B.,
Saturday, 23 *October*, 1858.

My dear Jane,

I was kept out in a drive yesterday beyond post time, and to-day I am told that it is no use writing till to-morrow as the letter will lose its time in London, but I risk that and send this line by early post to signify that I came here with Mrs. Norton Thursday afternoon, and found here the Airlies, and Captain and Mrs. Stuart. Yesterday (Friday) the Airlies and Mrs. N. took me to call on Lady Abercrombie, where we walked farther than was good for me, and I feel it to-day. Thence we called on the Episcopal Clergyman of Dunblane (Mr. Malcolm). I was congratulating myself on my name not being mentioned and was sitting silent while Lords and Ladies had the talk when the Clergyman, who appeared to know me very well, reminded me of our having met at Cambridge twenty-six years ago, and I afterwards recalled his person. To-day and yesterday are very fine October weather. Count and Madame and Mdlle. de Flahault arrive to-day, I suppose Lady Shelburne's parents and sister.

Jan. 6th, 1859. [Diary.]

At Uplands, East Sheen (the Taylors). Letters from home brought word of Mr. Hallam being attacked by his last illness. Jane started for Pickhurst.

8th.

Somebody said he had mentioned in Douglas Jerrold's company, "That air," naming one, "always carries me away." "Is there nobody here that can whistle it?" asked Jerrold.

10*th.*

I went to Pickhurst to-day and saw Mr. Hallam. His memory and speech were very lucid.

18*th*.

At seven to dine with B. Procter to keep his birthday (71 last November, when he could not have the dinner). Present: Procter and Wife, Charles Dickens and Forster, Gaskell, Wilkes, Sir E. Landseer and self. It was excessively pleasant.

Landseer told me it was not Sydney Smith who originated "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" (*i.e.*, sit for his portrait to Landseer). On the contrary, Landseer met Sydney one day lolling in his carriage, with the tips of his right and left fingers and thumbs together, when he beckoned him (L.) to the carriage side and told it him as a *mot* of Lockhart's, adding playfully, "I think I shall take it."

It was Horace Smith who when some one spoke plaintively of such a one having lost his wife, replied, "Lost, nonsense. He knows well enough where she is."

21*st*.

Mr. Hallam died. Jane was present.

27*th*.

At Clevedon for his funeral.

Sate up with Arthur and Julian Young in servants' hall with cigars till twelve, Julian Young relating stories, not so good in themselves, as made to appear by his exceedingly great histrionic skill.

28*th*.

Funeral of Mr. Hallam took place to-day at Clevedon Old Church, attended by Colonel J. F. Cator (afterwards Sir John Lennard, Bt.), Sir A. H. Elton, self, etc. One hearse and four, three mourning carriages, and pairs. I read the service. Went down after into the grave. They lie thus:

North	H. F. H.		Mr. H.	South
	Ellen.	Mrs. H.	A. H. H.	

The will was read at Clevedon Court.

Henry Hallam, son of the Dean of Bristol, and one of England's most intellectual sons, was eighty-three when he died, full of honour and dignity. He was, as Lord Lyttelton says, "a strong and a great man." His mental grasp and his physical vigour were both unrivalled, and the one was perhaps the complement of the other. A sweet-natured man of much sociability, he never allowed the great tasks he engaged upon to interfere with the time he gave to his friends; his life was so exquisitely regulated that when he left the study after accomplishing the amount of work he had set himself, he was always fresh, cheerful, and urbane. He had a charming humour, and was a handsome, courtly gentleman—fine in his intellect, his character, and his life.

31*st*. [Diary.]

Had a large dinner party. Pollocks, Wigans, Mrs. and Miss Procter, W. Harcourt, and R. Cholmondeley, Chorley, self, and wife, Mrs. B. and children having been to a Christmas Tree at the Thackerays' in the afternoon.

Mr. Brookfield was in the habit of giving in the course of every year several Shakespeare readings. These were remarkably popular, "four or five hundred in the audience," he would sometimes count, and however far away he gave them, it is noticeable that men as well as women friends all eagerly flocked to be present at them.

"Crosby Hall. Ducat scene from 'Shylock' (as he invariably called the Merchant of Venice). 'Bridge of Sighs,' 'Song of the Shirt.' Tremendous applause."

The Brookfields had long been recognised as social attractions, but invitations in '59 so crowded in upon them that they had to divide forces. "Jane to dine with the Thackerays. I to Lord Salisbury's." Generally they went from their big parties on to Mrs. Procter, where they would be sure to meet one or other of the "Set." Monteith, as well as Milnes, was often to be found there. At one dinner at Lansdowne House were "Lord L. and Mrs. Norton, R. Monckton Milnes, and Mrs., Lord and Lady Shelburne, Lord and Lady Edward Thynne, Self and Jane, Thackeray and William Harcourt, Sir Alexander Gordon." And these were the usual sort of gatherings, and there spirit and good humour never seemed to flag. Then there would come a series of meetings with "Alfred," while letters from Spring Rice showed that interest in the Poet was still to the fore in the minds of all his friends.

From S. Spring Rice to Mrs. Brookfield:

Tell me when you write again how you like this particular vision of yourself. You are looking sad if not stern. It is not exactly the expression with which I should like you to look at me, but the other shown me was a profile, and I hold it the most precious thing in a friend's portrait—that you should be able to look into the eyes. I have carefully hidden away the old one on collodion, though I was glad enough to have it before I had this. . . .

Have you heard anything about the Tennysons lately? Tell me when you write again—though remember knowing what trouble and pain writing is to you, I shall not look to hear from you soon or often. I hear that McMillan has given Alfred £250 for a poem to come out in the next number of his new magazine. What a change! I sometimes feel a sort of amazed perplexity, reaching across a few years to pluck a fragment of the past to compare it with the present. It seems an unreality to recall old times at Cambridge when all the world was ready to laugh at us for our faith in Alfred and to compare it with his present popularity. It reminds one of one of Shelley's similes for the skylark invisible in the blue sky,

> Like a poet hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden
> *Till the world is wrought*
> *To sympathy* with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Two widely different men, Wordsworth and Alfred have fought and won this uphill fight in a more striking way than often happens in a century.

SPRING RICE.

Aug. 16*th*, 1859. [Diary.]

Left London by three o'clock train with Alfred Tennyson and Palgrave. Found Jane and the children at Bullar's, where I joined them at dinner. At nine thirty to Tennyson and Palgrave at Radley's for a couple of hours when they were joined by Grove who was going with them to Lisbon. *Alfred had entered his name E. Tennyson, Esq.*

Of this time Lord Tennyson says, " Brookfield kept up my spirits by his tales and his puns," etc., but the poet seems to have listened with deference to his travelled opinion, as well as to his humour, for he was delighted that " Brookfield should give him so good an account of the cleanliness of Seville."

While staying Oct. 15th at Bretton Hall with the Beaumonts, Mr. Brookfield says, " A large party set out for Wentworth Castle at twelve. I lunched alone with the Duc de Richelieu, who charged me with " *Bien des choses à Milnes*." He went on from there to Fryston and, *en route*, met many *savants* from the Bradford Social Science meeting also going there; they seem to have joined forces.

" Sunday; Fryston Church full. I read, the Curate preached, evidently a pet sermon. I found out afterwards he fancied Lord Palmerston was there. Afternoon I preached—very thin auditory. The Cowpers, Miss Carpenter, Milnes and wife, Hastings and O. Farr. After dinner Milnes read poetry and then a very poor sermon of Sydney Smith's. *Mr.* Milnes read prayers very impressively."

The next evening he and Milnes and wife read the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice," which "did not seem very effective except that Mrs. Milnes read very prettily indeed. I afterwards read story of Le Fevre, on which Mrs. Jameson complimented me very flatteringly."

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

Loch Luichart,
Dingwall, N.B.,
30th Aug., 59.

My dear or rather hated Mr. Brookfield,

I have heard of a man without a shadow but a man without a heart is a more frightful distortion of nature; was it not partly by your fulsome descriptions of the charms of Brahan and Loch Luichart that excited my desire to push off from my native land and visit these wild parts. (I firmly believe you sent me here, that I might hear your praises knelled into my ears, for they are like funeral chimes on a defunct friend), and being cast on this desert but most lovely shore without my clothes—for were they not by a clod of earth (a Perth railway porter) sent back to Euston Square, one trunk going one way, and my own corporeal one another, and arriving like a piece of seaweed thrown on the hospitable hearth at Brahan, but where was the letter of tender inquiry from the promoter of this journey, and where, oh, heartless Mrs. Viper Jane! is the answer to my long letter to be? I believe your hearts have crept into empty cockle shells on the beach at Eastbourne, and if so Mrs. Taylor shall devour you with a *bon appetit* at breakfast.

I have been here a week thoroughly delighting in the place, but a weight like the Grampians is now sitting on my shoulders, for the neighbours are pouring in, Louisa is ill in bed, and *I*—fancy the strangeness of the position and the *queer memories* and odd coincidences and the comicality of life's jest book—sitting in Loo's place before Lord A. entertaining his guests. I go to bed with trembling, I expect the wrathful spectacle of Venables stiffer in his neckcloth than ever he is in life, saying, "What are *you*, Kate Perry, doing here?" You must own it is all *very* strange, and the strangest thing is one gets so soon reconciled to the most wonderful combination of events. Lord A. and I have lived through many breakfasts and dinners together, and some day I will tell you my *theory* of him, I dare say very false, but I should be curious to know if it at all corresponds with yours who know him so much better. I don't think *I* suit him, but we talk on a good deal about everything. I go back to Brahan for another 10 days, and then to Mrs. Bontine.

Brahan I found very beautiful, but I like the wild outline of these hills better. The society part is just beginning; hitherto we have been quite alone taking long walks and drives. The Ashburtons were there all the time, the hand and glove fit capitally, and both seem as happy as people ought to be who are still gathering matrimonial honey. Loo finds new good qualities in him every day and she seems perfectly contented with her lottery ticket,—it certainly is not an 0!

Think of T. L. and W. H. Old Hymen thought he would invent a conundrum when he buckles those two together; if strong contrasts are successful theirs will be a happy knot. Write to me till the 10th at Brahan, after that to Finlaystone, Port Glasgow, but do write *somewhere*.

My dearest love to the dearest of women.

Yours affectionately,

K.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

FINLAYSTONE,
PORT GLASGOW,
16*th Sept.*, 59.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

The first thing my eyes beheld to-day was a very clear and distinct direction written in very fair characters, and I was most delighted to see the said direction.

I left Brahan with a great deal of regret, not only for the place but for its very kind and hospitable inmates. Loch Luichart responds to a certain touch of the romantic which I believe you have detected in me,—the imagination may travel for ever among those barren hills and find no rest for the sole of its foot. What is beyond ? is the great question one is always asking oneself both in the temporal as well as the spiritual world. Why, Sutherland is beyond, you goose, I hear you say—" something still more arid and desolate than what you are looking at," and suppose from one's idle vacant useless life here there is a drearier Land hereafter. At all events at this moment I am in no purgatory, but very happy with Missie Bontine, and she enters into all my enthusiasm about lakes and waterfalls, though familiar with them for the last 7 years ; the Clyde is very lovely. Yesterday we went to Loch Lomond, a lovely day and everything made it one to remember. She is very charming and varied in her intellectual attainments, besides being very pretty, which you know I appreciate in my female friends—it is not many who can boast of having three such friends as Jane Brookfield, Missie Bontine, Louisa Ashburton, three such women and *one man friend.*

Aubrey de Vere . . .
Hear. Hear. Hear . . . ! ! !

The Grange parties, under new conditions, now in

1859 began again; they were smaller than in former days, but still interesting, they still had their charm and a new peculiar *cachet*, for Louisa, Lady Ashburton had a sparkle and a geniality all her own.

The Brookfields joined the family group at Christmas, and early in the New Year came the Carlyles, as well as the Monckton Milnes. Mr. Brookfield says he read "Le Fevre" one night, "flat as a plate, no one seemed to like it." He also says, "Carlyle at my request wrote for Mrs. Sumner,

"Simon Brodie had a cow.
He lost his cow and could na' find her;
When he'd done all that man could do—
The kuh cam hame wi' her tail behind her."

And asked about a person whom we both knew well. "Had he muckle intill him?" but answered himself, "Deal a muckle excep' what he slappit in wi' a spune."

Jan. 29th.

Fanshawe told me of a woman who speaking about money troubles said to him, "Ah, well! I think it will be all right now. We have the privilege of having employed an attorney who *makes it a matter of prayer*."

Venables said same time he could not understand what the Millennium meant unless it meant that every man would then possess a thousand a year.

Feb. 10th.

Millais said of another painter that "before he undertook to paint a scapegoat he should secure being able to paint a goat at all." So before a man calls himself High Church or Low Church he had better secure being of *the* Church.

April 28th.

Re-wrote sermon on "Little Children" for the Palace to-morrow, having concluded that "Conversion of St. Paul" was too rhetorical for a domestic congregation.

29th.

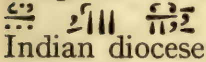
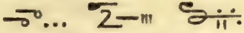
Preached at 12 at Buckingham Palace. Queen, Prince Consort, Princes Alfred and Arthur, Princesses Alice, Louise, and Helena.

The Dean of Windsor spoke very good naturedly about it. Said in a shy sort of way that he was not in the habit of flattering, but that I had taken the measure of the congregation (meaning as including all conditions) very successfully, and he was sure the Queen would be very much pleased too. He also invited me to Windsor.

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

BAFFINSTOWN,
DIOCESE OF NORTH CAPE,
13*th March*, 1860.

My dear Lord,

I have received with sentiments which a mitred bosom only could appreciate a gift from so distinguished a member of your Lordship's house as that which I have the honour to address. It is true that as your Lordship condescends to intimate—the language in which it is composed is somewhat of the deader character; and as we of the crozier have not, since the accession of the Shaftesbury dynasty, owed our preferment so much to recondite erudition as to personal excellence, I will not deny the possibility that some of the more delicate beauties of the opuscule may have failed to present themselves so prominently to my appreciation as might have been the case with a person of more learning and less virtue. I submitted the work to a synod of our order this day, and so much controversy has arisen upon the title page that I fear it may be long before the general merits of the translation can be the subject of synodic decree. His Lordship of Nomansland considered that it referred to some Talmudic legend of an act of Cannibalism perpetrated upon a Patriarch of the Hebrew persuasion by the Moabites, and mentioned in Bar Tehel (Com. tal. Isr. trad. viz. temp. Psal. Gen. c. xiii. vi.), where they are called  or Lot eaters. The Bishop of the new Indian diocese, Chokin-bahd-at, however, opined that the reference was to  or Loot eaters. While the Archdeacon of Spoonsbury applied it to the few brokers in waiting at an Auction to buy up all the articles submitted to public competition. To myself it appears clear that they are all to seek in the matter. I remember Charles Merivale relating Fred Tennyson's first introduction of himself. It was in Hull, and after sitting mute and eating voraciously for twenty minutes Frederick exclaimed to Merivale, " Don't you find that you eat a deuce of a lot ? "

I think that nothing can be clearer than that the reference is to this member of that gifted family, to another member of which I have this day forwarded your Lordship's work.

Your Lordship will kindly be glad to learn that I get on in this remote and hyperborean diocese as profitably as could be expected. The population is not dense, nor the subordinate clergy numerous. But the preferment, though not so good as I could wish, is perhaps better than I deserve. Since my arrival here the sun has risen but once, and has set no oftener, and I can conscientiously say (what few of my order can) that I have not lost more than a single day since I came.

With repeated thanks I have the honour to remain,
My dear Lord,
Your affectionate servant,
W. F. Baffinstown and North Cape.

On this occasion Lord Lyttelton had been translating Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters" into particularly fine Greek, hence the above humorous allusions; but Mr. Brookfield, though prone to rally when in lighter mood, had beneath it all a great and true appreciation of the talents of his erudite friend. And then their friendship was one that allowed of such and similar liberties, for it was a truly remarkable attachment, one which lasted from early days until the end of their lives with absolutely no fluctuations.

Dinners and big parties again all this year, though sometimes now it was whispered that some were "wanting in vivacity," and that others were "too wise by half." They would sometimes too be merciless, and in high good spirits, say of some dear friend, "he tried his joke but he reserved the point."

June 20th.

To Court. Presented by Lord Granville. Went in an omnibus to top of St. James' Street, whence the boy took my things to the Oxford and Cambridge Club, whence with Garden to Vestry of Chapel Royal, where I dressed, paying a tip of five shillings to Mr. Lingard, Sergeant of the C. R. for attendance. Presented at about three. Home by 4.30.

The Brookfields saw so much of the Carlyles that there was not a great correspondence between them, but missing Mrs. Carlyle's presence at the Grange the Christmas of '60, Mr. Brookfield wrote and told her of his sentiments, on which she replied :

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
27 *December*, 1860.

Bless me ! Dear Mr. Brookfield ! Wonders will never cease ! Again a letter " all out of your own head," *three years* after the one from Elba ! I am struck—not dumb (as you see), but struck any other word you like—say foolish ! And that will explain anything and everything that may follow ; what will follow I have no more notion than you have, than that quadruped on the hearthrug has ! I know I have got a pen in hand to write you a letter ; a civil letter deserves a civil answer all the world over. But what about ? " *God knows*," which means that nobody else does ! The fact is, you see, you are *outside* my natural correspondence. A man who fires off a letter at one from the island of Elba, without rhyme or reason, and *three years* after fires off another from the same principle from the Grange, can't be called a *natural* correspondent, can he ? Then for *unnatural* correspondence, Mrs. Ellis, my chosen guide, as you know, has given no rules. Perhaps her simple rules for making conversation might be applied with advantage to unnatural correspondence, " Be careful always to announce a fact, or inculcate a moral sentiment." But, oh, Mr. Brookfield ! between man and man, if there be anything I detest more than an announced fact it is just an inculcated moral sentiment ! So *that* line is *no go !* Suppose then I address you as " a man and a brother," " open my heart " to you (the woman idea of making *friendship*). That were touching! and future biographers might make their own of it. But there is one insuperable objection the opening-one's-heart style of writing, that whatever you and I may be, neither of us are born spoonies!

What would you think now of just enquiring after your health, expressing a hope that you are not only *well*, but "*quite well*" (one might emphasise the *quite*, like the Bishop of Oxford)? That I see from your letter that you are flourishing there—*like the green bay tree*—need be no impediment to expressing the deepest interest in the actual state of your health. It is an understood thing that one doesn't feel the interest one expresses about another's health, so there's no humbug in saying "*How* are you, dear Mr. Brookfield? *Are* you well? *Quite* well?" and just see how much paper all that covers! and think what variations might be played on it! and what a harmless topic it is. There, I've written a long enough letter without having decided what to write. Is that very stupid or very clever? I hope the Miss Barings are to stay till we come; tell them. You can't think how good they were to me when I went to them with the strength of half a sparrow. I shall always think if Miss Baring had not taken me away then I should have died the death of Jenkins' hen alone here at Cheyne Row, England. I love them, and Miss Baring should have a Royal Humane Society's medal if she had her due.

Yours kindly,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XIV

The living of Somerby. A candid friend. Sermon on the death of the Prince Consort. Death of Thackeray. Praise from Queen Victoria. Memories of Lord Macaulay. Mrs. Cameron. A Last Glimpse of Carlyle. Mrs. Brookfield's books. A dinner with Queen Victoria. The Canonry of Ealdland. Somerby. William Henry Brookfield. Mrs. Brookfield's closing years.

The Brookfields passed the Christmas of 1860 and New Year of 1861 at the Grange as well as that of the following year. It is rare to find friendships surviving such a test as the change in the Ashburton household: but these were all rare people. The attachment between them was as strong as ever, and the intercourse almost as frequent, while the Grange parties were practically just as attractive, which fact seems to prove that Lord Ashburton himself must have been an important factor in the friendships of both periods.

For whatever else the "Set" deserved praise the highest admiration must be given to them for their staunchness and their constancy. Most of the members of it had great friendships, true and leal, and some of these in their freshness and their strength as beautiful as any that the early poets have handed down to us.

The first thing Mr. Brookfield noted on reaching

London after the New Year's festivities was that Frederick Maurice told him of one who "thanked God that after thirty years of University sermons he was *still a Christian!*"

This Spring the Brookfields seem to have seen a good deal of Dickens. They invariably went to his readings, and always kept up with him a pleasant if not a particularly close friendship. Dickens consulted Brookfield about a tutor for his son, while Lord Lyttelton, too, craved advice about a school for his own boy.

About this time, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby sounded Mr. Brookfield as to whether he would care to have the living of Somerby, in Lincolnshire, and he, feeling that the perpetual going to and fro in his unsettled state of health, was beginning to grow irksome, was pleased with the offer, and probably accepted it then and there. His Inspectorship though continued on till about 1864-65. Country livings had been offered him before, but as long as he was able to travel about without seriously incapacitating himself he preferred to carry on school work.

On the 27th April, 1861, of a dinner at Lansdowne House, Mr. Brookfield says: "Lady Shelburne would not assign to each gentleman his lady to take into dinner, but said 'Oh, do get in somehow or other or we shall never get any dinner.' So each gentleman tucked up the lady nearest to him under his arm and went in. I, standing next Miss Thellusson, claimed her. She had seen me in public, but being very blind did not know who I was. We presently fell upon Fechter. She expressed her regret that he would go to improve his English accent by hearing the Revd. T. Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew, and added, 'I wish he would go and hear Brookfield.' I made no answer, upon which she added, 'Did you never hear Brookfield—don't you know who he is?' 'Why,' I said, 'I don't know much about him, but the best I know of him is that he had the honour of bringing you in to dinner.' She turned scarlet, but I set her at ease, and she soon uttered this odd sentiment, 'Oh, I *have* prayed that I might never see you in private to dissipate the illusion of the pulpit.'"

May 22nd.

Dined at home. Went with Jane and Chorley and Mrs. Sartoris to hear Fechter, and from thence with Lady Molesworth to Chorley's to sup. Fechter there next to me and Costa, Leighton, Sartoris, and Mrs. Procter.

June 17th.

Preached at Buckingham Palace before the Queen the King of the Belgians, and the Court.

At the Palace this day Mr. Brookfield must have received the invitation from the Dean of Windsor which brought forth the following lines, written and dispatched to Lord Lyttelton, upon the same date:

17*th June*, 61.

Says to me the Dean of Windsor
"Come and see my snugsome Deanery
Soon as e'er the Queen begins her
Trip to Highland punch and scenery.

Then I quit this London Palace
With its pomp and its regalia
For what I more dearly values,
Rose and stock and pink and dahlia.

Pack your night shirt in a parcel
By a morning train come down;
You shall roam through court and castle
Dine—then sleep—or back to town."

To the Dean I says, says I, "Sir,
What you plan's uncommon nice;
And it only could be nicer
If you'd suffer my advice.

I'm acquainted with a person,
Which a Baron bold is he;
With him I make my first excursion,
Where—how—whenever that may be.

What if I should bring his Lordship
To revisit boyhood's scenes;
And after, as they say on boardship,
Splice the mainbrace' at the Dean's?"

Says the Dean, "I know the party
With the deepest of respects;
He shall have a welcome hearty
And a pot of double X."

Such verbatim were the phrases
Passed between the Dean and me;
And your Lordship how the case is
Sees as plain as plain can be.

Will you join, then, ere the yellow
Tints of a descending year,
An Autumnal kind of fellow
Over the Decanal beer?

W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield was present when a gentleman sitting next to Mrs. Carlyle at dinner insisted that he had met her before. "It must have been my husband," said Mrs. C. And Mrs. Carlyle told her that night she one night returned late from an evening party when Mr. Carlyle himself opened the door to her. "Oh," I said to him, "we've had such a *happy* evening." I leave to imagination the tone of sepulchral gloom in which he repeated 'Happy!'"

Mr. Brookfield says in July, "I set a girl at school to write about the Comet. She wrote, 'Comets are very useful. They have long tails and are something to talk about. We should get on very badly without comets.'"

About this time he was told the following:

When Owen (Sir Richard, the anatomist) was in humble circumstances at Lancaster he wished to possess himself of the head of a black who was executed there, and repaired to the gaol to procure it after nightfall. Having secured his prize and placed it in a blue bag he was tripping with it down a street which descends somewhat steeply from the prison, and the night being frosty and slippery, and the bag imperfectly tied, Owen slipped, let fall the bag, on which the head fell out and went bounding and bouncing down the street till it arrived at a row of houses at right angles to this steep one, where was a door partly open. Against this door the head cannoned and leaped into the midst of a party of women drinking tea. . . . Owen followed it, secured the thing again and bolted. "I kept my own counsel," said he in relating it. "The woman of the house was the widow of a West India Planter who had been very cruel to his slaves. And she believed for ever that I was her husband in the likeness of the Devil, compelled to chase negroes' heads in perpetuity—for his unkindness to them."

The first part of January, '62, found Brookfield reading Othello one night at the Grange, while Trench upon the next would be giving extracts from his mother's correspondence.

29th.

To P.C.O. Wrote letters. Amongst others one to Dean of Windsor, thanking him for the good office which had indirectly procured my appointment as Chaplain to the Queen. Called *en route* on Lord Chamberlain's office, where Mr. Ponsonby swore me in as Chaplain, and gave me my written appointment. He said it was all a mistake that I had not been made one before, for it had long been fixed, but the Prince's death had delayed it, etc.

30th.

Berkeley Chapel. "The Widow's Son of Nain." Called afterwards on Mrs. Norton, who had been a great deal affected by the sermon, which fitted to herself. I sate an hour with her and Mr. Heyward. Called then on the Wickhams, then on the Ashburtons, with whom was Landseer, then on Kate Perry, and so home. Found a note from the Dean of Windsor saying the Queen was extremely touched and pleased by my transcript. "She mentioned it herself to me as one of those from which she had derived the greatest pleasure."

The Queen had some little time before sent for a copy of Mr. Brookfield's sermon upon the death of the Prince Consort.

Rogers, although now drawing towards the end of a long and well amused life, was still to be seen out, and still found pleasure in receiving the selected few at his own house. Mrs. Brookfield was standing by him one day, when a lady came up and said, " You remember me, Mr. Rogers ? " " Perfectly," he replied at once. " Who could ever forget you ? " Then in an equally loud voice he asked Mrs. Brookfield, " Who is she ? Never met her before in my life."

The year 1863 began in a particularly pleasant fashion, the Brookfields went out more than ever, and they saw something, too, of the exiled French princes who were then living at Sheen. Delightful luncheons were given for those princes and for themselves, at which Madame Mohl was usually also present. And there was no falling off at all in old friends, all met or made meetings as usual and with much the same spirit as of yore. " Meet me at breakfast alone " was still an invitation, which meant that the company would not be large but choice. Mrs. Tennyson was writing and urging them to go to Farringford. One time she said to them that " The Old Farmer " had been waiting for them for many days, " Now do be good and come and fetch him. Come any day you can but soon, for Lady Lilford is here, and I am told she is a great friend of yours, and though I say it, it is not an unpleasant place to meet a friend in."

June 17*th*. [Diary.]

Sat an hour with Carlyle, who was very good. Speaking of Ruskin, he said that the last lecture was a sort of set off against the breakdown which he had achieved in consequence of Mrs. M. going with a termagant of a woman called Lady E. to a former lecture on purpose to disconcert him.

26*th*.

Dinner at Milnes'. R. M. and wife, Duc D'Aumale, and Madame Mohl, Lord Dufferin, Lady Marion Alford, Self and Jane, Kinglake and Mrs. Burton. Sate between Madame Mohl and Mrs. Milnes.

Mrs. Brookfield was now writing assiduously and regularly, although her first book did not appear until 1864, but this did not interfere with gay dinners at the Prinseps', "where Tennyson, Mrs. Cameron, Watts, Self, and Jane."

This autumn was passed in preparations for Somerby, and Mr. Brookfield writes to Lord Lyttelton :

2nd October, 1863.

Dear L.L.,

Careering yesterday—I mean day before—and who knows of what importance the date may be when this immortal correspondence comes to be the daily bread of another century—careering on the top of a three-horse coach through the charming suburb of Dulwich, I recognised lanes down which I had strolled the only time before that I had ever been in that quarter in company with an individual of whom now there is scarcely any suburban quarter which would not remind me. And I resolved to do violence to my habits (which limit themselves almost exclusively to official writing), and ask said individual " what and where he bees." Last time I had speech with him was, I think, in the saloons of the all-embracing many-counselled Willis; since which time—excepting a fortnight at Boulogne and a few days at Somerby—I have been for the most part alone in London. My family are now home again, and I am grinding at the mill as usual. I am one of the few who has been allowed an Inspector's assistant who begins the gin-horse circuit with me in a week. On the whole my employment is considerably more irksome than it was, but with assistant's help may in some degree relapse into its old character. The assistant is a schoolmaster of my own selection. And now where is the Satrap. In Church congress? on School commission? charging at the head of his Yeomanry? or translating Johnny Gilpin into Greek Hexameters.

Adieu,
W. H. B.

Miss C. Wynn here this morning—had seen Lord Houghton (which I find is to be pronounced Howton against analogy) in high spirits.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

CHESHAM PLACE,
18*th Sept.*

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I am so glad to hear from you, that you are so soon coming home. I think you have all been away long enough, and I find all my friends and lovers standing very far off this year. Now and then a stray man or woman passing through London knocks at our door, and very readily accepts an invitation to eat the family joint. Henry Taylor is our most frequent windfall. He is living in Willie Spring Rice's lodgings and wonders whether SOLITUDE will awaken his MUSE. He dined with us the night before last " all armed and plumed," but that iconoclast, Edward Elliot, (unaccustomed to the contemplation of the Henry Taylors of this earth) suggested to us afterwards that he thought him " rather vain and very affected." This subject naturally leads to poor dear Mrs. Cameron, who is in great trouble, the very day that H. T. came up to town, which was written down in red ink and to be kept as a feast. That same day she discovered her little boy Henry had lost the sight of one eye. Another *small* trouble: she has a nasty old maid staying with her who catechises her as to where she has been, who she has seen, why she is so late for dinner. " You might as well call a swallow to account for its erratic flight, or catch hold of the comet by its long tail and ask it whence it has come."

After a visit to the Horace Smiths I hear Arthur said, " I like the Miss Smith best with the *smallest* nose. How mercifully providence distributes his prepossessions and tastes. I met old Lady Morgan yesterday, who has been at death's door and come out of it in a round hat and feathers—she has taken a new lease of life—renewable 30 years hence.

I hear our friend Sterling is hated in India and was called Satan at the Crimea.

The Christmas of 1863, darkened by the overwhelming shock and sorrow of Thackeray's death, was a terrible one. It was known that he suffered occasionally, but full of success, of fine plans, and of high interests, it had never been anticipated that the end would come in so awfully sudden a fashion.

This tragedy, which marked a loss for the whole world, was felt outside the great writer's own family, perhaps nowhere so acutely as in the Brookfield household: the friendship between them had been so long and so close, had been hallowed by sorrows and sweetened by joys, by loyal love and by unstinted admiration and appreciation—that grief was of necessity keen and deep.

Mr. Brookfield records the dreadful news simply. "Thackeray is dead," then no other word till a day or so later, when "Called on Mrs. Carmichael Smyth" appears, then again nothing till he "stood between Dickens and Sir James Colville" at the grave of his friend.

Thackeray was missed; and to a greater extent even than might have been expected of one of his high genius and great prominence, and this, not so much because he was loved, as he was loved by all who really knew him, but because with his big heart and "great mass of a soul," he could not help pouring out about him unmeasured draughts of splendid affection, giving copious return for all that was bestowed upon him. Singularly simple, a humble man in matters concerning himself, he paid high homage to his intimates and fitted them all most generously with laurels and with halos. And he not only exalted his chosen ones, but would go, and often went, out of his way to soothe wounds given to them by rougher spirits, always assuming such duties to be but part of his daily task. Thackeray in all things was grand and staunch and faithful.

When, not so very long before the end, he was asked by his daughter which of his friends he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure—and Brookfield."

Mrs. Brookfield was with his mother and his daughters constantly during this sad time, giving what little there was to be given in the way of comfort, and taking what burdens it was possible to take upon herself. She wrote many a letter detailing the melancholy news to their friends, and Dr. John Brown "Rab and his friends" wrote back on hearing from her:

"This is truly kind. I am grateful to you, and grateful for the condition of these two children. They have the sweet, loving blood of their father, it is very touching what you say of them, meaning to try to be cheerful for his dear sake, who never could bear to see them unhappy, it is as if they still lived in his presence, as perhaps they do, who knows?

I recognised your hand, as the same in which some of his lectures were written. We shall never see such a man and such a friend again, never!"

While Miss Perry, writing to Mrs. Brookfield on this sad occasion, said that Thackeray had in his time told her that the women he loved were six: "His mother and his daughters, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Brookfield, and herself," and she goes on to say in the same letter "Ah! You knew him better than anybody else. And he was always so delightful in your presence; I think you have a magic effect upon every one. You, Jane

Brookfield, Jane Elliot, and I, were Thackeray's real friends, and, oh, the comfort he was to us all."

Richard Chevenix Trench (Archbishop of Dublin) wrote to Mr. Brookfield, as many people did, and said, " I understand that the funeral of our departed friend is to be on Thursday. Can you tell me where, and if the presence of those who honoured and loved him though not bound to him by ties of blood, or of especial intimacy, would be welcome."

The great men of these days were wonderful, not merely in their works, but in their lives and in their friendships. It was not a pose of the time to stand alone in solitary grandeur, or to turn aside to centres where they perforce must shine; they preferred and they received the society of the talented: they lived surrounded by intellect and were plied and fed upon it, and if that in which they became steeped had not always the nature or the calibre of their own genius, it still had something in it that stimulated, and even sometimes assisted to polish their own thought.

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter:

30 Brompton Square, S.W.,
Monday, 11*th July,* 1864.

My Magdalene,

I received with much pleasure your letter from Twyford Moors as I lay in bed at the Windsor Deanery this morning. I had arrived there Saturday evening while Dean and Wife were out dining five miles off, and I went straight to bed. Sunday at about twelve thirty I preached to the Household. The Queen and other Royalties being present. Sir George Grey and Sir James Clarke were also there. The Dean is rather a brusque, John Bull, veracious sort of man, who cannot grimace and pay compliments, or I should take as mere words, of course, his saying that the Queen had been very much pleased with, etc., etc., and had expressed herself about it in a manner unusual with her. She had engaged to go at six o'clock to inspect an old Chapel called the Wolsey Chapel, attached to St. George's Cathedral (it is not exactly a cathedral though), which she is restoring and decorating in memory of Prince Consort. She sent to desire that I would meet her there. I did so, and she came with Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louis of Hesse (Alice that was), &c. Princess Louis began with me at once, in the most good-natured way, "We were dining Saturday with some great friends of yours, M. Van de Weyer." The Queen said "You gave a most beautiful sermon, Mr. Brookfield, this morning, as also at Buckingham Palace some time ago." She proceeded to talk about one or two topics in the sermon, and then about the architecture of the Chapel, and the interview somehow came to an end by her turning to speak to some one else. It is the custom of the Queen to dine in private with the Royal family and only one or two very distinguished or very intimate friends. Yesterday only Sir George Grey and the Dean and his Wife dined with her. But I was informed that it was a marked distinction to be commanded to dine with the Servants, which I did at eight. They were

Footman	Lord Cremorne
Groom..	General Seymour
Groom, second	Colonel Seymour
Valet	Hon. Major Harding
Apothecary	Sir James Clarke

Chambermaid	Lady Caledon
Chambermaid to Princess of Wales	Lady Carmarthen
Parlour Maid	Lady C. Barrington

I sate between the two last-mentioned menials. It was a very good dinner, much like any other in rich people's Houses.

Good-bye, my dear,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

Minto House,
Hawick, N.B.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

When the fine day came it did so in no niggardly manner—it was as smart as a Duchess, all airs and graces, and sunny smiles. Then we drove far and wide, and saw a great deal of beautiful wild scenery and saw " the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," which looked as bright and fair to me as it did to Burns' broken heart. I daresay Burns' heart would have mended itself if he had gone home and eaten the good dinners I did, for Clem has a great idea that however miserable one's soul may be, another less romantic portion of one's being is not to suffer. With this good air, good food, and many other good gifts, I quite recovered my lost strength and came away an able bodied woman. After Clem, I went to the E. Russell's, in Perthshire, also very pleasant, salmon-fishing, pearl-diving visit,—the Tay presenting sometimes with our first course (still harping, you see, on the lower part of my nature), sometimes a pearl not priceless, but really very pretty ones, *very rarely* amounting to the value of £30. From thence I proceeded here, where I find a very beautiful place—an immense house and a very pleasant interior. Lady Minto is a charming hostess, and I really admire her the more that I could not do it, for entertaining a large company day after day, and never get aweary, and wishing herself hung to a door nail, as George Lewis once told me he should do had he to make people happy in his own house. I arrived here with William Harcourt, whom I found at the station, and we joined not our hands but our luggage and, to the great amusement of the world here, appeared Darby and Joan together; he was very pleasant and particularly good humoured. The servants, I believe, imagine we are privately married, for they have twice come to me to ask me to take possession of some articles he has left behind.

Give my dear love to your wife and May. The illness of poor Spring Rice grieves me deeply; how narrow becomes the circle of old friends. More than ever it makes me prize those who are left and none more than your dear selves.

Yours affectionately,
KATE.

Mr. Brookfield says:

"At the marriage of Lucy Lyttelton to Lord Frederick Cavendish—at which I officiated—we all had to defile into the Jerusalem chamber through a very low little arched door called the needle's eye. Lord Houghton was walking behind us. A good many eyes and ears having nothing better to do were upon us. Lord H. said to me, loud enough to be heard, 'Lord Overstone will never get through,' and being a tall man he did in effect come in contact with the masonry, which caused a laugh. I said, ' You'll see I shall whip through easily enough.' But when another minute brought me to the test, miscalculating the height I bumped my head violently against the arch, for which I got no pity, only a laugh. ' Somebody,' said Lord H., ' has left you a legacy.' "

After a delightful visit to Hagley Mr. Brookfield wrote Lord Lyttelton the following :

30 Brompton Square, S.W.,
Thursday, 22nd December, 1864.

My Lord,

Will you kindly direct that search may be made in the chamber which I had recently the honour to occupy at Hagley for a Topaz stock-buckle—set in pale gold—value 173 guineas, an heirloom in our family, from Hugo Plantagenet, an imbecile brother of Geoffrey—entirely past over in History—but not the less my lineal ancestor.

Not that in any human probability such a jewel will be found, nor that (to be pedantically accurate) I ever lost or even possessed such a one, but I am not so old-fashioned as to write announcing safe arrival after a pleasant visit without some independent pretext—hence the Topaz stock-buckle.

It would not be politic, however, to confess to an over-pleasant visit, for it seems to be pretty well settled that " a pleasant visit " is merely a formula for a visit where one has had all or most of the talking to one's self. Whether this be true of myself—for even a single hour—either at Hagley or Stourbridge I leave it to the candid observer to decide.

Better, therefore, to complain that the sojourn has had its disagreeable results. It is disagreeable to feel one's self two feet shorter in consequence of sitting amidst Anakim for a week; disagreeable never to be able to read aloud again for want of the Rector's cheering laugh, having once tasted that encouragement; disagreeable to miss the —— of one; the —— of another; the —— of a third, and so on; disagreeable, in short, to come away, but Mrs. Ellis was so very pressing that we may be looked for back again for a few months almost any day. Jane, I, and children reached home with rather fewer than the average number of collisions.

All to your lordship,
W. H. B.

At the end of 1864 Mr. Brookfield wrote in his diary:

" It is interesting to recall *the last word* which you can remember to have actually heard from remarkable people. The last time that I was in the same room with Macaulay was at a large dinner—perhaps of 20—at Lord Belper's. Old Lord Lansdowne and Macaulay were seated together at the lower end of the table. I was between two ladies at the opposite end of the diagonal. Macaulay had a wonderful power of hearing trivial things even at a dinner table—a more crucial experiment on the power of hearing than a 74 in a sea fight. I had rejected some curry which was handed round, and explained to my neighbours that I liked curry well enough, but knew that a man was regarded worse than a heathen or a publican who ate potato with curry, and I hated rice, and so as I could not eat it like an Indian, must not eat it at all, upon which a somewhat formal and preaching voice, but distinctly audible and musically modulated and undulating with the due expression (characterised, too, by a slight lisp, which his sister, Lady Trevelyan, retains), 'the reason that the Indian eats rice with his curry is that rice is the vegetable of the country. Give the Indian the potato and he will eat potato with his curry.'

So at a dinner at Mr. Hallam's once I said to my neighbour in quite a low voice, 'I forget when Southcote died.' Instantly from the opposite side of the table came Macaulay's voice, forming a parenthesis—most likely very *irrelevant* to what he was saying to his neighbour, 'Johanna Southcote died in 1815.'

It was probably at the same dinner that there sate on my right the Rev. R. L——, incumbent of the church close by. He was incapable of vivacity, but he treated me with laborious affability all through dinner till about when cheese hove in sight, when he asked me something about India, to which I replied that I could only speak of it from hearsay. Upon which he asked, 'But am I not speaking to Major Richardson?'

'No,' I said, 'I lament that I can't present myself to you under any higher name than that of Brookfield, an Inspector of Schools.' He did not speak to me again the whole evening—nor afterwards when we met in the street.

At a Poulterer's in Southwark I lately saw a Board with the following advertisement in large written letters: 'We have on sale fine live Ostend Rabbits. Parties desirous of one will be killed and trussed for roasting in less than 5 minutes.' Also in the same neighbourhood, 'No Popery. The Rev. Dr. Mangles will deliver a *curse* of Lectures on Popery at the Horns, Kennington, etc.'"

Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Brookfield:

5 CHEYNE ROW,
Saturday, 25th Feb., 65.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

You are very absurd,—a great merit, let me tell you, in these sensible times! But you must not come *to-night!* You must come to-morrow night or Monday night, because, you see, there are two "terrible blockheads" coming to-night by their own appointment, and Mr. C. says he "wouldn't for any consideration have Brookfield there along with such a pair of Jackasses!" I suggested that the very Jackassness of the people might amuse you. But he declared, "No! No! such a combination is not to be thought of!"

You *will* come to-morrow evening? Or Monday? We shall be going away presently to Seaton now the weather is auspicious. But Lady Ashburton was to fix the day.

Truly yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

Lord Ashburton died very soon after this, but Lady Ashburton continued to keep up the intimacy with the Carlyles and Brookfields as long as they lived. Often she wrote and begged them all to go together to her at Mentone and Carlyle once went.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

28th April, 1865.

My dear,

The American tragedy (assassination of President Lincoln) is tremendous. I am very sorry. But beside an odd sort of regard for the somewhat likeable humourist, Lincoln, I mean, it comes at a moment when it may be of immeasureable mischief in exasperating North against the subdued South, and a much less well disposed chief-magistrate may succeed him.

Your friend,
W. H. B.

Early in the May of this year Stephen Spring Rice died, beloved and regretted. A charming companion, with a quaint and pleasant humour as well as a serious attractiveness all his own, he was worthy of his friends' high regard and affection. Aubrey de Vere was his close companion, and he, it seems, was with him at the last.

Sir Henry Taylor, who had the task of breaking the sad news to Lord Monteagle, says to Mrs. Brookfield, " I doubted if I had been gradual enough, but it is difficult to find any way of communicating such a fact by degrees and generally speaking nature does all that can be done to break it, by making it to be slowly apprehended, however told."

Once, in the midst of an attack of illness, Stephen Spring Rice wrote to Mr. Brookfield, " I am as fond of your wife as if she were my sister, but the habits of society don't admit of my telling her so, and acting according. You may think the habits of society rather infringed by my saying to you, what I could not say to her."

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

33 Hans Place,
3rd Nov., 1865.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I ask and ask and ask, "Where is Mr. Brookfield?" The answer is "Alone at Somerby." It seems to me dreary; can I make it less so for 3 minutes, by writing and telling you all the crumbs of gossip that fall from the rich men's tables; we ignore the poor, nor care for their ways, and can only write about such folk as Lady Ashburton and the Sturges—and even my brother Erskine and those whom I look upon as tremendous swells,—does not Erskine give dinners with a French cook to preside? and then drive here a high-stepping horse and a groom with a cockade and white shining boots. In fact, I look out of the window of my humble retreat and wonder at the riches and splendour of my friends and relations. My own little home is very pretty—but better than pretty (as the nurses say to the children), it is good, it is warm, it does not smoke (except the kitchen now and then when the wind is in the east), it is cheerful, it is clean, and comfortable. Now, had I been like many other ladies of my mid period of life seeking for a husband, and found one with the attributes of this house, I should think I had drawn a prize,—a clean, comfortable, cheerful man, who only smoked when there was a North easter! As I can't find the man, I rejoice in the house, and long to see you sitting in it; as yet very few people have sat in it, and I have had time to read Carlyle, Lecky, Miss

Berry's life, Buckle, and very much the *Times*, so as yet I have had no leisure but I wonder whether I shall get tired of myself. The only bore one can't cut. I pay your dear wife little visits, creep stealthily into the house, as I know there is no real danger of my infecting any one now.

Of our old set I have seen Kinglake, Edward Lear, Henry Taylor, Emily Wombwell, Mrs. Cameron, who came to town to nurse poor Julia, who has been very nearly leaving all who loved her, but is now recovering thank God! Mrs. Cameron looked wretchedly aged, and quite broken down were it not for Annie Thackeray getting Mr. Cole to put her photographs into the K. Museum, where she took me to see them. They are very beautiful, and as usual she treats the many-headed monster, the public, as her dear familiar and gossip, writing in large hand on these photographs, MY GRANDCHILD, JULIA MARGARET NORMAN, aged 6, with her nurse, and so on. She wanted a nurse back who had attended Julia, and was now with Lady Bury. She went off to her house armed with Photograph book, tells her tale to her servant and sends Photograph book up to the lady's chamber. Photograph book returns—Lady Bury does not want any photographs but does want her nurse. Luckily, Lord Bury comes out of the dining-room, and being of a more genial nature, she caught hold of him, and telling him that it was one soul addressing another soul, made him promise that he would exert his influence with Lady Bury to make her part with the nurse and presenting him 3 of her best photographs, retires in triumph.

I hear poor Lady Palmerston is quite inconsolable and has never left her bed since. I find the general belief is that Lord Russell will not keep the Premiership beyond a few months.

Mrs. Cameron, a great friend of the Tennysons, the Taylors, and the Brookfields, was an attractive character; an ardent enthusiastic nature, impulsive and energetic, she managed to inspire her friends when they were with her with her own enterprising spirit, and to gain this inspiration they often sought her company.

Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Brookfield:

5 CHEYNE ROW,
Friday.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

Would you like to know what Mr. Carlyle said on reading your letter? What he said was this:

"Well! Upwards of a bushel of letters,—I should say a bushel and a half have come within the last week to 'congratulate' on this most deplorable event, and the only really pretty one of them all is Brookfield's! a really, friendly, graceful letter as a man could wish to receive."

For me, as a solitary Individual, what I said was, "Oh, what a blessing if more people would write as *legibly* as *that!*" Can't you come in this evening, Miss — I have referred to your letter and perceive you are not in London), but as soon as you *can* come you know we are always glad to see *you*.

I am sadly afraid "Jock" is dying of the distemper.

Yours kindly,
THE RECTORIUM.

This was on the occasion of the Rectorship of Edinburgh University being offered to Carlyle, and it was one of the last letters that Mrs. Carlyle ever wrote to the Brookfields.

Mrs. Brookfield had by now finished her book.

"Only George" came out in 1864, and in the course of time went through three editions. It was gracefully written, with fine discernment and clever characterization, but, instead of breaking new ground, which she had more than sufficient talent to enable her to undertake—she preferred to follow in the beaten path. Possibly Mrs. Brookfield made no name for herself in fiction because of the incongruity of applying the worn-out methods to her fresh sentiments and expressions.

But she was greatly praised and encouraged and with good reason, for she knew well the society of which she undertook to write, while the moral tone of her books was unexceptionable. In 1866 Mrs. Brookfield sent Dickens one of her manuscripts, hoping it might be found suitable for the pages of "All the Year Round." Dickens took the pains to write her a sympathetically critical letter concerning it. He first pointed out that it had not the construction nor the characteristics necessary in serial stories, in fact, that it was not of a type to "express itself piecemeal." Then he praised its style and afterwards proceeded to give the best possible advice with regard to novel writing. He said, "Of the story itself I honestly say I think highly. The style is particularly easy and agreeable, infinitely above ordinary writing, and sometimes reminds me of Mrs. Inchbald at her best. The characters are remarkably well observed, and with a rare mixture of delicacy and truthfulness," and he ends his letter, "Now, don't hate me if you can help it. I can afford to be hated by some people, but I am not rich enough to put you in possession of that luxury."

Mrs. Procter to Mr. Brookfield:

26th Aug., 1866.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

Thank you very much for your praise. I am not only very much gratified, but B. C. is also, and has read and re-read your note, with much gratification. At present we have had only praise—Carlyle has written to my husband a note that pleases us all—Dickens and W. Collins have both praised him.

I should have been very sorry if at the end of life B. C. should have had any annoyance from the Press. The *Pall Mall* has not praised him, but one reads P— and Prig in every line. I dare to say you find Curates, who only just ordained, fancy they know far more than you and their Bishop. We are here and all well. Edith, on whose account we came, is quite restored to health, and B. C. sits under the shade of some fine old trees and reads the reviews upon his book. It was to have been dedicated to John Forster, but Payne having had some angry words with him, has thought proper to suppress the dedication. We really must hang a bookseller, like Buonaparte.

Payne says, having bought the book, "I have a right to do as I like with my own," never mind, he must have lost a considerable sum by S. It's a pity he did not exercise his right on that book.

My husband desires me to thank you for your kind words.

Yours very gratefully,
Anne B. Procter.

The Brookfields' friends kept them well interested and employed, for to their house, all following each other in quick succession, came copies of the works they had accomplished, often works which made their name in the world. Sir Henry Taylor once said to Mr. Brookfield:

"You are very kind to my book, and if it should not be successful in life I hope I may rely upon you for a Charity Sermon in its behalf. If you had mentioned it in the Chapel on Sunday, you would have wakened up your people. One thing is certain, that no one will be so sensitive as you to whatsoever of dramatic life there may be in it."

This was probably about "St. Clement's Eve." While Charles (Tennyson) Turner, sending some sonnets, said:

"It is a long time since we shook hands to the roaring of the carnivorous dens. Poor Harry Hallam was there too, one of the very few times I had the good fortune to meet him. We two met, however, near to the same time—in Spedding's rooms at the Shakespearian reading, where I met, too, R. M. Milnes before tide and time threw him out of the reach of commoners as Lord Houghton; however, he is still a very good, genial fellow, I hear. Venables says his parties are amongst the most delightful in London."

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

6 SYDNEY PLACE,
ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.,
The morrow of All Mayors.

Arbiter,

On the 7th, at all events, I propose being in presence and in readiness at Hagley, but for the 6th am even more than ordinarily in the hands of the three ladies to whom even the gods submit, being that I am on that day for the first time without a curate ; but if, meantime, one should alight upon this unworthy planet, I will endeavour to show on Saturday. Perhaps before the time you will graciously furnish me with some approximation to a programme, stating hour, etc. As, *e.g.*, "Overture to the three Taylors of Tooley Street," by Miss . . . .; a song by Mr. Bullfinch of Hales Owen ; a recital by Mr. Watermeadow, "of London," etc. It is easier to get oneself into a proper tone with some prospect of what is before you as to scene and season.

I *entirely* sympathize with your bit of tenderness about "our good Richard,*" as poor Carlyle calls him.

I sat with Carlyle a couple of hours a few nights ago. He has very much recovered himself, and talks much as before, though it is plain his bereavement is seldom off his mind. But he can laugh as spasmodically as ever.

Farewell. The Beeves may browse upon the fat pastures of Leicester and Durham ; they may low for a few weeks longer in placid content. But there is a Smithfield, and there are Gridirons—and . . . but I pause.

W. H. Brookfield.

The bereavement mentioned above was the death of Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Brookfield was very much in the company of Carlyle after that event, endeavouring to interest and console him—no easy task.

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* The good Richard was Monckton Milnes.

March 22nd, 1868. [Diary.]

At Windsor. Preached before the Queen and dined with her.

I had been warned beforehand that there was a chance the Queen might ask the preacher to dine at the Castle, and that, therefore, I had better be provided with suitable apparel. So on Saturday at five I left Chelsea station with a return ticket and arriving at Deanery at six forty-five, proceeded at once to my own room. At seven thirty we dined, Dean and lady, Lord Ebury, and Miss Grosvenor, and Mrs. Ellis (Lord Taunton's daughter). Lord Ebury, a great deal better than his public character in business and religious matters would lead one to expect, frank, easy, mealy-mouthed—in short, very pleasant.

We breakfasted at nine thirty, after which I asked the Dean if the Queen could stand thirty minutes' sermon. He would not be responsible, it *was* long, but some sermons would be spoiled by curtailment, which would never do. "Why, those presbyterian fellows are sometimes an hour." However, I went to my room and struck out what I thought would reduce it to twenty-five. At twelve to Chapel. They commenced with a "Mercer," which the Queen insisted should be played slow. On one occasion when the organist played rather jiggily she sent to chide him. I almost think this is German fashion. The Dean then commenced Litany at the desk, after which he came to Altar and I read all but Epistle. Then during the third hymn I retired, robed, and ascended the pulpit. The Chapel was nearly quite full, the Queen, Princes

Leopold and Arthur, Princesses Alice, Christian, Louise, Sir F. Biddulph, Lady Clifden, M. Van de Weyer, Madame and Miss, and others. In short, it was quite a congregation. Subject, "By faith Moses, etc." I saw the Queen give way at the part where Amram leaves the child in the bulrushes and retires to watch.

On reaching the Deanery I received a card of invitation, "The Lord Steward is commanded by the Queen to invite the Rev. W. H. Brookfield to dine at half-past eight. Frock dress." I took an hour's walk with the Dean on the flats, by the river; and then to St. George's, whither came Princess Alice and Princess Louise to stalls close to mine.

At eight thirty the Dean and Mrs. Wellesley drove me in carriage and pair the two hundred yards which lay between the Deanery and the Palace. We assembled round a fire in a grand curvilinear corridor. Van de Weyer and wife, Lady Clifden, Dean and lady, and self. Miss Van de Weyer had been remitted (though a visitor) to the second table, for the Queen will not have more than eight at the private table. At quarter to nine the Queen and Princess Louise came into the Corridor. She went up to Mrs. Wellesley and shook hands, made a low courtesy to the gentlemen generally, and then went in to dinner. Round table.

Queen at head; on her right Princess Louise, on her left Van de Weyer, next to him Mrs. Wellesley, then Mrs. Van de Weyer, and myself. Lady Clifden, on my left, then Dean, then Princess. Neither table, nor Octagon room where we were was at all decorated, perhaps six dessert sweets of the customary kind.

The dishes handed round were two soups, two fishes, patés, cutlets, fricandeaux, stewed beef, something else, roast beef, roast chicken, snipe, plum pudding, creams or sweets, cheese with a glass of port wine. Then grace, as before dinner by the Dean; and the Queen then, the things remaining on the table, went up and down, and said a few words to each person present. I came last, but while the Queen talked to the Dean and Van de Weyer, the Princess Louise took pity on me and conversed a little, though on quite trivial topics.

The same with the Queen, a few words and she retired, when we joined the Lords and Ladies in waiting, who were playing a game which consisted in drawing a head on a piece of paper and creasing it down at the neck, another person drew a body or trunk down to hips and creased that down, and a third completed the figure. Home between eleven and twelve, much later, I understood, than usual. Cards were on the table for the people in waiting, if they chose to play. At dinner the waiting was done entirely by the giant Yager, a piper in highland dress, and four waiters out of livery. The wines were plentifully handed round. They were sherry, claret, and Champagne.

May 21*st*, 68.

Went to sup with Macready in Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Thursday. (I was expected.) He received me with great cordiality and exclaimed, from Henry IVth, "I never thought to hear you speak again." I replied "Well! I will not continue the quotation" (viz., "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought"). He did not catch it at the first moment, but soon added, "No, that would not be true," He is not in the least a humourist.

July 11*th*, 68.

Seized with Lumbago, but went to Mrs. Tait's garden party, where the Bishop offered me the honorary Canonry of Ealdland, which I accepted, and Lord Crewe brought me home with Lord Houghton and Mr. Blackburn.

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

6 SYDNEY PLACE,
ONSLOW SQUARE,
12*th* *July*, 1868.

Dear L.L.

William Marshall told me this morning at the Rolls that you had been so amiable as to interest yourself on my behalf with the Bishop touching a vacant honorary stall in St. Paul, his cathedral. You kept it so successfully snug that I had not the slightest suspicion of any such proceeding being afoot, and was taken entirely by surprise yesterday when the energetic but judicious prelate who so ably, etc., etc., took me aside at Fulham and proffered me the decoration boon. Even if I had not liked the thing itself the Bishop's manner of proposing it would have made it welcome, and I accepted. A great many thanks to you for your advocacy, than which, I am sure, none would prevail more with our Diocesan.

One good at least it will do—it will put an end to the racking sleepless nights of perplexity through which I have debated within myself whether a Royal Chaplain or a Canon goes in to dinner first.

The practical wit of this family (youngest born, Charles Hallam Elton) had carefully removed every Lucifer match from every room which I frequent before I came down this morning.

Yours aye,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. Brookfield notes about this date:

The late Duchess of Sutherland (died October, 1868) said of Mrs. Norton, "She is so nice, what a pity she is not *quite* nice; for if she were quite nice she would be so *very* nice." And that a pew was lately advertised capable of seating seven persons, and commanding a full view of the whole congregation.

Speaking of Carlyle, whom I asserted to be a profoundly religious man, Greig said to me, "Oh yes, that is very noticeable whenever you find a man with a religion without a creed."

At Dublin, in May, 1869, I attended the Court of Queen's Bench two or three times. Corporal Rumble was on trial for shooting a man (to death) in an election riot at Drogheda. A very anti-military witness was under examination. "How do you identify the prisoner as the man who fired the shot?" "Well, then, I knew by the way they were placed that it could only be this man or another, so I gave this the preference." "Up to the firing were the mob quiet?" "I don't know what you mane by quite—they seemed to me very quite." "On your oath, were they not pelting the Military all the time they were on the Bridge?" "Oh sure, and there was no pelting at all—there was just a few brick bats and broken bottles thrown, but quite in moderation." "Now, which mob did *you* join ?" "Faith, and there were several mobs . . ." "Which side, I ask, were you on ?" "Is it which *side* I was on ?—faith, then, most part of the time I was on my back." "Again I ask you, what mob did you join ?" "Faith, then, I surrounded the military."

They saw a great deal of Madame Mohl one time and another, and whenever Mr. Brookfield was in Paris she used to make little parties for him. "Come to breakfast with Renan and Monckton Milnes, no more," and "Come to dinner with Van de Weyer and M. Guizot," or "Mrs. Nassau Senior, promised to come Sunday night and bring a little music, if she don't change her mind; do come, and tell Lord Houghton if he has nothing to do to come. Perhaps I'll ask Renan and his wife—I would if I felt quite certain of you."

Now that his children were arriving at a companionable age Mr. Brookfield often took them with him to sit at the feet of his beloved Carlyle (though literally this was the other way about, for Carlyle in those days used to sit upon the floor at their feet, smoking as vigorously as he talked). Then when absent from them he would write.

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter:

10th October, 1871.

My dear Mab,

I arrived at Frome in great safety at six yesterday p.m., where I found a carriage awaiting Lord and

Lady Buckhurst, Sir Rob. Brownrigg, and myself. You are aware that in Railway usage the higher the figure the lower the rank indicated, as in public schools. Thus, first Class corresponds to first form; second Class to second form, and so on; I travelled by the second degree of superiority. I knew Lord B. as a super Clergyman; but he inherited Knowle (the well-known antique near Sevenoaks) and a peerage somehow from his mother, Lady Delawarr, on assuming which he became a layman and, like all other proselytes, intensely a layman in every respect. A very good fellow though. Married Baillie Cochrane's daughter, very nice-looking, knows the Gallant Major and Maria Robbins. I found here the Duchess (dowager) of Cleveland, and Mr. Tomline, a clever, accomplished man, with whose natural history I am not yet familiar; Mr. and Lady Catherine (de Burgh almost really this time, being Lady Margaret's sister) but wedded to Mr. Weyland.

An excursion to Storehead is in preparation for this p.m. (Sir H. Hoare's, you know), in which I am one of the "Riders," *i.e.*, I have bargained that I shall not walk, no, not if pretty Buckhurst and pretty Cork and Orrery are dropping with fatigue. To-morrow we drive in (to Frome only two miles off) to fetch Lady Craven. I don't know whether I have the honour to be acquainted with her or not. We shall take the opportunity of seeing Bennett's Church. Lord Buckhurst used to be all in that line when I first knew him, but is free to smile a little at its expense now.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of." And this is a very pretty bit of one. I wish I could give you my share in it, at least the pleasant part of my share.

Your most affectionate
W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield retained several preacherships in London, and also continued to do some work for the Education Department; which duties, together with the going to and fro to Somerby made constant movement for them.

One thing he enjoyed in his country life, and that the making of mead, for which he left many recipes. This brewing he would personally superintend; he also loved the society of the old people of his parish, and many a story he told of them. There was a certain farmer of whom he said:

"Farmer Andrews never said anything *less* than three times over, and often more, and generally with a fresh emphasis each time. I stood by him one day in a turnip field which was all leaves. 'Now these turnips,' he said, 'they *look* like nice turnips—*nice* turnips—they look nice *turnips;* but, bless you, when you come to look at them they've no *bottoms*—*no* bottoms they haven't—they *have* no bottoms. . . .' The rat catcher also, totally deaf, repeated everything twice, the second time shouting as if you had not heard the first. 'There's a ratten i' that ditch'—then louder, 'I say, there's a ratten i' that ditch.' When he had gone one day I remarked on this peculiarity to Andrews, who laughed heartily and said, 'Well, now ye name it, he *does* say everything twice over—*twice over*—he says everything; *everything* twice over he says.'

A half-witted old pauper worked on the roads at Somerby, and the overseer of roads having screwed him down to 6d. a day, he complained to me of it and frankly owned: 'I know I'm not worth 9d. a day, *but I do think I'm worth* 7½*d.*'

Old Mary Moulds, probably upwards of 80, and patriarchess of Somerby, considered herself neglected by the Curate and his wife. I asked her one day, 'Have you seen much of Mrs. S.?' . . . 'I never set eyes on her once since she come into the Parish. Yet what a story I'm telling. I did see her once. May Meade was sitting in that there window seat and me opposite. "Why," says Mrs. Meade, "if there isn't Mrs. S. a-coming." "Well," I says, "I'll have a look at her for once." But just as she was coming down the street just opposite the window there came a gust of rain, and she set up her umbrella all on one side like which concealed her whole body as she passed, except her legs. I seed her legs, and that's all I ever did see of Mrs. S. from first to last.'"

Mrs. Brookfield continued to write, and by this time had published "Influence" and "Not a Heroine." But she was always journeying to town, where she was much in demand, and, in truth, they always kept a house there, for a country life suited neither of them; they felt the same yearning for London that Johnson and Lamb felt in their time; they missed the intellectual movement to which they were accustomed, and the society which was only too pleased to extend a welcome to the witty man with his brilliant flow of conversation as well as to his beautiful wife.

Mr. Brookfield especially loved London in August; he used to say, "With sunshine and without people it is the most delightful place in the world. He felt, too, that in London he had the chance of meeting Carlyle, and of turning and walking and talking with a pleasure that to him was one entirely without alloy.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.,
Sunday, 13th July, 1873.

My dear Jane,

I know that it will throw you into such a placid, forbearing, allowance-making temper that I am sure you would not wish me to withhold the enclosed from your inspection. It was left here some time on Friday, without saying "for whom," it has no date, so I did not know whether yesterday and to-day were the days indicated for going up to her house to say "good-bye," at any rate I have not been.

Friday last I dined with my sister Emily and a few Goulds. I returned by Mrs. Simpson.

There was a crowd of the usual elements. Mrs. Mohl, Venables, Mrs. Clarke, oh, lots more. Thence we toddled down to the Martins. (Sir Theodore and Helen Faucit.) The usuals and a few beside. The George Smiths, Lehmanns, etc., home by one. Saturday I dined with the Robbinses to meet Sir A. and my Lady. It was my most dissipated day of the season. Lady Airlie's Garden Party, and Alfred and a good many people that I knew, but I left in quarter of an hour, wanting to get to the Wingfields', where not many that I knew. But both functions were exceedingly pretty. After dinner I looked in on Mrs. Bentinck, but left before the fatal chime of twelve.

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles :

CREWE HALL,
Friday, 12*th Dec.*, 1873.

My dear Charlie,

Much obliged by your letter received yesterday. Not the smallest use trying to persuade your Mother to bundle up her traps and go to Fryston proposing to advance upon London to-morrow, where I suppose she will find you. All the company is gone from here except Colonel and Mrs. Thomson (Archbishop's brother and sister-in-law) and the worm that presumes to address you. It has been a very pleasant visit, *i.e.*, a nice, good-natured lot of people, without the intrusion of a single discordant element. Yesterday and to-day have been white frosts lasting all day through and this morning by daybreak carts were passing to and from the ice house to the lake to secure ice for the coming year. Colonel Thomson is a capital fellow, tall, good-looking, and cultivated. And his wife, your mama went crazy about, so good-natured and " amenable." The party being reduced yesterday from twenty to eight, we were cut off from our champagne, and were allowed only Port, Sherry, and Claret. To-day we shall be but seven, and shall probably be limited to Ginger Beer. . . . Aren't you sorry for Marshal Bazaine whether he has been to blame or not. But I hardly think they will execute him. I hope you are all right by this time.

Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

The Brookfields were frequent visitors at Crewe Hall for many years, and once Mr. Brookfield noted " Old Twopenny at Crewe would not come to the

Drawing room window to look at an Eclipse of the Moon which I had discovered to be proceeding (a little touch of spleen against me for attracting the notice of the company). " No, I don't care about an Eclipse, *excepting its annular*." Almost as impossible to render, as C. Lamb's Elliston's " Counting fish nothing," or Leighton's on Mrs. Sartoris saying at dinner, " Oh, there were yourself, and two or three other good-looking men." " *Oh, Mrs. S. . . .*"

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles :

16 HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.,
Tuesday, 24th March, 1874.

My dear Charlie,

Some men are born in advance of their Age (*siecle*) as Bacon, Shakespere, Milton, etc., and some a little behind it, as the Bishop of Lincoln and C. H. E. B. . . . Now if you had luckily been born in Pharaoh's Palace, on the frog day you would have made more than Whittington by his cats, you would have eaten of those reptiles till not one was to be had for love or money, you would have cleared the nation of an intolerable pest, and would have been exalted to the Premier's stool and desk, which your ancestor Joseph occupied . . . hundred years ago. I hope you will enlarge your experience by masticating every nasty thing that the *Commune* has left uncooked. I hope you continue to enjoy the brilliant city. Don't be in any hurry to come back before the appointed time. I am very tired with Sunday's work. Full service at Humby, the like at Somerby p.m., and Churching and funeral besides. And the Curate had left all unfixed expecting to be able to do it himself or possibly looking for extraneous aid, neither of which positions were realized, and there would have been no service if I had not gone down on Saturday. I send you a *Daily News*. I go up to the Simpson's to dine (*en famille*) and afterward read "Twelfth Night."

So good-bye, Ranifex.

His son Charles was in Paris for the first time and he there had been eating frogs.

On July 12th, 1874, Mr. Brookfield died at the age of sixty-three. His peculiar brightness a little dimmed during his later months owing to the nature of the malady by which he was attacked. He suffered greatly towards the end, but bore it all with acceptance and meek patience. His last words were to his wife, "Good-bye, dear Jane, and God bless you."

Of the trend of his spiritual thought it is difficult to speak in these days when the point of view has so widely changed. Perhaps it should be said of him as of many others of that date, "He had his Newmanic time, then became something of broad Church." The natural question which arises though, is, why a man of so excellent a life, hard-working, and reliable in his duties, and of such undoubted brilliant attainments . . . was not marked early for some preferment.

However, a delightful personality died with him. Of strong and marked character, his rectitude and steadfastness was on the one side as remarkable as his gay wit and his humour on the other. If he amused in public, it is only fair to say he left a mass of evidence behind to prove his equal aptitude in giving serious and solid comfort to those who desired it.

His friends paid him fine tribute. After testifying to his power of making and keeping friends, they each one added something concerning his talents. Spedding said, "He was a handsome youth, when I first met him, with a remarkably attractive countenance and manner, and on that day a new and original genius was revealed to me. . . . If he had a fancy to impersonate Lord Brougham in a character he would have found himself gifted for the occasion with the power of rolling forth long periods of complicated structure and elaborate melody to clear and grammatical conclusions! If his part had required him to appear as one of the wise men of Greece I have no doubt that he would have improvised a sentence as wise as any of the Seven. . . . He was studious and learned in his way, for he was a reader of men. . . ."

Garden said: "Brookfield's humour was the richest and most creative I ever encountered and which nothing I ever heard or read or in those celebrated for the gift has ever seemed to me to approach."

Miss Perry: "His wit and his humour were so blended that it was difficult to say where one began and the other ended. This was exemplified in his inimitable powers of mimicry; he could imitate not only a trick of manner or voice but for the time become imbued with the very spirit of the person he pourtrayed; and this so free from malice that no one's self love could ever be wounded by it."

Lord Lyttelton, who, though himself drawing near to the end of his life, undertook the task of compiling his friend's memoir—a feat which he accomplished in a particularly affectionate fashion, says: "what struck him most in Brookfield was the mixture of wit and humour with solid and serious good sense."

F. Lushington said: "The charm of his company was so peculiar and so vivid," and Sir Henry Taylor, that "his social charm could in no way be transcribed." This gentleman also said "Brookfield's talents masked his abilities."

Mrs. Procter wrote: "I loved him and admired him; no society was so pleasant to me as his, from his great sympathy and kindness. I trust that he knew how much and truly I liked him, but in that I am not alone. All his friends valued him highly. I am outliving all those I most loved, Lady Houghton, Lady Lyttelton, C. Collins, and now your dear husband. I dare not think of Mr. Venables, I am so sorry for him. We make new acquaintances and call them friends but they have never the old subtle flavour that old friends have. 'Those days that are no more.' I have very poorly expressed what I feel, and I have not at all done justice to my sorrow or my regret."

Venables, his very dear friend, said: "His temperament was serious and almost sad, and he was only aroused into the exercise of his special faculty by his genial sympathy with the pleasure he had the power to cause."

Sir Arthur Elton, Bart. (his brother-in-law), the accomplished author of several interesting novels, as well as of a book of verse, said: "What appreciation for all that was beautiful, all that was quaint, all that was out of the common! How his swift and humourous fancy would suddenly place some common object, thought, or incident in the most curiously amusing position and aspect."

Charles Turner (C. Tennyson) said: "He was one of my dearest friends, though we met so seldom after our College days. We, *i.e.*, all old college friends, survive in each other's memories, though circumstances so often keep us apart. But disuse of each other's society (not being voluntary) perhaps intensifies the more the early morning freshness of recollection. How often did we meet in the days of our mutual friend, Arthur Hallam! And how all comes back again now that both are gone, one so long ago, and the other so late. I am glad to think that William retained to the last his affection for me—I did not distrust him on this score."

While Tennyson wrote the affecting and appreciative sonnet

Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest
You man of humorous-melancholy mark,
Dead of some inward agony—is it so?
Our kindlier, trustier Jacques, past away!
I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark:
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

Mrs. Brookfield, her husband's junior by twelve years, survived him by twenty. Had she been inclined to change her state and move in a higher and more exclusive sphere, she had several opportunities for re-marrying, but her love for her children made her consider them, and she concluded to devote the rest of her life to them. She did not as a widow remain in retirement, nor in a much narrower circle, for all her old friends kept by her and when in the natural course of things "the band of youthful friends" commenced to grow smaller, others, interesting in themselves, and to the fore in their time took the places of those gone, and surrounded and admired and gave her homage. But they did not fill those places; they had not the magic and glamour of the older, stronger spirits, they did not bear comparison . . . in her eyes; though with her usual gracious urbanity she accepted with gratitude what they gave of attention and admiration, always surprised and pleased that she was still sought out and noticed.

To have had and to have retained the affection and confidence of such a set of men and women for fully forty years—and none are likely to deny that those Victorians were in their mental grasp, their charm of manner, and their quickness of wit, a rare and a wondrous race—was an unique exception and a triumph, an unprecedented reign for any woman, however queenly and fascinating, in any age.

Her influence over people arose, not so much perhaps from her actual beauty, though it is sure that in some degree assisted, but from her noble presence and winning sympathy. Gifted with a fine wit and admirable powers of expression, she possessed also a charming faculty which enabled her to listen with engaging interest to others. Having graduated in the best possible school of conversation, and having also had a rich experience of men and things, her fund of anecdote never failed her. No one could tell a story better, for she possessed the clearest memory for details, as well as an exquisite choice of words.

Spedding, Kinglake, Venables, and Tennyson all remained her true friends till their deaths, and Kate Perry, who survived her, once said to her, " You have covered my heart as if you were beautiful green ivy and I an old porous stone, grey with age, and yet with many crevices for such affection to take root in, and so I feel clothed with you more and more, and when you said you had my picture and it was before you, *being alone*, I allowed two or three tears to well down my cheeks and I think others are dimming my eyes at this moment." When Kinglake died that lady wrote: " What a mercy you were so continually with him until the last. You especially, who had the charm of soothing him as had no one else. He never spoke to me about you without using some tender word of admiration, and telling the perfect appreciation he had of your character and sweetness." Later on in this letter she says, " I have so much to live over in my past life, and whose face is the frontispiece, can you guess? with her lovely eyes and delicious voice."

Mrs. Brookfield survived until 1896, and retained to the last her lustrous eyes, her beautiful voice, and her winning personality. She dressed becomingly and appropriately, with feeling and good taste, and her stately picturesque figure was for many years one of the most pleasing sights of the West End of London.

Mrs. Procter, Fanny Kemble, Adelaide (Kemble), Sartoris, and many others, all kept close or drew closer as their own time drew short; while her dearest and perhaps her closest friends are happily still alive, viz., Mrs. Walker Fanshawe, the daughter of the brilliant Mrs. Fanshawe, the "Totty" for whom Thackeray bought "Pride and Prejudice;" Miss Annie Ogle, the author of "A Lost Love," a delightful book, which the author of "Vanity Fair" himself pronounced to be one of the best written of the century; and Thackeray's own dear daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, whose affection for Mrs. Brookfield, faithful and admiring in her childhood, lasted throughout her life, and remains even until this day.

. . . . . I read
Of that glad year that once had been
In these fall'n leaves that kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead.

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